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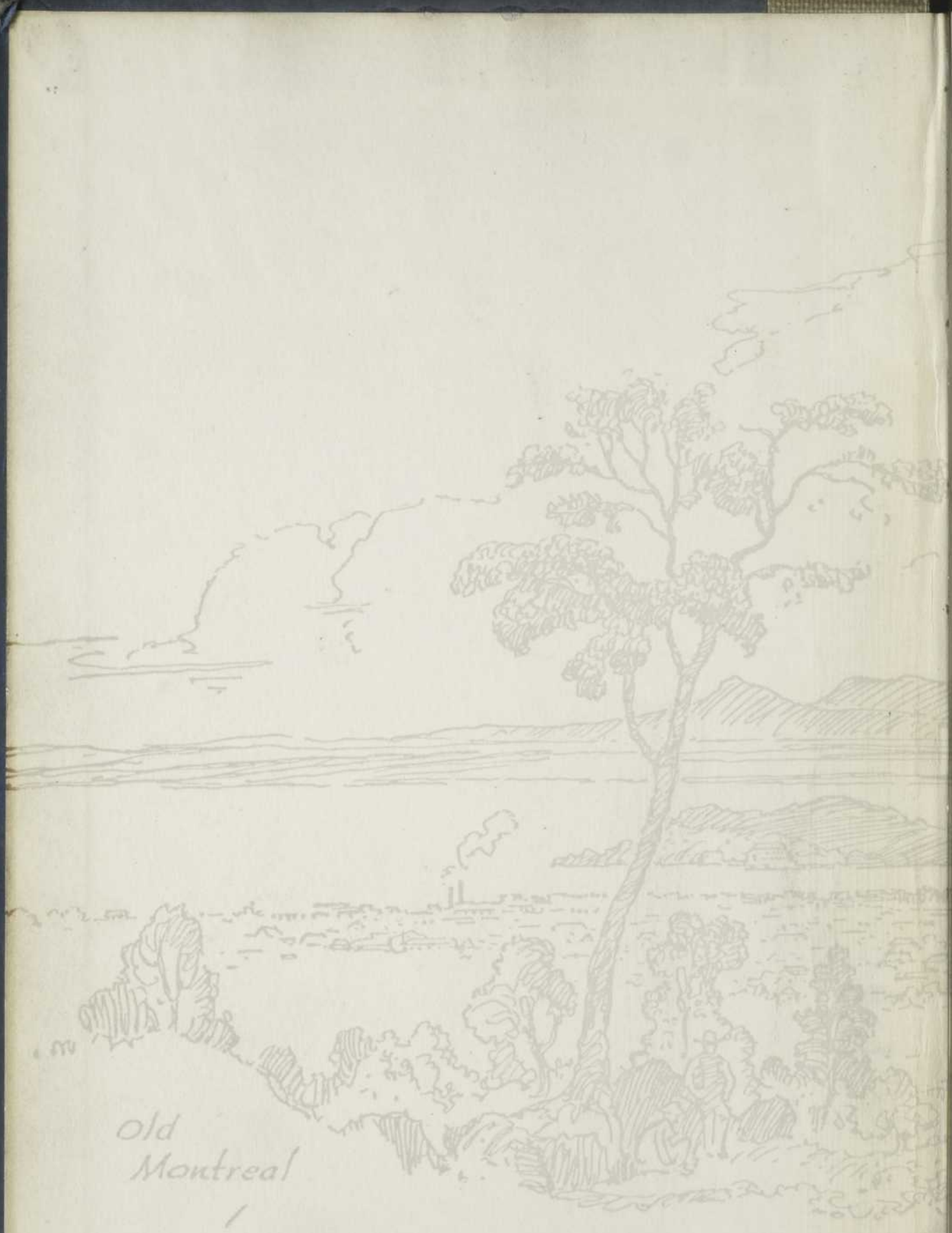
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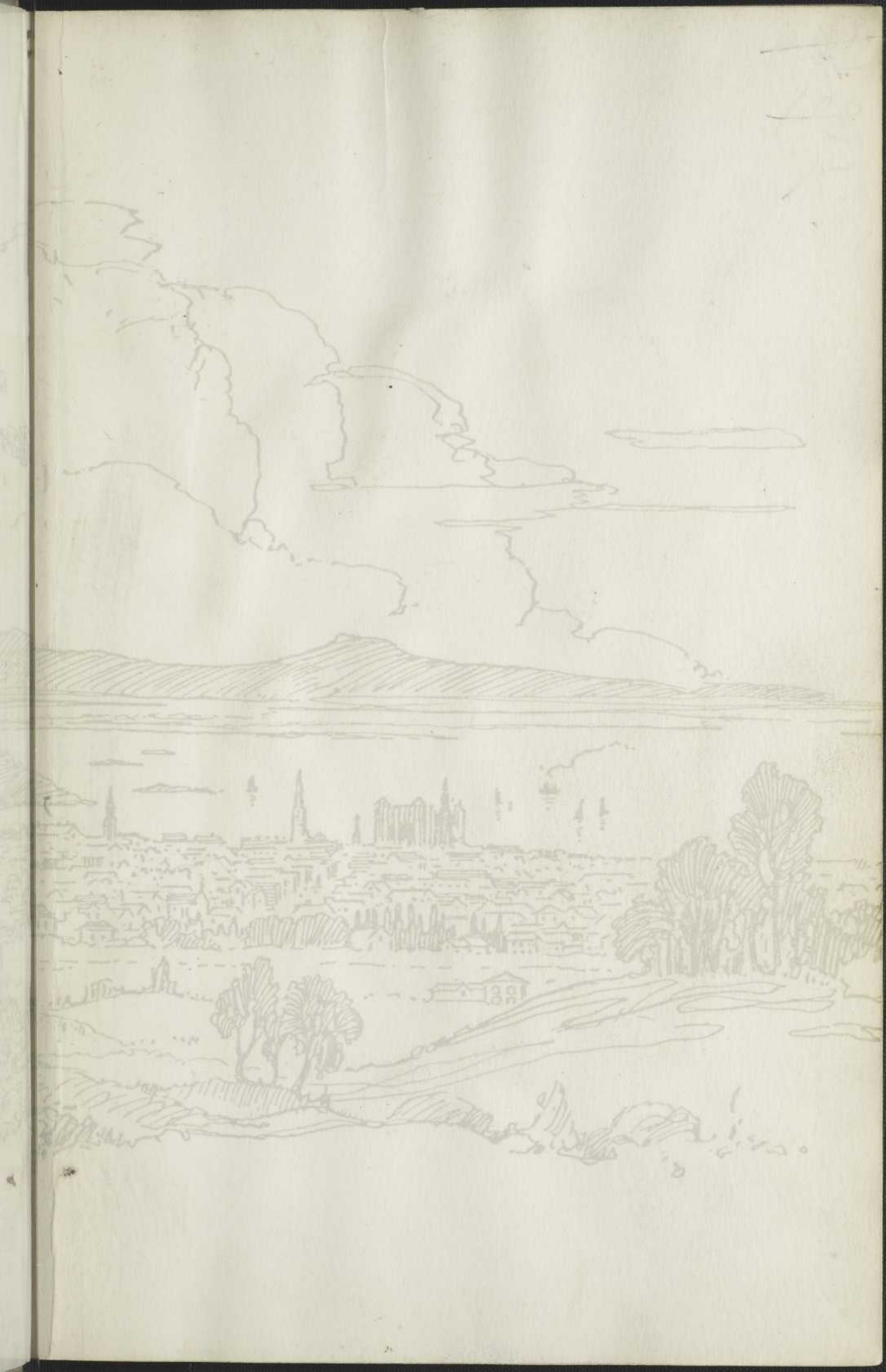

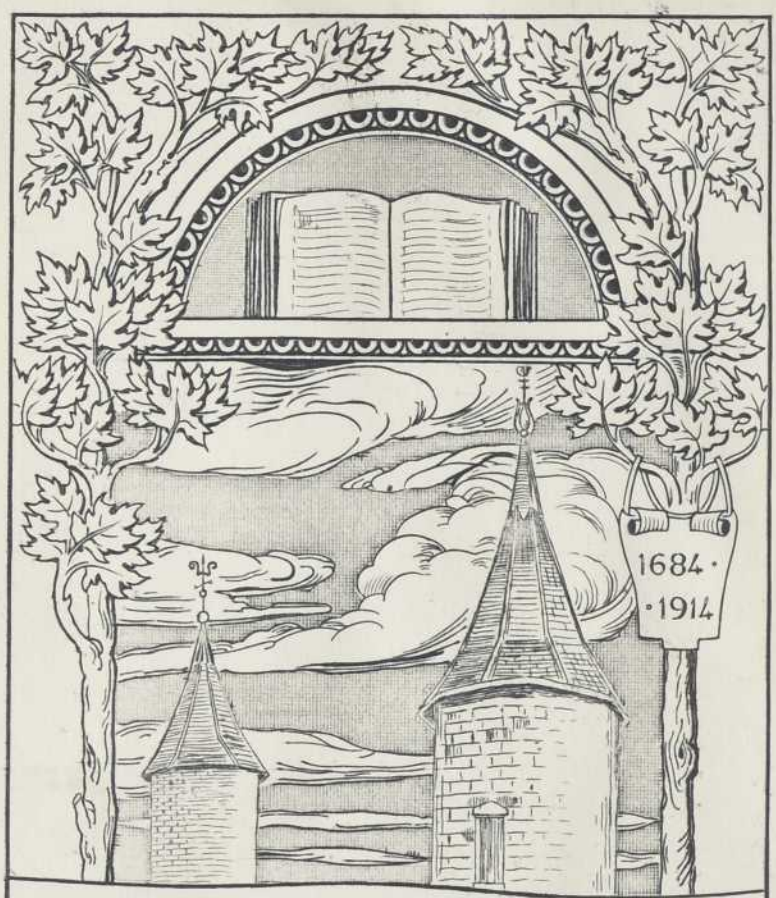

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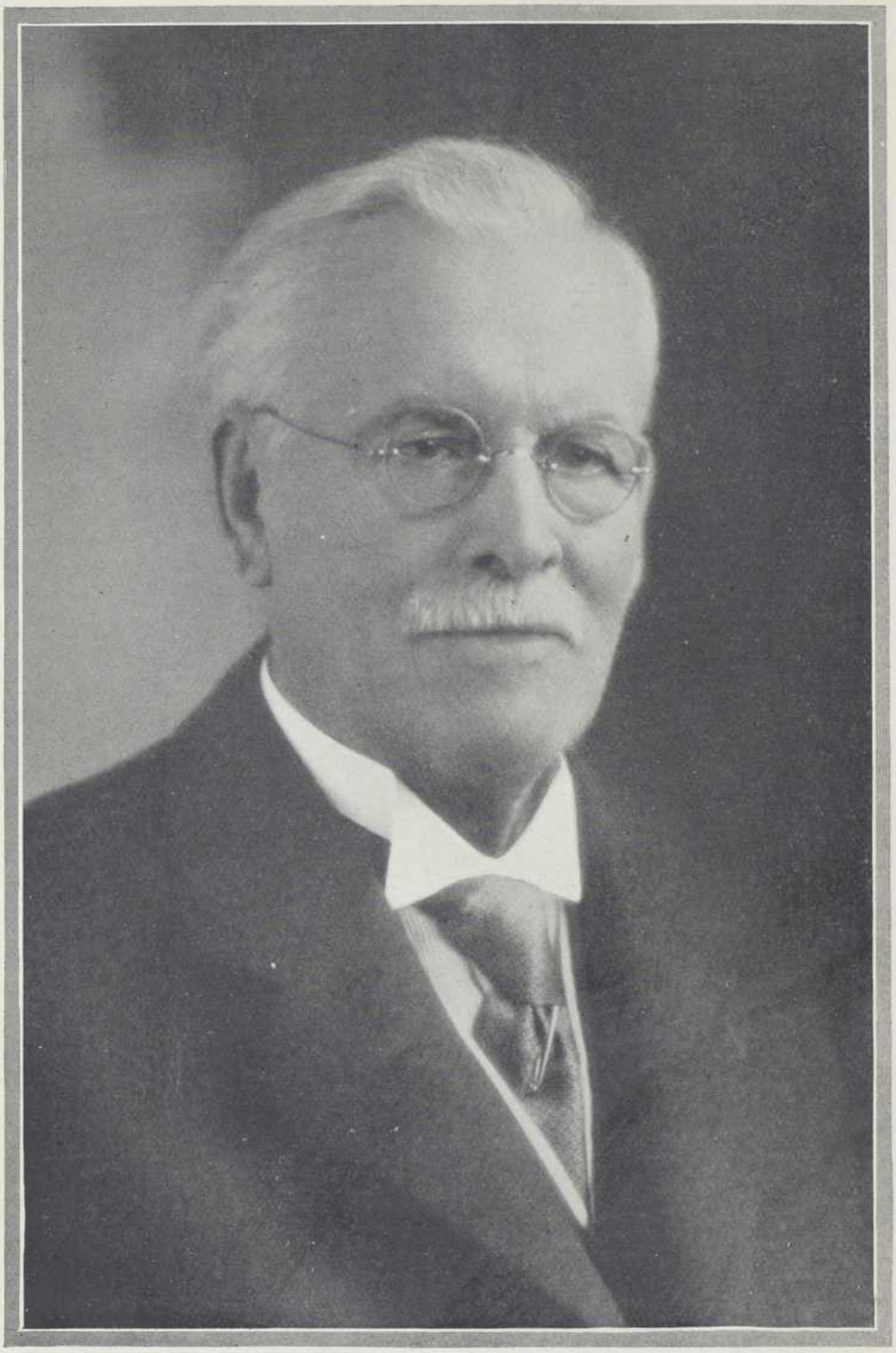

RICHARD HEMSLEY

LOOKING BACK

by

RICHARD HEMSLEY

BIBLIOTHÈQUE SAINT-SULPICE

MONTREAL
1930

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INTRODUCTION

Why I wrote my life

SINCE I can remember I have had a slight impediment in my speech, which made me shy and unwilling to take any part in public speaking. I have a habit of mentally drawing everything that interests me; this, combined with a good memory, enables me to visualize past scenes.

At the age of seventy-five I began to write a series of lectures on subjects connected with my business and plucked up the courage to deliver them; they were well received.

In my eightieth year, I read that every man's life possessed material for an interesting story; this kept forcing itself on my attention so I decided to write my own.

It has taken over three years to put these memoirs together, during which time I have been living my life over again in a most delightful manner and realize I have discovered one of the secrets of happiness for old age.

R. H.

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LOOKING BACK!

EARLY DAYS *in* CIRENCESTER

CHAPTER I

MY FATHER told me I was born at 5 o'clock in the morning, which was considered fortunate: my place of birth was Cirencester, Gloucestershire, England; the date, July 16th, 1846.

I have a clear recollection of 1851, the year of the first International Industrial Exhibition held in England, of taking hold of the edge of the table and pulling myself up to see my mother making cakes for my eldest brother, who was going to London with other scholars to see the Exhibition.

I was the youngest of four children. My mother died when I was seven years old. I was told that when dying she had a celestial vision; my father married within a year. I remember asking, "Who is that woman?" and his reply, "Hush, my boy, that is your new mother." She proved a kind one to me.

When a small boy sometimes I took a penny piece out of my step-mother's purse which she

kept in her bed-room. One day I went as usual to get a penny and opened the purse in the dark. On going to the stable to look at it, to my horror I found I had taken a half-crown. This so frightened me that I climbed up a ladder standing against the stable wall, and reaching up as far as possible I pushed the coin into a space in the wall and heard it drop behind a stone. This effectually cured me of stealing. Forty years after I visited the stable intending to recover the coin regardless of cost and trouble, but found the wall had been rebuilt.

I had a mania for carving, and with a steel chisel and a piece of wood for a mallet would work for hours carving the stone wall behind the garden bushes.

I can well remember the hard times caused by the Russian War, and the different battles such as Balaclava, Inkerman, The Capture of the Redan, Malacof Tower, and lastly, the Fall of Sevastopol. Two years after came the Indian Mutiny. I had an uncle in the East Indian Company's service. We often received letters describing such scenes as "Saw 10 men blown away from guns this morning." When fighting was over my uncle got a year's leave but died on his way home. He had just been transferred from the Company's service to that of the British Government.

In the year 1857 my father took me for a long drive through some Wiltshire villages. On driving home the most beautiful comet I have ever seen was visible. I said, "Father, how is it that all the

very old men I have seen to-day have but one eye?" He said, "My boy, that is easily explained. When these old men were young, Single Stick was the great game on the Village Green and was generally played until one eye was destroyed."

I was very young when I was told of an incident that happened in the Cirencester Workhouse. The dead house was a circular stone building standing by itself. An inmate had been guilty of some offence, and was put into the dead house for punishment. He was somewhat weak-minded. In this building was a body awaiting burial: it appeared that the offender took the body out of the coffin, set it up against the wall and then got into the coffin himself. When the attendant came with his supper (which was offered to the dead man) and getting no answer, the man in the coffin raised himself up and said, "If he won't take it, I will." This frightened the attendant nearly to death and I believe put a stop to such punishment.

A short distance from my home was a disused stone quarry that had been a garden for many years. The man who cultivated it was using a hoe deeper than usual when he brought to the surface a pot containing 300 Queen Elizabeth silver shillings. I saw a number of them; they were sold before the authorities heard of it or they would have been claimed as treasure trove for the Government.

One day I was helping my father transplant young cabbages, and no doubt thinking how this

work could be avoided or lessened in the future, I asked why he did not sow the seed where he wanted the cabbages to grow. His answer was, "Never forget, my boy, that cabbage plants and men are much better for being transplanted from the place where they first grew." My experience shows that strangers are more likely to be successful than native born. The one who attempts to bring up a son to his own calling runs a risk of being disappointed, for the reason a successful business is built up because of a natural aptitude, and men as a rule marry their opposites in disposition, and the study of man has proved that boys usually inherit from their mothers and girls from their fathers. This fact will explain many family disappointments.

I had a boy companion who made a great pet of a pig. There was a long path leading up to his house. When he whistled the pig ran down to meet him, took him on its back and galloped home.

I sometimes attended Tea Meetings, where for a small entrance fee we were regaled with all the bread, butter, and cake we could eat, and as much milk or tea as we could drink. When the feasting was over it was necessary that we vacate the hall so that the tables be removed and the chairs arranged for the entertainment that always followed. As we passed out, anyone who had suspiciously bulging pockets was searched and contents confiscated: the principle of these Tea Meetings being, "Eat what you can but do not pocket any."

At the back of the hall where these meetings were held was a room that had a built-in copper boiler heated by coal fire, the water being used for tea making.

In this room the day after an entertainment, the Committee was settling up the previous day's expenses, when one of the gentlemen through curiosity removed the wooden lid from the boiler, which was half full of water, and seeing something unusual, probed the water with his walking cane, when he lifted out the body of a cat. They were all pledged to say nothing about the catastrophe as one of the Committee feared the effect it might have on his wife if she heard of it, as she told him on reaching home it was the finest tea she had ever tasted and she drank seven cups of it.

As a boy I had a narrow escape from drowning and my experience may be of interest. A pole had been placed across the stream to keep cattle from straying, and in trying to cross the brook on this pole, I fell into the water and sank without making any effort to save myself. As I sat on the bottom with my eyes wide open, and no doubt my mouth also, and enjoyed the beauty of the fish as they swam around me, I experienced delightful sensations. My thoughts changed, and all the wrong things I had ever done passed before me with lightning rapidity, and I felt appalled at their number: nothing seemed to have been forgotten. Then followed insensibility. The next thing I remember was some one holding me up by the feet, and slapping me on the back. This method

of resuscitation is somewhat out of date, but I have no doubt it saved my life. It is marvellous what thoughts can pass through one's mind in so short a time!

After an absence of nearly fifty years I was curious to see the hatch and surroundings, and to my surprise there was no change visible except that it all looked smaller, and after taking a few minutes to refresh my memory there seemed only one thing lacking to make the picture perfect, and that was for a kingfisher to stand on one of the nearby posts, as I had often seen them in my boyhood days. The thought had scarcely crossed my mind when to my great joy a kingfisher flew past and alighted on the same post just as his ancestor had done fifty years ago. I shall never forget the thrill of pleasure I felt, and how I regretted I had no way of telling the bird how happy it had made me. The English kingfisher is to my mind the most beautiful of all birds, and when in swift motion shows its colours to the greatest advantage.

On the 5th of November we commemorated the escape of King James and the British Parliament from being blown up by conspirators headed by Guy Fawkes. Much material was collected to make a bonfire, on top of which would be placed a life-size figure of this conspirator, with gunpowder in his pockets. The exciting moment was when the powder caught fire and the figure was blown to pieces, to the great satisfaction of the onlookers, particularly the small boys.

I remember my stepmother wearing a Paisley

CIRENCESTER PARISH CHURCH

shawl made in the same pattern as the Indian shawls Queen Victoria was so fond of presenting. Under this shawl was a silk dress showing two colors when viewed from different angles, also a bustle. Hoop skirts were then the rage. At first they consisted of one strong wooden hoop at the bottom of the dress and so rigid that it was impossible to enter a narrow place without lifting up one side. London "Punch" illustrated a scene in a village church; the pew opener saying to the lady with the hoops, "Try it sideways, Ma'am." This fashion kept gentlemen at a distance. The Poke Bonnet at the same time made kissing difficult and somewhat painful. The upper part of a woman was encased in a network of whalebone made to the shape that fashion decreed as being correct. At that time plump figures were in style. London "Punch" in speaking of the absurdity of this fashion advised young men contemplating matrimony to possess themselves with a long needle and to use it when occasion offered, to prove what was real or otherwise. A young man having committed suicide the morning after his marriage suggested "Punch's" advice.

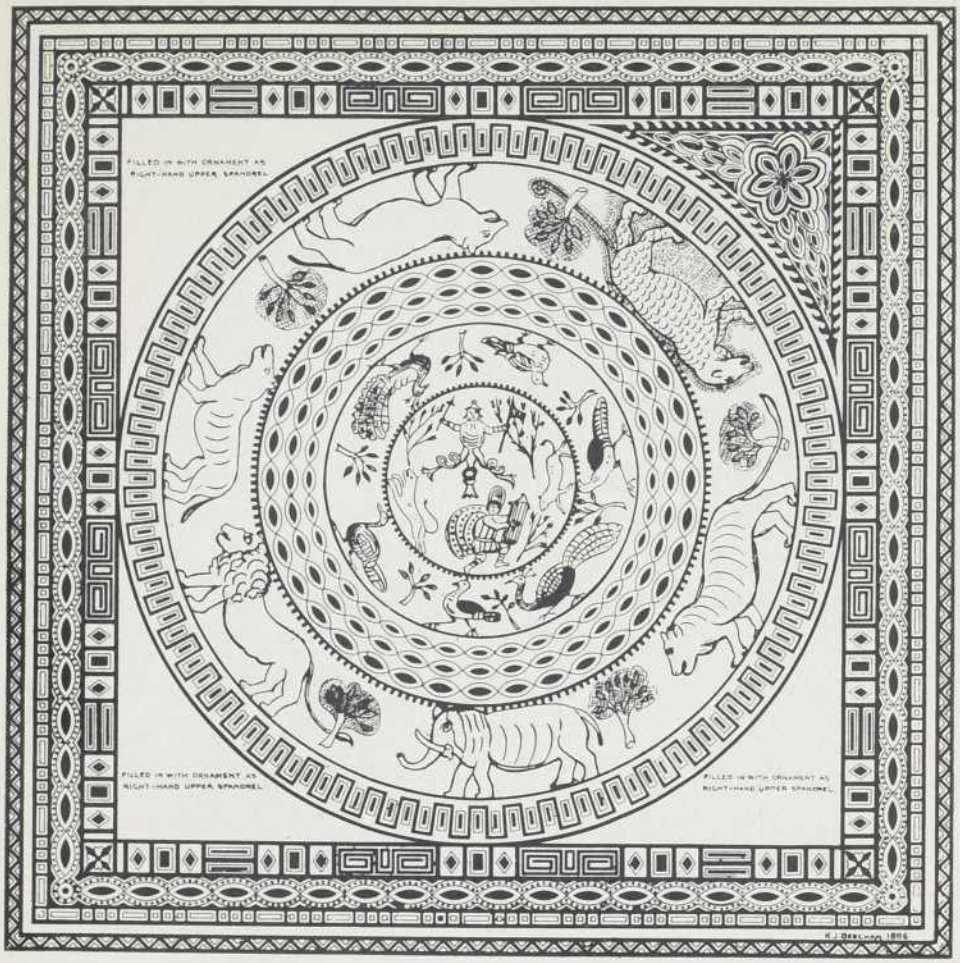
About this time I saw a cut in "Punch" showing a grocer at tea in a room over the shop. The scene shows the daughter entering the room very excitedly, saying, "Father, we have made a mistake and given you shop tea." The frightened grocer exclaims, "Good God, Maria, do you intend to poison me?"

Although my father was a Baptist, all his chil-

dren were baptised at the Parish Church. When twelve years of age I was allowed to attend the Church of England. The ceremonial service appealed to me. Eventually the family followed to the Church.

On leaving school at fourteen years of age I attended Cirencester School of Art for two years as a day scholar. I shall never forget my exalted feelings while an Art student. I often felt as if walking on air. These two years were no doubt the happiest of my life, but I was suddenly brought down to earth when my father decreed that I should learn a trade. My Art Master with myself pleaded in vain. All the answer we got was that he would have no poor artist in his family. I never understood exactly what was meant—whether he thought I would make a poor artist or if Art were a poor profession, so I was apprenticed for five years to learn the art of clock and watch making. When my father paid the twenty-five pounds in gold as premium, he remarked, "I am afraid, Dick, it is more than you are worth." I had to work from half past six in the morning until eight o'clock at night. Two hours were allowed for meals and every Saturday we worked till nine o'clock. In winter we started at half-past seven. We had two holidays a year, Christmas and Good Friday; wages were two shillings per week, increasing one shilling a week each year, making six shillings the last year. All tools used had to be purchased by the apprentice.

At sixteen years of age, just before starting my



TESSELATED PAVEMENT DISCOVERED IN CIRENCESTER IN 1820

apprenticeship, and perhaps to lessen my disappointment, my father took me on my first excursion, ninety miles to London, then to Yarmouth by steam packet. In this town some streets are so narrow that one could shake hands across them. The sea beach is very wide and smooth, the yellow sand making it an ideal bathing place. Here I enjoyed my first sea bath and a breakfast of a sole supposed to have been caught that morning.

My father was born in Norwich, and being a great walker, decided that we walk to that city. I do not know how many miles it was, through a perfectly flat country full of well-planned water courses. Farmers cross these fens, using long poles to vault over the ditches. A number of windmills pump the water from the different levels and lastly into the River Yare, the banks of which have been raised high enough to take the water to the sea. It looked strange to see schooners sailing along the river so much above the level of the land.

In Norwich the first notable sight was the Castle, at that time used as a prison, the last few feet of its walls being built with loose bricks, making it difficult for prisoners to climb over and escape.

Norwich had a large number of Parish Churches of pre-Reformation days. Attached to each was a small burying ground. These were high above the level of the street; all parishioners having to be buried in their own churchyard. This had gone on for hundreds of years. Heavy stone walls kept the graveyards from falling into the street.

Many of these old churches are faced with cut flints which, catching the sun's rays, reflected the light in a striking manner.

We visited the Cathedral, which is one of the grandest in England, and were so engrossed in seeing its beauties that time was forgotten and we found ourselves locked in. It began to look serious, but we called out and made plenty of noise and a verger let us out.

The exterior is magnificent, especially the flying buttresses and spire. When viewing the Close, in which is contained the clergy residences and Cathedral surrounded by a high wall with gates locked at night, one's mind went back to the time when the Established Church had more to do with the affairs of the country than at the present time.

In 1862 Norwich was the centre of the industry for making the crepe so much used for mourning.

Rowing three miles along the River Yare we came to the Witlingham White House Tea Gardens and Cave. We were interested in this property as my father had been asked to subscribe money for a lawsuit which, if successful, would give the property into his possession. Three acres of land were included in the venture. The walls, roof, and floor of the cave were of chalk interspersed with layers of flint which in appearance looked like large potatoes. We visited an uncle, named Money, the prime mover in the lawsuit, who owned a large flour mill at Lynn. I was driven there with my eldest brother, who was visiting

the uncle, in a grand looking miller's van, drawn by two fine horses. My brother told me he had just caught a 28 pound jack in the mill pond. Regarding the lawsuit, it appeared that General Money owned the Witlingham Estates which were supposed to be entailed and my Uncle Money, the miller, was the next in line to inherit. The General had only one son, who was illegitimate, but he left him his property. No sooner was he in possession than he sold it. The buyer entertained all the poor of Norwich to a great feast. My uncle lost all his money in fighting the will. My father wisely backed out. The estate eventually fell into the hands of a wealthy Quaker.

We returned to London by rail, had a view of Ipswich Castle from the train. The first place of call in London was the Bank of England, to collect interest on some Government Consols, then to Newgate Street and bought my watchmaker's tools, looked through railings at the famous Blue Coat School where the boys wear nothing on their heads. Passed old Newgate Prison, walked down Snow Hill (this was before the Holborn Viaduct was built), visited St. Paul's Cathedral and the Tower of London. Passed through Old Temple Bar, then to Westminster Abbey, sat in the Speaker's Chair in the House of Commons, admired Westminster Hall with its grand roof, at that time the widest span in Europe, then spent two days in Greenwich, saw Greenwich Hospital, built as a palace for Charles the Second, supposed to be the most perfect group of buildings in England,

saw the wonderful Rubens painted ceiling and Nelson's coat in the Museum, set my watch by the Observatory clock, was invited by ladies standing on the sidewalk for tea and shrimps, only ninepence, dined on stewed eels and white-bait. Walked across Hampstead Heath, saw several companies of soldiers just returned from India going through the bayonet exercise. They were dressed in white, the same as in India. We visited the Crystal Palace. There were 80,000 people present on that day. The great attraction was Blondin on the high tight rope.

My father, being a landscape designer and nurseryman, was much interested in the grounds that were designed by Sir Joseph Paxton. The pre-historic animals were an education. One could be entertained for a week or more within the grounds and building. The Crystal Palace is the original 1851 First Industrial Exhibition building.

On leaving London Bridge Station for the Palace the crowd was so great waiting on the platform for the next train I saw men leaning out of the windows of the out-going trains take pipes out of the mouths and pins out of the scarves of those standing on the platform, and nothing could be done to arrest them. The day was very hot, and on leaving the Palace for London, passengers were gathered into a long glass passage waiting for the gates to open so as not to overcrowd the platform. I heard calls of "Open the windows or we shall be suffocated." I then heard glass breaking, and in a few minutes there was not a piece of glass intact

that could be reached by a walking stick. I remember about that time a noted preacher (either Spurgeon or Punshon) who was conducting services in a London unventilated church, asking all who could reach glass to break it and he would pay the bill. I sometimes think we need such men to-day in our badly ventilated city churches.

Kissing in the Ring, a very popular game, was being played by hundreds of young people on the Crystal Palace Green.

At the time I was apprenticed there were no trade text books and one had to be taught certain fundamentals and to depend upon the workmen for instruction; although the master got the premium, the men demanded payment, and if one asked the question twice he was expected to pay again. This may seem hard, but it was the best treatment one could get in order not to forget.

I must have been industrious, often walking two miles, more or less, after eight o'clock to fetch an old clock—work at it for two nights, then take it home and thankfully receive one shilling and sixpence or thirty-six cents. I worked on a small table in my bedroom.

I soon struck an easier way to earn money after hours which was by riveting broken china and glass. Canvassing for the work, I soon got all I could do at threepence a rivet. I made my own diamond drills, using bort, which is imperfectly crystallized diamond, in appearance like a small cinder. I bought them for threepence each at No. 2 Amen Corner, Clerkenwell, London. I

gave my wages to my stepmother, but earned after eight o'clock at night enough to clothe myself, provide my own pocket money, also to lend money to my elder brother.

One evening I attended a meeting for young men. The speaker was a well-known Quaker. His subject was "The Evils of Drinking and Smoking," explaining that the habit interfered with the delightful feelings that our Creator intended us to enjoy and its use deadened instead of increasing our bodily pleasures. Some days after hearing this lecture, on going home I stopped to listen to a Cheap Jack who sold goods from his covered van on the Dutch Auction plan, asking a high price, then gradually reducing until he got one bid which took the article. This Cheap Jack was a good speaker and in order to collect a crowd told different moral stories. The one that night was of the Good and Bad Apprentice. He traced the life of the Good One who eventually married his master's daughter and told the history of the Bad One who ended his life on the gallows. The effect of these two talks was that I vowed to myself that as long as I lived in my native town I would neither drink nor smoke. I kept my vow except on one night.

On visiting my native town some years ago a lady of eighty said she remembered me as a boy. I walked with my back straight and was so regular in passing that the neighbors set their clocks by my whistle.

The following conversation took place when I

was fifteen years of age, between my brother, one year older, and myself. He had come home the night before slightly intoxicated. We slept in the same room, and next morning I said, "I like the taste of all drinks, but I object to the effect it produces." He said, "Dick, that is the difference with me. I don't care anything for the taste, it is the effect it produces that I like." This proved to me that some are born with a love for alcohol, for all my life I have hated the effect it produces.

For three and a half years I wound up the church clock every morning except Sundays. It was three to four hundred years old. It struck the hours and quarters and played a tune every three hours, day and night. Although the town was small, the church was larger than some cathedrals, some parts being more than a thousand years old and was supposed to stand on the site of a Roman temple. During my apprenticeship the church was restored at a cost of 12,000 pounds sterling. During the restoration hundreds of bodies were taken out and buried in the churchyard and the floors cemented and tiles used for decoration. The old lead roof had become quite valuable on account of the quantities of solder being used for repairs, so the old roof nearly paid for the new one.

I often put a number of skulls in a row to study phrenology.

In my early apprentice days I broke a clock bell into three pieces. In fear of being blamed I soldered the bell and was surprised that the tone was perfect and it passed without notice. This

proved to me that broken or cracked bells can be easily repaired.

There lived in Cirencester a number of Quaker families. They were a fine class of people. It was the custom to offer a glass of beer when any service was rendered at the house. I remember a Quaker, although a total abstainer, always kept beer on tap so that he could conform to the general custom. He would say, "Wilt thou have a glass of beer or twopence?" Quaker ladies when out driving patronized donkey carriages. The driver walked beside the donkey. A pair of donkeys were used for two persons. The Friends, as they were called, had a fine meeting house in the town.

I remember a drink we indulged in on cold winter evenings. It was made of hot milk, well spiced, into which eggs were beaten. We named it "Samson" on account of the great strength it seemed to give us.

My master brewed his own beer. I sometimes gave him a helping hand, putting the malt into the hot water. He gauged the proper heat by waiting to see his face reflected in the water.

As a rule wedding rings were never sold over the counter but in a little parlor at the back of the shop where wine and cake were produced and further purchases solicited.

I remember my father saying, "Dick, if you ever employ others and find one is indispensable, either make him a partner or discharge him at once."

Anxious to know the truth, I asked a clergyman to define a lie. He said it was a statement that

was not true, told to one's injury; for example, if a traveller who had just passed over a road was asked if it were safe and answered "Yes," when he knew it was dangerous, that was a lie; but if a man and wife were both ill and the wife should die, and the husband, enquiring of her condition, was told she was doing well—although dead—this would be no lie, as the truth might prove fatal.

As young men we thought nothing of walking twenty to thirty miles some days. This exercise, combined with youth, gave us appetites that made bread and cheese a real banquet.

The roadside inns at which such refreshments can be obtained are to be found every few miles on all the highways of old England.

One Sunday, my two friends, Charley and Fred, walked with me into the country and we called at the village inn for our accustomed supper. We started for home, seven miles to walk, and overtook three sisters going from Church. On passing one I looked over her shoulder and noticed she was reading her book upside down. This emboldened me to say "Good evening," which was pleasantly acknowledged. I introduced myself and friends and they said they would walk half way to our town, but their company was so pleasant we said we must see them home This we repeated and only reached home at midnight. They were the daughters of the village tailor. We never saw them again. As a rule we did not cultivate girls' company. Sundays were often devoted to long walks into the country.

At this time we three began to be interested in religion. There was no Roman Catholic Church nearer than fourteen miles. This on Sundays we often walked. I purchased a book called "The Garden of the Soul" and we all studied it. Charley eventually married a Catholic and joined that Church, but Fred and I stuck to the Church of England. This Catholic Church was at Woodchester, near Stroud, a newly built monastery.

I remember an example of the value of exercise. A neighboring squire suffering from a loss of appetite was advised by his doctor to take early morning walks, and during one of these, through his woods, he met a laborer from the village, who touched his cap and asked why the squire was abroad so early. He answered that he was trying to find an appetite for his breakfast, and "What are you doing so early?" inquired the squire. "Ah, Your Honor, I'm trying to find a breakfast for my appetite." I wonder which was the happier man.

Any person who has studied the habits of Englishmen must have noticed in them an uncontrollable impulse to poke the open fire whenever an opportunity offers. The landlord of an inn had been much annoyed at his guests because of this habit, and accordingly removed the shovel and tongs from the room, chaining the poker so that it could not reach the bars of the grate; after an ineffectual attempt to reach the fire, the guests' attention would be directed to the mantelpiece, where in large letters were the words "Poke your own fire."

At another roadside inn the landlady was mixing a pudding in the same room where the travellers were served and asked a guest if he intended to stay to dinner. He said that just then he was undecided, but if things fell in as he feared they would, he would have to go farther. What made him hesitate was a lump of snuff dangling from her nose, which, if it fell, must drop into the pudding. I did not wait to see the result, but continued on my journey.

At another, while regaling ourselves, we heard from an inner room the following dialogue between a mistress and her maid. "Mary, Mary," "Yes, Ma'am," "Make me a glass of gin and water, but put very, very little water in it."

Doing a friendly act sometimes turns out otherwise. A village glazier drinking in a country inn complained to a companion that little glass was being broken. Thinking to do a kind act, his friend slipped out and returned in a short time saying, "Jack, you will have work to-morrow, for I have just broken some of the church windows." Judge their feelings when the glazier told him he had a yearly contract with the Church Wardens to keep the windows in repair at a fixed sum per year.

Seventy years ago, in some of the old inns of England, the brass tobacco box standing on the Smoking Room table was an important institution. It was rectangular in shape, about eight inches in length by four wide and deep. In the middle of the top was an arrangement for opening it, which was done by first putting a penny in the

slot and giving the oval opener a sharp blow with the palm of the hand, when the two lids would fly open, disclosing the tobacco. It was the rule to close the box after each pipeful had been taken out, and when sitting in the Smoking Room one was expected to use the tobacco from the box. If the visitor had no pipe, long Church Wardens were provided. These had red wax around the mouthpiece. In this room once a week a London "Punch" would be placed on the table to be passed around, and would provide the subject for conversation.

One day two workmen and myself as an apprentice were sent to Bisley to clean the church clock. This village is beautifully situated overlooking the Golden Valley near Stroud, Gloucestershire. The clock works are on a small platform attached to the open tower, reached by a perpendicular ladder fastened to the wall. The junior workman, full of pranks, went into the reading desk pretending he was the parson and began reading the morning service, when in came the Rector, who gave him a lecture. This same workman when on the platform and wanting to come down, leaned over and took hold of the bell rope and decided to slide down. In telling of his feeling, he said the rope got red hot, taking off the skin from the inside of both hands. For the rest of the day the desire for fun had left him. This clock had undoubtedly been made by a village blacksmith. The brass wheels were cut out of church memorial brasses, the deep engraving being easily seen on the side of

the wheels. There are several wonderful springs of water issuing out of the steep bank under the church and burying ground. We walked across a large common on our way to the Church.

Swindon

At nineteen and a half years of age and still with 18 months to serve as an apprentice, I was asked to take charge of a branch shop in the town of Swindon, at that time an increasing centre of railway industry. So that I would still be able to receive instruction, an experienced watchmaker was sent with me and my salary was increased as manager. The country around Swindon is very interesting. Within three miles there were large racing stables, horses being trained on the downs. On one of these hills are the remains of a Roman military camp, the earth embankments are still well defined. A short distance to the east is the Saxon White Horse. The outline of this horse is cut through the turf into the chalk and wide enough to be visible for many miles. The outline of the horse embraces some eight acres in extent. It is situated on the side of a hill. The ditches are cleaned out at intervals to show the white chalk.

The village of Wroughton, a few miles out of Swindon, had a garden showing yew trees that have been trimmed for generations in the shape of birds, etc. I remember an incident in a garden attached to the village inn. They were a jolly crowd from Swindon, among them a shopkeeper and a Recruiting Sergeant. They seemed sober

but were having a good time, when the Recruiting Sergeant, as if in a joke, said to the shopkeeper, "Are you free, able, and willing to serve the Queen, and here is a shilling," which he took and placed on the table and the waiter was called and the money spent. The next morning, to the surprise of the merchant, the Sergeant called for his man to be sworn in. In vain he protested it was all in fun. It cost him many pounds to get out of that scrape.

At Swindon I found that parents objected to their daughters walking out with young men in the evening, so a number of us arranged morning walks. I have known us to start as early as five o'clock for the country.

My chief visited the shop every week. One day when he was present a customer asked for goods of greater value than we kept in stock and I was instructed to write to Birmingham to get them on approbation, which I did. These goods the would-be customer took to show his wife in the next street, leaving a cheque to their value, which on the advice of our banker I accepted. The whole transaction was a well-planned fraud, the cheque not honored, and the man in London the same day. This so hurt my pride that I paid one-half the loss, and as soon as I was out of my apprenticeship I decided to see the world.

The most beautiful girl I ever saw was the daughter of a neighbor in Swindon. She used to stand talking to me as I worked in the shop. As a manager I suppose I was an eligible match, but she never aroused any feelings in me any more

than a marble statue, although I got much pleasure in admiring her beauty.

One of the friends I made in Swindon is in New York and has made a great success. He told me that on board ship bound for that port he vowed he would not drink or smoke and would only spend half he made. Some years ago I asked him how about the three vows he made when crossing the Atlantic. His answer was that he regretted having broken one, referring to smoking, the other two he had observed. He was a rosy-cheeked lad when he landed in New York, answered an advertisement and got the position out of 130 applicants. He is now President of the firm of H. L. Judd & Co., Chambers Street, New York.

During the time I was at Swindon I visited my home in Cirencester every month. Starting at 4 o'clock in the morning and walking 16 miles, I arrived sharp at half-past eight o'clock, ready for breakfast, returning to Swindon the same night by train.

My father offered to start me in business if I would remain, but the urge to travel was on me.

I shall never forget my feelings on leaving England. I sent my trunk ahead and decided to walk the mile to the railway station, but my intended adventure was known to neighbors, who gathered at their doors to wish me good-bye. This was more than I could bear, so I took to the middle of the road and ran to the station without speaking to anyone.

Cirencester, my native town, was a stockaded village in Ancient Britons' time. It was cap-

tured by the Romans who tied fire to the legs of sparrows which, flying over the stockade, alighted on the thatched roofs, setting fire to the houses, compelling its surrender. To commemorate this event the Official Arms of the town is a Phoenix rising out of flames.

The Romans built two roads running about east and west and north and south through England, which crossed at that point. In time it became a strong garrison town and was held by the Romans for over 300 years. It was a mile in length and one-half in width, surrounded by a high embankment faced with stone. Some of these mounds exist to-day.

The Roman name was Corinium. It contained many important buildings. The foundations of one show a row of columns 300 feet long. Mosaic pavements as beautiful as any of to-day were common. The Roman method of heating was perfect. The floors were made of two feet of cement into which were built flues heated from the outside, making the house cool and dry in summer and warm in winter.

When the garrison was withdrawn to protect Rome, the town was quickly sacked and so utterly destroyed that it lay fallow for some hundreds of years until every vestige of the Roman town was covered with four feet of earth. When the Anglo-Saxons began to build on the site, the old Roman streets laid out at right angles seemed to have been forgotten and new streets made over them on very irregular lines.

ON THE DOCK AT KINGSTON, JAMAICA

My father bought a villa lot and dug it completely over to a depth of five feet and unearthed enough cut stone to build the inside of a nice house and a wall extending around three sides of the lot. This was from foundations of old Roman houses.

One of the first things we uncovered was a Roman stone-walled well, covered with a large stone. We used this water for the new house. I helped uncover a Roman street, paved with large blocks of stone worn into grooves by the old Roman chariot wheels. Tear cups and funeral urns containing ashes of the dead were dug up. Roman coins were so numerous in the neighborhood as to be sold by the pint measure. I once inquired the reason of so many coins and learned that it was a Roman custom on crossing a stream to throw into the water a copper coin to propitiate the gods. There was a small river near and at intervals it got blocked up with weeds, and to prevent floods the bed of the brook was cleaned and the dirt spread on the surrounding land. This seems a good reason, as my father rarely failed to find a coin when working in the garden.

To see the ruins of a beautiful city that had been covered up for 1,600 years gives some idea of the fearful destruction caused by the fall of the Roman Empire and makes one wonder what would happen to-day if the British Empire should crash. Few of us realize how thin is the veneer of civilization, and what destructive elements are constantly among us. Hundreds of such cities were destroyed

at that time throughout Europe, and the clock of civilization was set back 400 years.

The Anglo-Saxon name was Cester on the River Ciren, since changed to Cirencester.

About three miles from Cirencester is a village named Daglingworth in which there are a few acres of rocky ground covered with brambles on which is a colony of large edible snails. The ancient Romans cultivated these snails as food, and no doubt brought them from Italy, as they are not natives of England. They are found in places near towns that were occupied by the Romans. I have often described these snails as the only living proof of the Roman occupancy.

CHAPTER II

Arrival in Canada

I sailed from Liverpool to Quebec on the steamship "Newfoundland," Allan Line, 1,200 tons burthen.

As we passed the North of Ireland, I lay down on the deck to see how high the waves would rise when I found myself head over ears under water. The sailors then put a rope across the front of the vessel to keep the passengers out of danger.

I had been advised that a full stomach would prevent sea-sickness, so, feeling uncomfortable, I asked a steward to give me a large onion, some bread and cheese and a bottle of porter. I then sat down behind a boat and finished my lunch, when all symptoms of sea-sickness disappeared.

Just before reaching Belle Isle, I had my first introduction to icebergs. We met a four-masted ship in full sail that signalled she wanted to speak. We passed near enough for her to warn us through the speaking trumpet that a large iceberg was right in our way. A heavy fog was following this ship and soon enveloped our steamer. Extra men were posted to keep a lookout. I saw a sailor turn his head for a moment, when the captain called him to the bridge and threatened to send him up the mast if he dared to turn his head; this alarmed me and I kept a lookout. Hoar frost was begin-

ning to settle on the whiskers of the sailors, showing that ice was near. In a short time I heard a look-out shout "Iceberg ahead!" and we glided past an iceberg of unknown height as the thick fog prevented its size being fully seen. Next day I counted twenty-eight icebergs, some stranded on the shores of Belle Isle. This explains how ships can easily be lost.

We passed the Falls of Montmorency in full flood; I still have a clear recollection of their grandeur.

As we came into view of Quebec the tin roofs of the public buildings shone in the bright sunlight like silver.

We arrived in Quebec on the 16th of July, 1867, which happened to be my 21st birthday, and landed on the Levis side.

There was a large fleet of sailing ships anchored opposite the city, engaged in shipping square timber, which was loaded through openings in the bows of the vessels.

These timbers were brought to Quebec in large rafts, made up of a number of cribs, which allowed the rafts being broken up when passing through rapids and gathered again in smooth waters. Great skill and daring were displayed in building and floating them to Quebec; oars 30 feet long were used for steering. Rafts were often many hundreds of feet square. On the central crib was a bunk house where the men could sleep and ample provision for cooking, the fire having a foundation of sand. I have heard there is a law that at what-

ever spot a raft is anchored, the raftsmen have a right to pass over property on their way to the public road.

In the year 1867 square timber business was at its height in Quebec. One hundred and fifty sailing ships were often in the harbor at one time. The day I arrived was very hot and the ships had sails unfurled drying in the sun; such a magnificent sight will never be seen again.

I felt pleasantly surprised to see the inhabitants dressed about the same as in England, and apparently law abiding, and it did not look as if I would have any immediate use for the bowie knife and revolver I had purchased before leaving the Old Land.

On landing I saw a passenger unlocking his trunk for the Customs Officer to examine. He happened to be smuggling long gold watch chains and had put a number around his neck. These chains slipped down and became visible to the officer and myself. The small parchment tags showed the chains were new.

Although I had a through ticket for Chicago I was advised by a jeweller in Quebec, named Harris, to stop at Montreal as in his opinion that city was destined to increase quickly and I would have as good a chance for success as in Chicago. At that time the population of Montreal numbered about one hundred thousand.

On the journey to Montreal our train left the track three times, which I learned was not unusual. Getting on again seemed very simple. A piece of

cordwood was laid on the track and by a little shunting we quickly slipped on again. All locomotives were wood burners. The rails were made of soft iron, and would spread as much as eight inches, caused by the pounding of the wheels. Steel rails were a later invention.

Just before crossing the St. Francis River Bridge, the conductor went through the train warning the passengers not to put their heads out of the windows as a man had his head taken off by so doing the day before.

On arriving at Montreal I secured a position with a Mr. Grant and telegraphed for my trunk, which was well on its way to Chicago. A boarding house was found for me in St. Urbain Street. When Sunday arrived I made inquiries for a Church of England and was directed to a little brick church known as St. John the Evangelist, corner of St. Urbain and Dorchester Streets. I shall never forget the first hymn sung that Sunday morning, how it brought tears to my eyes,

"My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way."

Later I was confirmed in this Church.

As an apprentice in England I was not allowed to join the Volunteers, so in the fall of the year 1867 I joined the Montreal Field Battery.

The Commanding Officer was Major Stevenson (known to his men as "Colonel" and to his friends as "Sandy"). The other commissioned officers were Messrs. McGibbon and Boyd. I wonder

how many men are now living who were active members of the Battery in the year of Confederation!

After some months I changed to a boarding house on Jurors Street. My room-mate, Gilbert, was a native of Scotland and had been sent to Demerara, South America, to work as a clerk on a sugar plantation, but tiring of the heat, thought he would try Canada. He was a reporter on the "Daily Telegraph" and often used my remarks as an item of news.

This house was new and when built had a bathroom, but the landlady prevailed on the owner to remove the bath fixtures and make it into a bedroom. At that time bathrooms were rare, barber shops supplying baths in the winter for twenty-five cents; the river was used in summer, other conveniences being in the shed.

One day Gilbert and I were having a heated argument over the question whether a cricket ball thrown against a perfectly smooth wall would suffer more or less than if thrown with equal force and struck as hard as possible by a bat. As our voices grew loud a knock came and a young man opened the door and begged us to keep cool. In answer to our inquiry he said his name was George Tolly, a new boarder occupying the next room, which was the dismantled bathroom. We assured him we were the best of friends, as he would soon realize.

He told us he had just arrived from London, England, and had secured a position at Chantelois,

corner Craig and Cote Streets; he had just completed an apprenticeship as an ironmonger, and was on his first trip to see the world. In addition to serving at the counter, he was taught the different practical branches of the ironmongery business, such as tinsmithing, bell hanging, etc. I afterwards called on George's father in London and found him a well-off retired merchant.

George Tolly was well informed, possessed a great fund of common sense, and decided to take the first job that offered. On leaving home, he told us, his mother's last words were "George, I have cooked for you for many years, and now you are going away; stick to joints, always stick to joints."

My room-mate, Gilbert, in addition to reporting, was joint editor of the "Free Lance," a comic paper with frontispiece of a horse at full gallop, a mounted man, holding a large quill pen at rest (the same as a lance) with the motto, "The point won't hurt you." George T. Lanigan was the senior editor. Although a married man he often visited us, bringing a lobster as a treat, and after supper, euchre would be played until twelve o'clock, when we all turned in and our visitors went home. We were a jolly lot.

One way of getting copy for the "Free Lance" was to hold meetings at which were a dozen or more kindred spirits comprising medical and law students, reporters, sub-editors, and others. The sideboard would be well stocked with refreshments useful for inspiration. We had a chairman and

vice-chairman and paper and pencil were placed before each one on which to put any pun, joke, or witty remark that would make good material for the "Free Lance." I have heard that London "Punch" has meetings for a similar purpose.

I valued these evenings very much as I had lived my short life in a small country town in England. This was my first introduction to Bohemian life in the city and I found it a valuable experience. I had no difficulty in maintaining my temperance principles but always paid my share.

The first winter I was in Montreal, viz., 1867 and 1868, the cold was so continuous that I wore moccasins for three months without getting wet feet.

In 1868 we had a son of Queen Victoria in Montreal in the person of Prince Arthur, now Duke of Connaught. I remember him as a handsome young officer with an auburn moustache, marching beside his men and creating as much enthusiasm as the present Prince of Wales.

A serious social epidemic prevailed during the sojourn of these soldiers. It was known as "Scarlet Fever." It affected rich and poor alike. The daughters of merchants were determined to marry British officers, and saw to it that their parents entertained lavishly. The maids in the servants' hall were equally determined to marry non-coms. or privates. When these troops were withdrawn, there was mourning amongst the daughters, but the fathers were thankful and lost no time in going back to their old economies; but

the city was dull indeed and business suffered very much, as the officers had been liberal spenders, compelling the wealthy citizens to follow their example.

At the time these soldiers were in the city the streets of Montreal in winter were full of life and music. The military officers and city sports drove splendid turnouts. Driving tandem, also four-in-hand, was common both summer and winter; sleighs with musk ox robes looked grand. Gentlemen drivers with sea otter caps looked regal. Sleigh bells attached to harness made cheerful music. It was the law that all horses driven on the snow must have bells on the harness to warn pedestrians. Splendid furs were common, such as seal, river otter, mink and beaver. The richest of all was the sea otter, but this fur has disappeared for many years. Seal fur coats were worn by men and women. Buffalo robes and coats were very cheap, as these animals were being killed off by scores of thousands, and that noble beast quickly disappeared.

The Crystal Palace that stood on the south of St. Catherine Street, opposite Victoria Street, was used as the Battery Armoury.

At that time there were, besides the volunteers, 3,000 Imperial troops in Montreal (still remaining of the 5,000 brought here through the Trent affair), which, considering its population of 100,000, made it quite a military centre.

Logan's Farm, now Lafontaine Park, was the place where sham battles were fought. The order

of battle had scarcely changed since Waterloo and all the tactics of a real battle could be carried out on that field, such as advancing and retiring of the different fronts, ending by the cavalry charging the enemy, which the artillery was supposed to have broken up.

I shall never forget the Grey Battery of Imperial Horse Artillery taking their guns down one side of the steep gully and up the other. (The lake in the hollow did not exist then.) As a young gunner I admired this piece of work.

A great feature of these miniature battles was the charge of the same Brigade that engaged the Russian Batteries at Balaclava in the Crimean War, the event being immortalized by the Poet Laureate as "The Charge of the Light Brigade." To see these grand looking horsemen charge at full gallop across the field in extended form, sabres flashing, was most thrilling.

In winter soldiers were trained to use snowshoes, and wheels were removed to make way for sleigh runners, the ice on the river serving as a drill ground.

In 1870 the Imperial forces were withdrawn from Montreal. To give an idea how their absence affected business, Savage and Lyman, jewellers, occupying the building now used by the Canadian National Railway as a ticket office on St. James Street, found their annual trade drop from over $300,000 annually to $90,000. This compelled them to go into liquidation. All retail business suffered in a like manner.

Mayor Hogg of Westmount tells a story of his uncle's experience as a farmer in Hochelaga, which was the headquarters for the Grey Battery. He bought a horse that had belonged to the Battery and put him to work in a field near the road. This war horse ran away, breaking his harness in his endeavor to join his old companions who were passing along the road.

In these days frostbites were very common. It was considered etiquette to stop any person on the street, telling him or her that ears, nose or cheeks were frozen. Snow applied to frostbite soon takes out the frost but leaves the part very tender.

Once I had all my toes frozen. I was seeing a young lady home and lingered at the garden gate so long that on going home I felt as if walking on stumps, my toes being devoid of feeling. On reaching my bedroom I took off my shoes and stockings, my toes being white and properly frozen. I filled the wash basin with cold water, into which I put my feet; after some time the color came again into my toes. The pain was very great, sending me hopping around the room. After some weeks the skin came off my toes similar to taking off a glove.

At that time many of us just out from England went around singing Christmas Carols in the village of Hochelaga. We were all grown-up men; among us were some Yorkshire cloth manufacturers. Edward Fisher, from Bradford, now over 95 years old, Joseph Horsfall, St. Lambert, and myself, are

still alive. We used to be well received and given cake and wine, especially the latter.

In the late sixties I was in the pit of the Theatre Royal, Cote Street, seeing an amateur performance of a play called "Hawkshaw, The Detective," when my room-mate, Gilbert the reporter, said, "Dick, look at that gentleman just entering the dress circle. That's Tom White whom the Allans have just brought from Hamilton to run the 'Gazette'."

The Allans no doubt hoped to use the "Gazette" as a means of securing the contract for building the Canadian Pacific Railroad, but the Bank of Montreal, combined with the dry goods interests and the Hudson's Bay Company, proved too much for them. They selected Thomas and Richard White, who were conducting a paper in Hamilton, Ontario. The Allans built a large printing house at the corner of St. Francois Xavier and Craig Streets for the "Gazette." Thomas White eventually entered the Cabinet of Sir John A. MacDonald, but died in office in 1888. Richard is now dead and his son, Smeaton White, now Senator, is the chief owner of the "Gazette." R. S. White, the talented son of Thomas White, is now member of Parliament, representing Mount Royal Division. Although one of the cleverest editorial writers, he is perhaps better known as Collector of Customs. He filled that position for twenty-one years in such a splendid manner that the sum of $21,000 was presented to him on his retirement. Mr. R. S. White would have been just as favorably known as a writer were it not the custom that the names

of editorial writers are never signed to their articles. Some years ago I visited the editorial room of the "Gazette" and saw a grand looking man and was told he had been editor-in-chief for many years. This was the first and only time I saw Mr. Kydd, the writer of those editorials I was so fond of reading.

In the summer of 1868 a number of us decided to climb Mount Royal. At that time it was private property. We got over a high fence and started for the top at the steepest part. It was a wonder some of us were not killed by the large loose stones we sent rolling down, but by spreading out fan shape we reached the top in safety.

When a fuel famine took place, caused by an unusual fall of snow, stopping railroad traffic and breaking down telegraph poles, that great and good priest, Father Labelle of Lachute, sent into the city 600 loads of cordwood.

The landlord of the Canada Hotel, St. Gabriel Street (our boarding house), owned that strip of land on the side of the mountain next to Ravenscrag, on which the present Upper Reservoir is built. Our landlord cut down all the wood from his mountain property and sold it for fuel. For some days the city was without outside news, travel, mail and telegraphs all being stopped.

In order to keep their readers interested the newspaper staffs wrote the most bloodcurdling stories as facts. I remember one describing a revenge on a man somewhere in Europe—spikes were driven into a large hogshead projecting some

inches inside the barrel, into which the victim of revenge was placed; the top being secured, the barrel was sent rolling down the mountain-side. This was one of the many stories published as news. As I was well acquainted with the writers and their ways, I have always been skeptical of very dreadful news until confirmed.

Buying the Mountain for a park had been under discussion for some time, and realizing that the Mountain without trees would make a poor park, its purchase was rushed through. Many said the price was excessive, but since that time city corner lots have been sold for twice the money paid for the whole Mountain.

The "Montreal Star" was started in 1869 by Hugh Graham, now Lord Atholstan, and our friend George T. Lanigan was installed as Editor. George was an unusually brilliant writer and was latterly employed by one of the great New York papers where he wrote "The Ahkoond of Swat," which he composed on the spur of the moment when the news of this Eastern Potentate's death came into his office by telegraph.

THE AHKOOND OF SWAT

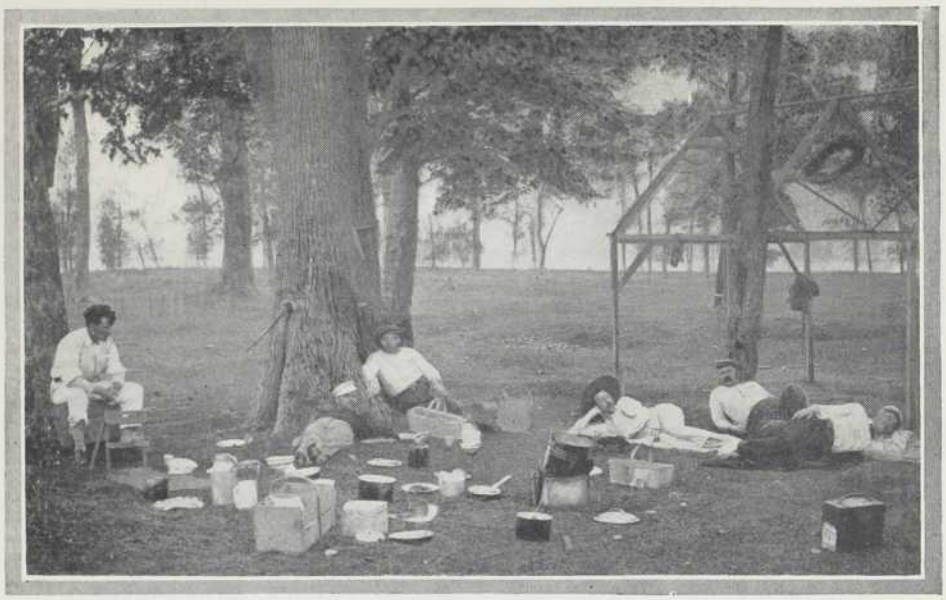
What, what, what,
What's the news from Swat?
Sad news,
Bad news,
Comes by the cable led
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red
Sea and the Med-
Iterranean—he's dead,
The Ahkoond is dead!

For the Ahkoond I mourn,
Who wouldn't?
He strove to disregard the message stern
But he Ahkoondn't.
Dead, dead, dead:
(Sorrow Swats!)
Swats wha hae wi Ahkoond bled,
Swats whom he hath often led
Onward to a gory bed,
Or to victory,
As the case might be,
Sorrow Swats.

Tears shed,
Shed tears like water,
Your great Ahkoond is dead.
That swats the matter!

Mourn, great city of Swat,
Your great Ahkoond is not,
But laid 'mid worms to rot,
His mortal part alone, his soul was caught
(Because he was a good Ahkoond)
Up to the bosom of Mahound,
Though earthly walls his frame surround
(Forever hallowed be the ground!)
And skeptics mock the lowly mound
And say "He's now of no Ahkoond!"
His soul is in the skies—
The azure skies that bend above his loved
Metropolis of Swat.
He sees with larger, other eyes,
Athwart all early mysteries—
He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With a noise of mourning and
Lamentation!
Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With the noise of mourning of the
Swattish nation!



YACHTSMEN PICNICKING AT JONES' ISLAND

"DEVIL'S GARDEN," RIGAUD MOUNTAIN

Fallen is at length
Its tower of strength.
Its sun is dimmer ere it had nooned!
Dead lies the great Ahkoond,
The great Ahkoond of Swat
Is not!

Among the fables written by him I only remember the "Example of Knowing too Much" and "A Case of Misplaced Sympathy." These two I write entirely from memory as it is many years since I saw them in print.

An Example of Knowing Too Much

An aged farmer and his wife were looking at their young turkeys and exchanging views as to their condition on Thanksgiving Day. One of the birds happened to understand what they were talking about, and decided by semi-starvation to circumvent the old couple and save its life. When market day arrived, the good wife handed the turkeys one at a time for her husband to cut off their heads. The farmer noted the attenuated form of one of them, and to make up its weight put half a brick into its stomach.

The moral of this story is, "As you go through life, have a good time on the way."

A Case of Misplaced Sympathy

An elephant, passing through a jungle, frightened a bird off its nest and then accidentally stepped on it. Being both impulsive and sympathetic, and realizing he had killed the bird, he decided

to take the mother's place and forthwith sat on the eggs.

George Tolly was eventually employed by the "Star" as canvasser, reporter and editor. During his term as Editor he advocated a fair trade policy and no doubt helped Sir John A. MacDonald's first Protection policy. He also strongly advocated the Island as a public park, for which Montreal has much to thank him and the "Star." Tolly left Montreal to see Canada and travelled the country in the interests of the "Canadian Illustrated News." While on his travels he asked the captain of a river steamer at Kingston to take him in tow, and shortly afterwards his canoe was seen spinning around in a manner similar to a trolling spoon and poor George was drowned. A number of such accidents happened about that time and I believe no steamer will take a canoe in tow even to this day. Tolly's death in the prime of life was a great loss to Canada. Before leaving the city he was entertained at a public luncheon, attended by the most prominent men of Montreal.

Amongst others I remember seeing Fred Perry, the man supposed to have set fire to the Parliament Buildings in Montreal. Fred did good work in helping the Protestant Hospital for the Insane in Verdun.

Gilbert soon left the newspaper world, and obtained a government position at Ottawa, which he filled with great credit to himself and satisfaction to his superiors. He was most attractive to men, well educated and travelled, a walking encyclopedia,

enjoyed good health, and was a delightful companion. He died only a few years ago.

In 1869 card playing on a Sunday was not considered proper, and as an attendant at the Church of St. John the Evangelist and recently confirmed I was determined there should be no card playing on that day if I could prevent it. So at the Canada Hotel on Saturday night, just before twelve o'clock, I visited the different rooms and warned them that twelve o'clock was the limit for their games. Sometimes I would pick up the cards if they transgressed. I remember how quickly the boys fell in with my views, as they had all left homes where such games were not allowed on Sunday. I never saw any card game played for money.

It had always been my ambition to be a freemason, so within three months of my arrival I applied for admittance into that ancient and honorable fraternity. But I was told I must reside in the country for one year before my application could be received, so in the autumn of 1868 I was admitted a member. There was soon great trouble in the Masonic world. The Lodge I had joined worked under the dispensation of the Grand Lodge of England and ambitious Masons had just formed the Grand Lodge of Quebec. My Lodge, St. George's, 440, voted itself over to the new Grand Lodge, and although I voted against the change, I obeyed the vote of the majority.

Some of the boarders were old Volunteers who served in the troubles of 1837. I used to listen

with great interest to their descriptions of the conditions of Montreal at that time, and especially of the fight of St. Eustache.

While living at the Canada Hotel I had a narrow escape. Hearing a fire alarm, and Gilbert being a reporter, we followed the fire engine to St. Paul Street. Smoke could be seen coming out of the upper windows of a wholesale warehouse; the firemen, being short-handed, called for volunteers to help carry the hose inside the building. I put my hand on the hose to help when Gilbert pulled me away out of danger, telling me every man to his own work. None of the poor fellows who went in came out alive. One was named Thompson, the son of a retail shoe merchant. A fine monument was erected to their memory in Mount Royal Cemetery.

My friend Gilbert was an active volunteer in the Fenian Raid of 1866, and reported the action of the Battle of Ridgeway. He had put in book form his different reports of that battle and the mistakes made by Colonel Booker.

The first autumn I was in Montreal, three of us, equally ignorant of boating, hired a skiff from a man named Grenier at St. Anne's and started for a week's holiday up the Ottawa River. As we left the canal I got my first view of a man in a diving suit. Seeing him slowly climb up a ladder out of the water gave me quite a shock. That night we camped within the ruined walls of Senneville Fort. In the morning we managed to put up the sail and started across the Lake of the Two Mountains, a

distance of over five miles. As the wind freshened we got so frightened we did not know what to do. We had no idea how to take down the sail so to be better prepared for an upset we each took our clothes off and sat with an oar across our knees, keeping the boat before the wind until we drove high and dry on Oka's sandy beach, which was an Indian village. Before the week was out we could manage the boat.

The next year we tried the St. Lawrence River for a week and hired a boat at Lancaster on Lake St. Francis. We rowed out to a small island on which was a large rock surrounded by high reeds. Here we practised talking politics. One at a time we mounted the rock and pretended the reeds were voters and talked until we were hoarse. I have often wondered how these speeches would read had they been reported.

The first night one of our party was apparently taken ill and said he feared he would die. We asked what we could do for him and he said whiskey was the only thing. We had a full bottle with us in case of emergency and I handed it to him, and from the way he clutched the bottle I judged he was very bad. He drank a quarter of it when I pulled it away, thinking he would do himself harm. During the night he had another attack, but we told him he would get no more whiskey, live or die. Strange as it would appear, he soon went into a painless sleep.

Boarding at the Canada Hotel was a young Gentleman Volunteer from Iberville, studying

military tactics to enable him to pass as an officer in the militia. He invited me to spend two days at his home. The house was very large; a number of ladies and gentlemen were invited to spend the evening. The method of enjoyment was very common in those days, such as Hunt the Slipper, Charades, Kissing in the Ring, Post Office and Forfeits. The kissing games seemed to please. They were not chaste kisses on the forehead, cheek or hand, but were all given and received full on the lips. After a very liberal supply of substantial refreshments on temperance principles, every one went home at twelve o'clock, very tired, but apparently satisfied.

When I came to Montreal my employer's shop was a few doors east of Place d'Armes Square, on the north side of Notre Dame Street. I remember a great thunderstorm, and looking towards Notre Dame Church I saw the stones falling from the north-west pinnacle of the western tower of that church, which had just been struck by lightning. I saw a blind man who sat at the gates of the Seminary run between the falling stones into the church, a place he no doubt thought safer than where he sat. It was a miracle he was not killed, the stones falling as he ran between them.

Cure without Medicine

In the year 1870 I was introduced to Doctor E. S..... who had practised his profession in Georgetown, Demerara. On coming to Montreal he passed the necessary examinations required for

this province. He practised on Lagauchetiere Street, just east of Beaver Hall Hill. I knew the Doctor and his wife very well. He told me that her health gave him much concern, but he could find nothing actually the matter with her. She was a beautiful woman, well educated, with charming manners, and her husband was very much attached to her. She had fallen into a low state of mind and he feared she would not live long. He told me that unless something were done to change her thoughts he feared for her life, and decided on the drastic plan of agreeing with her fears and saying she knew he was too young a man to live unmarried after her death—and as he valued her judgment he would like an opinion of her successor. "Ah, there she is," said he, pointing to a young woman, a stranger, who was passing the window. The Doctor assured me that his wife began to improve from that hour and lived for many years.

I have since thought she was suffering from a severe attack of home-sickness, being a native of the West Indies and a stranger in Montreal.

Boarding House Etiquette Sixty Years Ago

The following incident will throw light on boarding house etiquette sixty years ago. One of our boarders married a daughter of the house and on several occasions a chicken or other dainty would be placed before them and no one else invited to partake. It was hinted that these people should eat elsewhere, but this had no effect, so the next time a chicken was placed before them, a boarder

sitting opposite pulled the dish across the table and served it as far as it would go, stating that the table was a common one and no preference would be allowed. This act aroused some feeling, which came to a climax a few days before Christmas when lamb chops were served, one to each boarder. This was very unwise as a hungry youth could easily eat several and still have a feeling of emptiness. One mischief-loving boarder suggested that we polish the bones, put them back and ask the servant girl to take the dish and bones to her mistress for more meat to be put on them, which she did. This proved to be the last straw: the landlady was very angry, so at the end of the week we each paid our board and left the house on Christmas Eve and went in a body to the Canada Hotel on St. Gabriel Street, where we had made terms for double rooms with board for $4.00 each per week.

The next day was Christmas. The bill-of-fare was printed in English and French, with a bottle of beer to each as a treat from the house. I shall never forget the boys at that dinner. We went down the bill-of-fare in English and up in French. It is wonderful what young men can stand in the way of food.

In the winter of 1868 and 1869 there were twelve feet of snow at one time, and in the spring the river rose so suddenly that I was caught on St. Paul Street and was nearly up to my knees in water before I could run to higher ground. I shall never forget how the rats invaded the hotel,

being flooded out of the riverside warehouses. We adopted a novel way of trapping them by leaving our bedroom doors open, putting our trunks close to the wall at one end, leaving the other six inches away; listening for the sound of the nails of the rats' feet on the boards of the passage and on our bedroom floor; then jumping out of bed, pushing trunks against the walls and squeezing the rats to death. We stretched a string across the hall and sometimes had a half dozen rats hanging by their tails.

A Few Words about the Last of the Appointed Anglican Bishops

Bishop Fulford was an English gentleman, a dignified and wise prelate. At one of the first meetings held after his arrival in Montreal a prominent Churchman asked him to become president of a society formed to seek converts from the Church of Rome. This the Bishop refused to do, stating his belief that by the time one had talked a man out of the religion he had learned as a child he had talked *all* religion out of him, and advised that they direct their energies to those who professed none. This great and wise Bishop died in the year 1868. A beautiful monument was erected to his memory in the Cathedral grounds opposite Bishops Court.

Bishop Oxenden arrived in 1869, being the first Bishop to be elected. I went to his house and set up a chime clock that had been presented to him by his parishioners of Pluckney, Kent, on his leaving England.

Bishop Oxenden was translated from a country parish church to the head of the Church of England in Canada without any experience for such an important position and soon got into trouble.

In my young days in England it was customary for bishops to travel on horseback through the country, visiting parishes. I often saw Bishop Ellicott of Gloucester riding, followed by his man, also on horseback, with two large saddle bags containing his robes, etc.

Bishop Oxenden rode a fine horse. One day he was reproving one of his clergy, saying, "What will people think of you?" when the other retaliated by saying, "If your Lordship only knew what some people say about you riding on horseback." The Bishop soon sold his horse.

At that time Trinity Church was much in debt and was in danger of being sold when the Bishop, to save it, made his stipend responsible for the debt.

Bishop Oxenden, on the plea of ill-health, soon gave up his position, but lived for twenty years in the warmer atmosphere of the South of France.

Bishop Bond was elected to fill his place, but his stipend was at once seized, and for some time he had no income until the Rev. Lewis Evans collected enough money to free Trinity Church and the Bishop's stipend was released. Mr. Evans then built the new St. Stephen's Church, free from debt, the first so built, but he made the mistake of his life in having it consecrated, for in a few years his congregation moved uptown, and his church, now called St. Edward's, was the only one that could

not move with its people, as consecration takes it out of the power of the congregation to sell.

The River St. Lawrence, below Montreal, is about two and one-half miles wide. The river is frozen for about five months of the year. The ice is very rough and thick, caused by the backing of the floating ice in the early winter. At St. Mary's current, opposite the city, the river flows eight miles an hour summer and winter. At this point, no matter how cold it is there are places that do not freeze. These are called air holes. Experienced men make the roads that are marked at intervals by small spruce bushes, the stems of which are sunk into holes and quickly frozen in so the winds cannot displace them. I remember a party of habitants with box sleighs and Canadian ponies starting for their homes across the river, using a road that was made not far from the air holes. These farmers left late in the evening in a heavy snowstorm, which continued all night. They first realized they were off the road by hearing rushing waters. They could not see. This made them very frightened and they called for help, saying they had lost the road. Their call was heard in Hochelaga and a rescue party was organized, which reached them, but they also were afraid to move. I saw a second rescue party start, but on account of the cold I did not wait results. Next morning I learned that both rescue parties were unable to return for fear of the invisible open water, and all crowded into the box sleighs for warmth and waited for daylight.

A fireman attached to No. 1 Station was convicted of setting fire to No. 1 Station and many other places, all of which he was the first to discover on fire.

There were a number of daring burglaries and daylight robberies that baffled the police, but it was eventually proved that they were committed by the City Detectives.

In the old-time elections in Montreal the usual bribe for an ordinary voter was $5.00. The more honest voter usually demanded $10.00. At that time our currency was silver and issued from the banks in rolls. When wanted for bribes a twenty-five cent coin would be put on each end of a piece of lead pipe which was in weight and appearance as direct from the bank. As these were given just before voting there was no time to examine the roll, but if suspicious the voter would put it into his pocket and feel the knurled edge of the coin. Axe handles were the common weapons used in riots. Usually the hardware stores, wholesale and retail, would be sold out of this extremely handy weapon on election days.

I remember D'Arcy McGee speaking out of the Mechanics' Institute window and horse soldiers charging the mob down St. James Street.

A judge wishing to do me a kindness thought he could best do it by advice from the bench, using these words, "Avoid law as you would the devil; even the winner is often a great loser; do anything but keep out of the law." This I have found very valuable advice.

Jewellery

The following is a partial description of ladies' jewellery made in Montreal and fashionable in 1870:

Gold bar pins as brooches were rectangular in shape from one and a quarter to two inches in length, by one-quarter to one-half inch in width, decorated with engraving, also set with three stones. Gold bracelets were plain or engraved and measured from one-quarter to one inch in width. Gold oval lockets from one inch to one and three-quarter inches in length were decorated with monograms. Necklets were large, both plain and engraved. Earrings were very long.

The usual length of watch chains was sixty inches. A favourite pattern made in Montreal was called "Alma," a reminiscence of the Battle of Alma.

Ladies' gold watches were chiefly double-cased, in size a little over an inch in diameter, the watch often worn in a net pocket so it could be partly seen.

The sixty inch gold chain and engraved cased watch added grace and dignity to the wearer.

Precious stones fashionable at that time were pink coral, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, pearls and opals. Diamonds were rare, as the South African diamond fields were only discovered in 1867. For many years diamonds were set in sterling silver, although the article was made of fine gold. This was to avoid the color being thrown into the diamond by the yellow gold. It is only in recent

years that platinum has been considered of sufficient value to be used in jewellery. This metal was so common in Russia as to be used for coinage and the price was only a quarter of the price of gold.

Ladies' gold wrist watches with expansion bracelets were first made about the year 1890. Saunders & Shepherd of London held the patent for some years.

In 1870 hair jewellery was much worn, consisting of rings, brooches, pendants, crosses, bracelets, and earrings, sixty inch watch chains of hair with gold fastenings being used. A large jewellery store on Notre Dame Street specialized in hair jewellery.

Jet was very fashionable, made in brooches, earrings, bracelets, necklets, lockets and long watch chains. For a lady of middle age nothing is more becoming than jet, it being both strong and light, taking a high polish, and can be beautifully carved.

Watches for Gentlemen in 1870

The first consideration, if one could afford it, was a hunting case gold watch. The military, who set the fashion, favored a watch with a cover over the dial, with a half inch hole cut in the case so that the time could be seen when the case was closed, and around this hole on the outside would be an enamelled set of figures. This style even to the present day is the most useful and dignified pocket watch. On the back would be engraved a crest, or coat-of-arms, or both, often enamelled in colors.

The English and Swiss watch makers made watches in silver cases. The Americans first imported movements and made gold cases. When American watch factories began to make watch movements the case makers followed suit and one of the first to be made was a very heavy silver case up to eight ounces in weight.

The Albert Chain (its name taken from Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria) had heavy links and in style exactly the pattern of the Newgate Prison felons' fetter link. On the drop link of chain was worn a gold seal cornelian stone engraved for sealing, a fancy gold key to wind the watch, and a small spray of red coral. This red gave to the bunch a nice effect.

The fashion for rings has changed very little. Sixty years ago all signet rings had stone centres, such as blood, or red cornelian stone engraved for sealing. The first all-gold signet ring I have seen was in Paris fifty years ago.

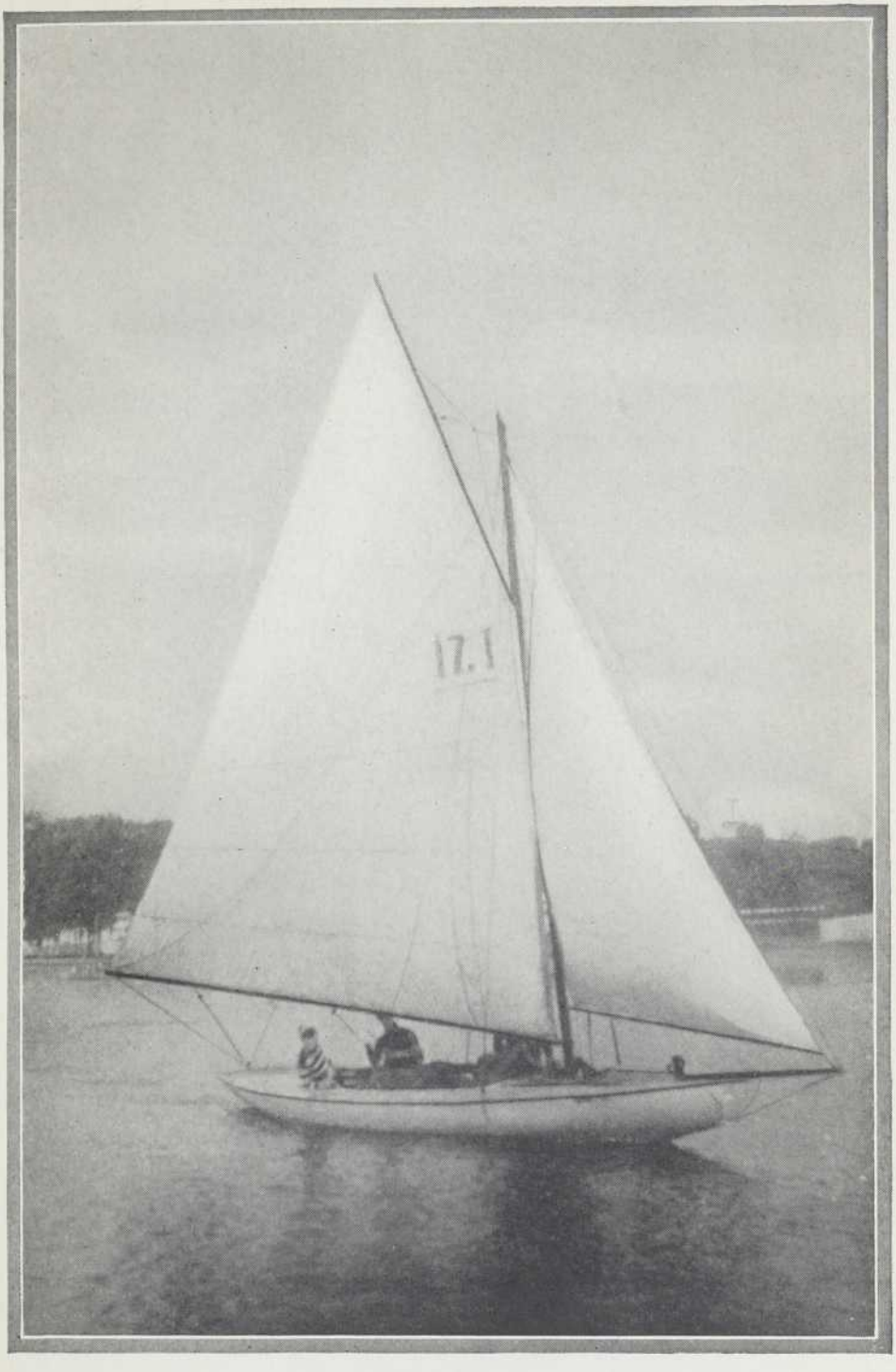
Scarf pins were rather large and in great variety. Studs for shirt fronts were gold and engraved; buttons were used for the cuffs, also engraved. Links for cuffs were a later fashion. Scarf rings were worn usually set with stones, also engraved.

Wrist watches were first worn by Army officers in the South African war. In the Great War wrist watches were in general use by all ranks.

Some sixty years ago we used to see many beautifully marked winter birds, but when forty sparrows were imported from England, and were freed in the old Custom House Square, these birds were soon

driven away. It would now be impossible to estimate the number of the new arrivals' hardy and aggressive descendants.

At the same time oysters were very cheap, the best quality being named "Malpecque." When the oyster schooner was tied up at the wharf, the information soon went around among the boys, who armed themselves with oyster knives and quickly climbed on board, each paying twenty-five cents to the skipper for the privilege of eating as many oysters as he possibly could.



"THE HABITANT"

CHAPTER III

My Start in Business

I COMMENCED business on Monday, the 1st of May, 1870. I had spent a very anxious Sunday deciding whether or not I should return to England.

I had written my father that I had rented a small shop to take possession on the 1st of May, feeling sure he would help me. Great was my disappointment to get his letter saying if I wanted his help I must return home. This I decided not to do and paid $44 rent in advance at $22 a month, which left me only $46 of my $90 capital.

At that time all shop windows, large or small, were protected by shutters. In this one the shutters in daytime were placed on the side of the window. On these I painted a large gold watch with the words "Richard Hemsley" above and "Watchmaker" below. This gave me a good sign when the store was open or closed. On the sloping roof I stood a 4 ft. 6 in. sign on which I painted a gold watch similar to that on the shutters but on both sides. This sign was easily seen for a distance from either direction. I had never tried my hand at sign painting and was quite proud of my work as they were most attractive and cost only for material.

I bought a ship's hammock which I stretched across the shop to sleep in, thus protecting my

stock and work entrusted to me. I remember on getting out of the hammock one night I stepped on a rat with my naked foot. He gave a horrible squeak. I wonder which was the more frightened.

Being determined to succeed, I cut myself clear of my old chums, working at watch repairs from half-past six in the morning to ten o'clock at night. I took my meals at the American House, corner of St. Henry and St. Joseph streets, at a cost of $4.00 per week. My great advantage was being familiar with the English lever watch, having been apprenticed to one skilled in its making and repairing. At that time they were little understood by the local trade, from whom I got much profitable work, which, added to my shop customers, kept me busy.

My little shop was situated opposite St. David's Lane, St. Joseph St., now Notre Dame Street.

My first customer stood six feet high and bought a $2.00 silver ring and gave me a $4.00 bill for which I thanked him. On asking for his change he was told there was none. "The ring on your finger is $2.00 and the one in your pocket is the same price and the $4.00 bill pays for both," I said. He then took the ring out of his pocket and put it on the counter and asked for his change and threatened to take it out of me if I did not give it, but I stood firm. He eventually picked up the ring and left the store.

My landlord, who was my next-door neighbor, was a custom tailor. While his tenant I ordered a suit of clothes. When it was finished I drew his

attention to the absence of fit in the coat. The tailor appealed to an American standing by as to his opinion, who praised up the cloth and the work generally as being first-class but confessed that there was something wrong with the shape of the man in the coat. On being asked why he did not fit and stop complaints, the tailor defended himself by saying nobody fitted and it made no difference to the trade; all were trying to get the impossible and were continually changing their tailors. Such was the condition of many of the custom tailors in 1870. Badly trained craftsmen of all kinds were in the majority. This was especially the fact in my own business.

Realizing that I knew nothing about law and yet that every transaction had a legal side to it, I went to a lawyer, Duncan McCormack, and asked him how I could inform myself in matters of law. He told me what I wanted was very simple, the intent of the law being common sense and common justice; to try to cultivate a judicial mind and give the other fellow the benefit of every doubt.

The Origin of the Canadian Gold and Silver Stamping Act.

In 1870 it was the custom in Montreal to call all gold jewellery, solid pure gold. This I refused to do as it was not true, but no matter how I tried to explain the different qualities I could make no sales. I went to the Rev. Edmund Wood, Rector of St. John the Evangelist Church, and asked him if a man's religion should interfere with his success

in business. He said, "No, it should help him." I then explained my trouble relating to gold. He promised to let me know what to do and in two weeks' time he called saying that if I did not take advantage of my customers' ignorance, gave value for their money and took every opportunity to educate the public I would be justified in following the custom of the trade.

Some twenty-five years later, Father Wood, as we delighted to call him, asked me if I remembered putting a very simple question to him just after I started in business. I surprised him by repeating my question and his answer. He told me that was the most difficult question that had ever been put to him, saying, "I went to Bishop Oxenden, stating that a young man whom I had prepared and whom he had confirmed, had put this question to me and that when he was ready with the answer I would take it to him." I asked Father Wood what would have happened if the Bishop could not decide on the answer, and he said it would have been his duty to refer it to the Archbishop of Canterbury. From that time I have tried in every way to make the different qualities of gold known and the present Canadian Gold and Silver Stamping Act can be traced to this event.

In the autumn of 1870 occurred one of the most severe earthquakes I ever experienced. My small safe which I had bought fairly danced and people in the street staggered about as if drunk.

I shall never forget the appearance of Colonel Wolseley's Army when they returned from the Fort

Garry Expedition. The splendor of the Army uniform was changed to threadbare clothing patched and worn. This long overland march brought home to the country the necessity of building the Canadian Pacific Railway as soon as possible.

When I arrived in Montreal in 1867 trade was practically dead and the only profitable business in the city was that of Official Assignees engaged in winding up bankrupt estates. Trade did not revive until a market had been developed in Great Britain. Up to this time our surplus crops had been sold to the Old Country as American produce and it took some years to establish a market for ourselves. During these years of depression annexation to the United States was a very live question.

The Fenian Raid of 1870

The Fenian Raid trouble of 1870 started in the early summer. During this raid there were lively times. The Montreal Field Battery, which I had joined in 1867, was ordered for active service. The Battery drilled in the Crystal Palace, and on forming into line and numbering off, I escaped going to the front by one number. The half Battery left in the city drilled a few hours every day and the rest of the time I attended to business, but always in the Battery uniform. My shop door would often be opened, a head would appear, and I would be threatened with what could be done to a bloody Englishman. At that time I was the only

one of that nationality on St. Joseph Street. My English-speaking neighbours were all Irish. I only laughed and treated their threats as a joke. They all had Irish Republican flags ready to hang out. One evening the Battery was loading ammunition waggons in the Crystal Palace, and we were hurrying to finish it as it was getting dark; on account of the powder no light was allowed. Stooping down to pick up a bag from a large pile on the floor, I saw something drop and smelled burning tobacco, and looking up, I could see the glowing end of a cigar from which the owner had just knocked off the ash which fell on a bag of powder. We soon had the civilians out and the door closed. It appeared that the sentry had neglected his duty.

Cause of the Raid in 1867 and 1870

The ending of the American war threw a million or more men out of employment. Among them was a large number of Irish descent who were open for any adventure, and many of these disbanded soldiers enlisted in the so-called Fenian Army. A Government was formed in the United States, called the "Irish Republic," which, in addition to floating twenty million dollars of bonds, raised money in every conceivable way, their intention being to invade Canada and make it into an Irish Republic. In Montreal in 1870, the following incident was of daily occurrence. A soft-talking, well-dressed man would ring at the back door and as soon as the nationality was discovered to be

Irish the following conversation would take place, "Well Biddy, how would you like to own this house?" "Ah, sure, don't be talking foolish. The house belongs to the master and is worth a lot of money." "Yes, but tell me, how much money have you got saved up in the bank?" We will suppose that the answer was "$50." Then he would show his hand. "Sure, Biddy, if you give your $50 to the Irish Republic, you will get the deeds of this house signed by the President, for sure enough the Irish Army will be marching into Montreal in a few weeks and the house will then be yours." It was well understood that where there were Irish servants most of them had the deeds of the houses in their possession.

When the Fenian Raid was over I ventured to buy my first bill of goods on credit, trusting that business would improve so I could meet the note at maturity. But sales got worse instead of better and my earnings were only sufficient to meet my daily expense. At the beginning of November it looked as if my first financial obligation would not be met, so I packed into a satchel my most valuable stock, left the shop in charge of a boy, took the train for Sherbrooke and Lennoxville and sold at a profit to the stores and private houses. In two days I returned to Montreal. I then took the last boat up the Ottawa River and repeated my Sherbrooke work at the villages of Como and Hudson. The returns of these two trips gave me enough to pay my first note.

What made times bad other than the Fenian

Raid was the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty entered into between Canada and the United States for ten years starting in 1855 and ending in 1865. That Treaty allowed the free exchange of natural products. During this period the Americans fought the Civil War and Canada did a large and profitable business in supplying food, etc., to the Federal States, but when the war was over our neighbors found themselves deeply in debt. As an example of how low their credit was, $1.00 greenback was sold in Montreal as low as thirty-five cents, so in order to pay their interest, for no one thought the debt would be paid, Congress decided not to renew the Treaty and in its place put on a heavy Customs tax on all importations, including natural products. This proved very disastrous, as it closed Canada's chief market.

. . . . .

Soon after I started in business I signed my first and only accommodation note and at once realized it was unwise and vowed never to do it again. At that time it was called "Kite-flying." Times were very hard, both merchants and banks failing.

Some Inventions

In one year I moved across the street to larger premises. I had been in business about two years when the son of my former employer paid me a visit and said, "Dick, you have the dirtiest window in the city." Instead of resenting what was no doubt true, I said, "Shake hands, Sam, it is indeed

a friend that will tell one his faults." From that day I began experimenting on window improvements. I had always intended to follow the English style of window display, but found that the flies and dust in summer and frost in winter had to be overcome before that system was practicable. After much experimenting I succeeded in making a shop window free from flies and dust in summer and clear of frost in the winter, no matter how cold, or how often the window was opened, and found that the goods in the window kept cleaner than in the counter show case. At this time I put in the first plate glass window used in St. Joseph Street.

After being successful in inventing my dust, fly, and frost-proof window, I invented and patented in the year 1885 a diamond tweezer that with a gentle pressure would pick up a diamond and hold it securely so it could be examined without fear of being dropped. At the same time I invented a ring that worked like the tweezer. It would hold any stone and would fit any finger, its purpose being to show how the diamond looked on the hand. My first sale was one dozen to Tiffany, the great New York jeweller. Although these were original and useful I found that, in order to make a success, capital was necessary to make them in quantities and a sales organization necessary to sell them, so I decided to give up inventing and keep to my regular business.

In order to light the window properly and to avoid the heat and other troubles that follow the

use of gaslight I imported from London outside hanging lamps and when the Royal Electric Company was ready with electricity I used it instead of gas.

In the late seventies I heard of the Holmes Electric Protection Company. I visited New York and looked over their plant and was the first retail merchant to sign a contract for the use of their protective device.

Our business prospered and we soon established a reputation for watch repairing and the selling of watches, being among the first to introduce the Waltham make. As a practical watchmaker I quickly realized the advantage of the machine-made watch. To-day all watches are so made.

The introduction of this watch annoyed the largest Swiss watch importer, who threatened to open a shop next to mine and sell watches at cost and put me out of business if I did not cease handling the American watch. I answered that Richard Hemsley would be selling watches long after the wholesaler was out of business, which in due time came true.

An early example of the advantage of a one-price system. A customer asked for a dozen nickel tea spoons; he seemed in no hurry but tried every way to get me to break my price, but in vain. He then said, "I don't want the spoons; I wished to test your principles." And in a very short time he purchased and paid for $800 worth of goods consisting of my best gold watches and chains and the rest in silverware, solid and plated.

This customer explained his purchase saying he had had a claim against the Dominion Government for a balance due him for building lighthouses. This had just been settled in his favor by arbitration and these goods were presents for his friends who had helped him prove his claim. At that time this was an unusually large sale for me to make.

Law

A customer left a gold watch for repairs. The price agreed upon was $2.50. He asked for the loan of a watch in the meantime, and on my giving him one asked its price and promised to pay $5 for it if he kept it more than a month. It was over two years before he called, and putting $2.50 on the counter, asked for his watch and handed me the one I had loaned him. The silver case was worn smooth and the watch stopped. I reminded him of his promise and hesitated to give him his watch unless he paid $7.50, the price agreed upon. He said, "I offer you the charges on my watch, namely $2.50, and if you do not give it to me you will pay sweetly for it. It seems you do not know your business and I advise you to see a lawyer." This I did, namely, Mr. Monk, of Monk & Butler, Little St. James Street, whose advice was to give the man his watch and take the $2.50. "As to the watch loan," said Mr. Monk, "you cannot be judge and jury; your only plan is to sue him for damages. You could hold his watch did he not return the one you loaned him." Mr. Monk charged $2 for his advice, at the same time giving

me an interesting account of a trouble that had overtaken Jake Moss, a pawnbroker. Jake's office was on the south side of Notre Dame Street, just west of Bonsecours Street. It appeared that a lady arrived at his pawnshop in a stylish double horse carriage and asked for a loan of fifteen hundred dollars on her diamonds, at the same time expressing her feelings at being placed in such a position. She had promised to pay money and had been disappointed in not receiving a much larger sum, and in order to keep her word decided to pledge her diamonds. The loan was in due course effected, the ticket made out, and the money handed to her. Within an hour she returned with the money just as she had received it, stating that when she got home she found the remittance had arrived. She paid the money to Mr. Moss and received back her diamonds. As she was leaving Jake thought of the ticket and asked for it. The lady said, "How foolish of me! I left the ticket on my dressing table; I will send it back at once by the coachman." But this gentleman failed to arrive. The lady had been so charmingly polite that Mr. Moss took no further steps in the matter. A short time after a gentleman entered the store, put the pawn ticket on the counter, and the money due, and asked for the diamonds. It was in vain that poor Jake explained that the lady took back her diamonds. "I have bought the ticket and here is the money and I want the diamonds." In the words of Lawyer Monk, "This cost Jake a pretty penny."

Jake Moss had another experience which I well remember, and much more serious than the diamond trouble. A working jeweller used to call at the pawnshop, often waiting for the store to open. The clerk in charge sometimes put the shop door and safe keys on the counter while he looked out the work. This jeweller, with the aid of beeswax, took impressions and made steel keys to fit and one night cleared the shop and safe of all portable valuables. A large number of pledged watches was stolen. He melted the cases and threw the movements into the river. He was eventually arrested and found guilty and sentenced to a term in the penitentiary. He proved his mechanical skill by devising a system of locking all the cells from a central office. The Government put his system into operation and as a reward shortened his sentence.

In the early seventies the English Aldermen were in the majority in the City Council. The ordinary persons seen on the streets of Montreal were so few that a stranger could easily be noticed.

I remember, among others, three remarkably handsome men. The first was John Crawford, Master of the Foxhounds. He often passed my store on his visits to the city riding a handsome horse. He looked what he was, a fine old English gentleman. When the Foxhounds' Meet was at his residence, Verdun House, he expected his guests to jump the entrance gates. The next was Dr. Hingston, a remarkably handsome dignified gentleman, one who would attract notice any-

where. I never saw him without a high silk hat, summer or winter. I used to wonder how he kept his ears from freezing. He was honored by being given a Knighthood and he certainly honored the title, Dr. Sir William Hingston.

The last of the three handsome men was Judge Monk. He stood over six feet high with not one ounce of flesh too much or too little.

At that time I also remember three Montreal men who outshone all others in business. The first was Sir Hugh Allan, a rugged Scotchman, who had made a great fortune as a shipowner, chiefly on account of the Crimean War; a man keenly interested in building up Montreal. The second was John Dougall, editor and owner of the "Daily Witness." In appearance he was not unlike Sir Hugh. His paper was a clean, bright sheet; one could always rely upon the news he published and could take the paper home to the family knowing its columns were free from all objectionable matter. But John Dougall made one fatal mistake: he undertook in a strong Catholic community to fight the Church of Rome. Thinking of this grand man I am reminded of an epigram attributed to Lord Bacon, viz., "He that attempts too great a task courts failure," and no doubt this fight eventually put out of existence that splendid evening paper "The Montreal Daily Witness," leaving a field quickly taken up by the "Montreal Star." The third business man was George Burland, the maker of bank notes; in appearance somewhat the type of the other two. By his business ability he

made a large fortune. I mention him as being one of the first to invest in the new power of electricity by building the Lachine Power House. Mr. Walbank, the engineer, often took me out to see the work progressing. Mr. Burland made handsome gifts to help on the good work of the Verdun Protestant Hospital for the Insane.

When I commenced business there was no official Observatory in Montreal. Mr. Blackman, an amateur astronomer living in Belmont Park, was the only person capable of giving the correct time. Watchmakers got the time from the clock of the Montreal Telegraph Office, Hospital Street, upstairs, where they received the time daily from Toronto. A card was hung on the clock door showing in seconds how much it was fast or slow. At that time I provided myself with proper instruments to take observations, but sold them as we lacked a proper place to use them. In the meantime Mr. Blackman's instruments passed to McGill's new Observatory, and I believe they are still there. McGill now gives us the time.

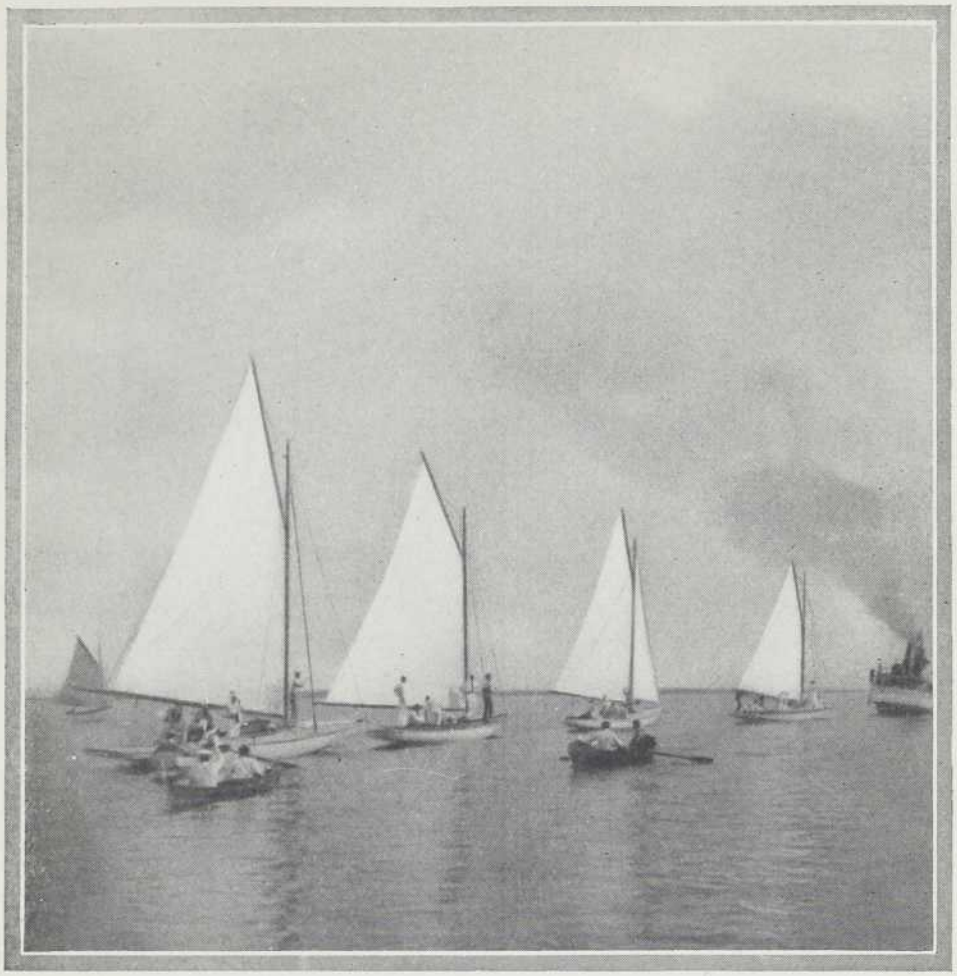
In the year 1878 an old friend from Swindon, England, (John Day) staying at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, invited us to see the Ball held in honour of the Princess Louise and Marquis of Lorne, the new Governor-General. The grand corridor was lined with Grenadier Guards in full regalia, with bear-skin busbies and rifles with fixed bayonets. As the Royal party advanced towards the ballroom I saw some high official walking backwards leading the Royal party. The genu-

flexions he went through must have taken lots of practice, continually bowing and never turning his back to the Royal guests. It was the grandest indoor procession I have ever seen. The Princess was both young and beautiful and her husband, the Marquis, was considered good-looking. The Princess Louise was a clever designer. I remember talking to an artist who was employed to adapt her sketches to Canadian bank notes. The Marquis, her husband, tried his hand at Heraldry and worked for some time to produce a design for the Arms of the Dominion, but was not successful.

About this time John Dougall of the "Daily Witness" suggested a wide street to be opened from the foot of St. Lambert Hill to Logan's Farm, now Park Lafontaine, and William Clendenning, another far-seeing man, advocated a similar street running from Victoria Square to Cote des Neiges. If these two wide avenues existed to-day, it would relieve much of our street congestion.

Mr. Clendenning went further and asked that the entire Island be placed under a commission to supervise the opening of streets, as he contended that in time the city would cover the Island.

"A stitch in time saves nine." I sold a three carat diamond to a prominent dentist and made a ring for it. Some ten years after he was in the store and I asked him to allow me to re-set it. His answer was, "You are always looking for a job," and he refused to leave it. This was on Saturday; on Sunday he lost the diamond out of the



LAKESIDE YACHTS BEING TOWED TO LAKE OF TWO MOUNTAINS

setting and never found it. He blamed me for not taking the ring and repairing it against his wishes.

My One and Only Labor Trouble

In 1880 I had my first and only labor trouble. At that time I had eight jewellers engaged in making goods to order. These men had a bad habit of losing time and leaving work half finished. I realized that if I did not correct this I would soon be without customers; so one day I explained my troubles to the oldest and best workman and asked if he would let me know of his intentions as to holidays so that I could make arrangements not to disappoint my customers. His answer was in these exact words, "Mr. Hemsley, I shall work or play just when I damn please." I thanked him for his frank answer and put the same question to the other men and each answered in a similar manner, leaving off the "damn." It was winter and the workshop was heated by a white-bellied stove which happened to be red hot. I called out, "Boys, take a good look at this poker," holding it so all could see it, and saying as I put it into the fire, "If any of you are here when the poker is hot, I will burn a hole in you. Get to the office and you will be paid. There is room for only one master in this shop." In a few minutes they were all away. At seven o'clock next morning the oldest one was at the door of my private house saying he had made a damn fool of himself and asking to have his job back. I answered, "Never." When I reached the store the seven men were there,

very penitent, asking to be reinstated, to which I agreed on the promise that there would be no more foolishness.

For many years the parish priest of Notre Dame Church paid me a yearly visit. Knowing I was an Anglican, he said as I was in his parish it was his duty and pleasure to call on all within its bounds. I felt flattered by such attention and always had a pleasant conversation during these visits. As the city grew larger I regret that these calls have been abandoned. I was always on happy terms with neighboring Catholic clergy. When the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope became Church law one of the clergy of St. Ann's Church wrote a book on that dogma and as soon as he finished a chapter would come to the store and read it to me to get the views of a non-Catholic. I remember discussing with him the difficulty of believing miracles, saying the best I could do in such cases was to accept. I said that in British law we had a Court in London which was infallible, viz., the Privy Council, there being no further Court of Appeal.

I often received visits from the priests of the Jesuit College, the most profoundly educated men I have ever met.

One day in a street car, an experienced electrician, Mr. Thompson, handed me a small magnifying glass similar to a watchmaker's eyeglass, and asked what could I see. I at once said, "Radium." He answered, "Nonsense! What do you know about radium?" I said, "Nothing, but I will take my oath I am looking at radium." At

last he admitted I was right. On being asked where he got it, he said a Jesuit priest had loaned it to him. The piece I was looking at was very small. It had the appearance of a St. Catherine wheel fireworks, continually throwing out numberless sparks. I once asked a London scientist what radium was. His answer was, "Metallic electricity."

Stealing

One day a couple came into the store and bought a wedding ring which they paid for. A woman looking like the sister of the intended bride was with them and stole one. My problem was how to get the ring and not expose the thief. As the three were leaving the store, I called the sister back with the excuse that I had something to show her at the back of the shop. I kept my eyes on hers, both going back and then to the door, but never saying a word. As she opened the door she put the ring on the counter and left.

Another case. Three young girls, the eldest about eighteen, all dressed in black, their coats being trimmed with fur, asked to see gold rings. They did not buy, but one was missing. I went outside the counter to see if the missing ring had lodged in the fur trimming. By this time several customers were waiting for me to serve them. One told me I should be ashamed of myself as the girls were honest, and started for the door stating he would never come again. I got to the door before he did and locked it. I put the key in my pocket saying we should all stay and see it through.

I then went to the eldest girl with clenched fist and threatened to smash her face if she did not spit it out, holding my hand to receive it, when out it came. I held up the ring to my customers, saying, "Every man to his business," then opened the door and allowed the girls to depart. I had another case with an elderly woman and recovered the ring in exactly the same way.

In my early days in business a common plan of robbery was to ask to see rings, then pick up the tray and drive it into the clerk's face and run with the tray. Many a time did I serve a customer, when alone in the store in the evenings, holding the neck of a cider bottle in my right hand, keeping myself ready to give the first blow if necessary.

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Accepted cheques, unless tendered by reliable persons, are not safe, as I have found to my cost. The stamp "Accepted" is only a rubber stamp and a signature.

Gold Prospecting on Isle Perrot

I was asked to value a large nugget of gold which was said to have been picked up on Isle Perrot, opposite Beauharnois Church.

Shortly after a Canadian gold miner on a visit from California called at my store and during a conversation said he had heard of a new gold discovery on the Chaudiere River near Quebec and was on his way to look it over. I mentioned the gold nugget incident; he suggested we prospect the

Island and pool the expense, which we did. We took the train to St. Anne's, crossed the river to Isle Perrot, hired a horse and cart, pick, shovel and kitchen tin pans, and started on our gold adventure. The method adopted was to get down to the rock and take sand from different parts of the Island, and when the cart was full we took it to the river side and panned out the sand, using the kitchen basins. The indications were favorable for gold, including quartz and black sand, but not a trace of the precious metal. But I thoroughly enjoyed my first and only experience in prospecting for gold with an expert.

Some years later on going to Boston to take ship for Liverpool, when the Yukon gold excitement was at its height, the passengers in the smoking-room of the train were engaged in the common topic of conversation, viz., gold. I noticed a gentleman reading who took no part in the discussion. After some time I said to him, "Stranger, you must be interested in what we are talking about, as I see on the cover of your book the word 'Gold'. We would be pleased to hear some of your experiences." He gave one in somewhat these words, "Years ago, I was fishing in the Chaudiere River near Quebec. When standing in the water wearing waders I noticed a large bank of sand, and thinking my minnows would be better out of the can I made a hollow in the sand which filled with water, into which I put them. In a few minutes I got interested in playing with the sand, cupping my hand and going through the same motion as panning

gold, when I noticed a slight trace of yellow deposit. I repeated this several times and felt satisfied that the deposit was gold. Going to a nearby farmhouse I got the loan of a tin basin and panned out sufficient gold to encourage me to take the legal measures to stake out a claim embracing the sand bank. I eventually took out of this claim $28,000. Others rushed in and staked claims, but I believe I was the only person to get pay gold. Since that time I have devoted my life to that precious metal with success." We thanked him for his interesting account of the Chaudiere River gold discovery.

On board the steamer was a clever mechanic named Taylor who had invented an air pressure power that was used for many years in the Magog Cotton Mills. His lawyer was with him. The intention was to float a company in London. This same inventor and his father had spent much money in trying to extract gold on a paying basis out of the gold mines back of Belleville, Ontario. He described one of the methods to separate arsenic from gold, which was by using revolving heated steel cylinders thirty feet long. Mr. Howard, a jeweller in Fifth Avenue, New York, spent much money in vain in the enterprise. It is possible that at some future time science may devise a plan by which this gold deposit can be profitably worked.

Among the passengers on board our ship "Celtic" was a contractor who had done considerable work on the Island of Anticosti, just bought by

the French chocolate king for $125,000. He described the Menier Mansion in Paris as having sterling silver doors.

Another passenger was a general merchant from St. John's, Newfoundland. Among other matters we used to discuss was the mistake made by the Dominion Government in not taking advantage of the opportunity given to annex that Island. Newfoundland asked half a million and Canada offered four hundred thousand. I wonder how many millions the Province of Quebec would pay for that part of Labrador which has just been confirmed by the Privy Council as belonging to Newfoundland.

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The most imposing funeral I have seen was that of Sir George Etienne Cartier in 1873. As the Dead March in "Saul" was played the battery guns were fired at the proper time to the music, making it extremely impressive.

During my first fifteen years in business, Montreal passed through very hard times. Soup kitchens were opened to feed the poor, but on the opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway it was decided to close these in order to force people to go west.

Smallpox Epidemic

In the meantime an epidemic of smallpox broke out, which caused the death of over three thousand persons. It was computed that one in ten contracted that disease. As soon as I heard of the

trouble, I vaccinated myself, my family and staff, and they all escaped. I bought vaccine points and offered to vaccinate any person of course free of charge. I would ask customers to allow me to do it. I have asked people in the street if they were not vaccinated and would offer to do it. I successfully vaccinated a large number of persons and no trouble developed. I kept water with carbolic acid in a large basin behind the counter, into which I put all coins, and thoroughly sprinkled all bills, continually washing my hands in a weak solution of that acid.

I remember one incident; an elderly woman, scarcely sober, asked me the value of a beautiful gold watch. I told her it was worth over $100, and asked where she got it. She said she had been nursing a gentleman who had black smallpox and he wound up his watch and kept it going. He had just died and his wife gave her the watch. I lost no time in handing it back and washed my hands with carbolic.

At that time nursing was done by a class of women quite different from what they are to-day.

Floods

By hard work and strict economy I had managed to save ten thousand dollars in stock and fixtures which I was doomed to lose, and found myself in debt three thousand dollars on account of a flood. I left the store at nine o'clock one night without a suspicion of trouble, and next morning I could not get nearer my door than several hundreds of yards on account of the flood.

All traffic west of Dupre Lane was suspended, there being about five feet of water in the street. With the aid of a boat I reached the store, the door of which was protected by an iron gate secured by two strong padlocks, one of which was too low in the water to unlock. On looking into my store from the boat I saw a ship's chronometer slip off the counter into the water and the next moment the whole length of counters, with glass cases, toppled over. The rising water had lifted them, and as they were heavier on top, the centre of gravity was changed. I then knew that counters are not fastened to the floor.

As we failed to unlock the gate, it was realized that the dial lock of the safe was too much under water to open, so it was decided to leave everything until the waters receded. Eight days passed before we could enter the store. The shop fixtures were totally destroyed, also $10,000 worth of watches rendered useless, except for the metal in the cases.

Although the savings of fifteen years' hard work were lost, I could not reproach myself. I was protected against burglary, and insured against fire, but there was no insurance against flood. We quickly cleaned up the damaged goods and sold them by auction, and I set my staff to repairing watches and making jewellery to order. Although my entire assets disappeared, I was able to effect a loan from Robert Campbell, retired wholesale druggist. With this money I went to England and ordered a London-made show win-

dow, embodying an invention of my own. This improvement allowed the window to be opened as often as desired in the coldest weather, and to be entirely free from frost, and clear of dust and flies in summer. This investment proved a great success, and in order to be prepared for future floods I kept on hand enough wood to make platforms on which fixtures and stock could be placed above high-water mark.

I continued to live in Hochelaga and the next spring kept a sharp lookout on the river ice. Early one morning I saw the grandest sight of my life. The ice jam had caused the river to rise fully thirty feet or more, which resulted in the entire ice-field, two miles in width, moving rapidly down stream with blocks of ice six to ten feet in thickness, fifty feet more or less in length and width, tumbling over each other in the wildest confusion, and rising to a height of nearly one hundred and fifty feet. This was doubtless caused by the moving ice being brought into contact with the partly submerged Isle Ronde.

For some minutes I thought of nothing but the magnificent sight in front of me. I quickly came to my senses when I thought about the store with its new fixtures, London show-window, and the $25,000 stock. I hurriedly dressed and started for the city by horse car. At the first switch—the track being single—I saw a man rescue his wife and child from an upstair window of a house built too low on the river bank. This showed me how quickly the water was rising. On arriving at the

store, I sent cabmen to the homes of my employees, and by seven o'clock we were all hard at work building platforms, using the wood I had prepared a year before. About ten o'clock, Mr. Moore, my next door neighbor, a hardware merchant, came into the store and asked me if I were crazy, stating there was no fear of a flood. I went with him into his shop to see the cellar, which he said was quite dry. As he spoke he lifted a trapdoor and in order to prove his assertion, jumped down, with the result that he was up to his waist in water. The floating straw and packing material had completely hidden the water. The flood first came into the cellars through the sewers.

In six hours' time we had everything secured above high-water mark, including the counters, show cases, contents of the safe, and the London show-window stripped of everything moveable. At one o'clock we locked up the iron gate, there being one inch of water on the floor, and seven days passed before we entered the store again. The loss in this second flood was negligible. During the first flood, all sidewalks, being of wood, floated away. This time we secured the one in front of the store by nailing a stout rope to the frame of the shop, and then to the sidewalk, with sufficient slack to allow it to rise and fall with the water. As all valuables were out of the safe, an armed watchman was engaged night and day to promenade the floating sidewalk to protect the store. This man was one of the Holmes Electric Company, now the Dominion Electric Protection Company.

During these two floods I amused myself by rowing about the streets, and also undertook a common method of navigation, that is, using a length of sidewalk propelled by a pole. On one occasion I was in great danger using this primitive raft in front of the old Custom House. The water suddenly dropped, making a strong current towards the river. I then found my pole too short and my strength too weak to stem the current. Luckily a man in a skiff took me on board in the nick of time, otherwise in a few minutes I should have been carried out among the moving ice. Sad sights could be seen in the flooded districts, such as funerals on boats. The people had to be fed by food handed from boats through their upstair windows.

We had an experience of Venice without the expense of crossing the Atlantic; although there was no Bridge of Sighs in Montreal, yet hundreds of people were daily sighing for the time to come when they could reach their homes and places of business on dry land.

My experience was one of a thousand, and the city authorities realized that something should be done. The result was the present revetment wall, which extends from Bonsecours Market to the west side of Verdun. The building of this great wall, with its pumping stations, must rank as the most important undertaking ever attempted by our city, especially when we consider the immense area of land made safe for building purposes.

Although I lived many years on the banks of the

river, this was the only time I have seen a real ice shove. The flood waters of the St. Lawrence and the River Richelieu nearly met each other.

As soon as I was financially on my feet again from the losses caused by the two floods and small-pox epidemic, the city decided to complete the widening of St. Joseph Street and my wooden shop was replaced by a brick building put back to the new line. My lease expired on the date of the widening so the landlord got the benefit of damages from the city.

Shops were so scarce that I had to pay a bonus of four hundred dollars for one at the corner of Roy Lane and St. Joseph Street, then came the change in the street name to Notre Dame Street West. From that time business rapidly left the street, which is the usual result of widening.

CHAPTER IV

Ocean Voyages

My first return trip to England was in the autumn of 1872. Among our passengers was that great statesman, Sir George E. Cartier, Bt. Sir George was born at St. Antoine on the Chambly River in 1814; he was admitted to the bar of Lower Canada in 1835, and joined the rebels in 1837-38. A price being set on his head, he escaped to the United States, and later returned to Canada a sadder and wiser man.

How true it is that wisdom often comes to a man through great tribulation!

He was instrumental in taking the Province of Quebec into Confederation of the Dominion; he had much to do with the project of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and in recognition of his great work for Canada, was created a Baronet.

On presenting himself for re-election in 1872 he was utterly overwhelmed by Mr. (afterwards Judge) Jette. This rejection by his former constituents broke his heart. He retired to England, where he died at 58 years of age, six months after his defeat.

On Sir George's departure for England on what proved to be his last voyage, his friends filled his stateroom with fruit and flowers.

It was my good fortune to be a passenger on the

same steamer. It being the autumn, there were few passengers on board. Sir George lost no time in speaking to everyone. I remember how he questioned me about my leaving Canada. I told him I was English, had decided to settle in Canada, had married a Canadian, and started a small business in Montreal, but was called home to see a sick father.

After these confidences he seemed to take a warm interest in me and often took me to his stateroom to share in the fruit—a luxury on board ship in those days.

He never tired of speaking of the great future of Canada.

Sir George had two daughters but no son. I shall never forget the fatherly interest he took in me and his valuable advice. I was 26 years old at that time.

I often speak of that eventful journey, and when I see his life-like portrait in the Chateau de Ramezay I can vividly recall those days in 1872 when I was his fellow-passenger.

Sufficient time has elapsed to prove his wisdom and far-sightedness. He was undoubtedly the greatest statesman the Province of Quebec has produced for his work will last as long as Canada is a country.

Montreal made some amends, and when one views the noble monument that stands at the foot of Mount Royal, it is gratifying to see that some justice has been done to the memory of this great man.

The whole industry was shown from picking out the diamonds to grinding and polishing the gems.

Sailing from New York to Liverpool fifty years ago I was the only Britisher aboard, all others being American. A discussion arose at the table about the quality of food to be obtained in London and New York. A wealthy New Yorker on his first trip asserted that if one had the money, New York could provide as good food as could be bought in London. As I never let an opportunity pass for an argument I took exception to his statement and said I could name three articles that could not be equalled in New York, and I would leave it to the experienced travellers at the table to decide. I then mentioned fish—the English sole—the English gooseberry, and the English strawberry. Much to the surprise of the New Yorker the decision was in my favor.

The English gooseberry has been cultivated to the size of a small plum, and is of remarkable flavor; the strawberry does not require sugar to be palatable; as a fish, the sole has no rival in the world.

On the return voyage from Liverpool to New York I heard that great after-dinner speaker, Mr. Chauncey Depew, give a Fourth-of-July oration in mid-Atlantic. In the course of a witty speech he said it was customary on such occasions to twist the lion's tail, but as he was on a British ship, commanded by an English captain, it was well to be cautious. He regretted that there was no decent passenger ship crossing the Atlantic flying the Stars and Stripes.

On another voyage, Sir Gilbert Parker, the Canadian novelist, was aboard. He composed a poem, the subject being the ship and engine. This was written on the ship's notepaper and auctioned for $125, the proceeds given to the Sailors' Home Fund.

I once asked a bank General Manager how to tell when hard times were coming. He said it was easy to tell and, knowing I was an amateur yachtsman, he took sailing as an example. "When the weather looks perfect, not a cloud to be seen, and scarcely enough wind to keep the boat from drifting, one of your crew suggests leaving the anchor ashore; experience says take it and be prepared for any emergency, the finer the weather the greater is the danger of a storm; apply this reasoning to business and you will never be far out."

As an instance, I remember when the British Government threatened to compel Venezuela to pay the interest due on her bonds, and the United States Government notified England that she would not allow it to be done. Up to that time business in the United States had been normal, but the public considered the American note tantamount to a declaration of war and stocks fell in New York in one day five hundred million dollars, a very large sum in those days. The immediate effect on the jewellery business was to close every gold jewellery factory in the United States. The average wage at that time was $4 per day. A notice was put on some factory doors that a few men would be employed at $1.75 per day. Factories ceased to make up gold goods for stock as

the purchasing power of the people became too low to buy such goods. The gold workers were put on making silver articles. It took many years before times became normal.

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On a voyage from New York to Liverpool just before the United States opposed England's policy towards Venezuela, I was sitting in the smoking-room talking to some friends when a handsome looking man said, "Mr. Hemsley, may I be allowed to join your party?" I answered, "My dear sir, this is no party of mine. A few kindred spirits meet here to discuss matters of mutual interest." "It is what I have heard that makes me wish to join you," he added. He said his name was "Franklin"; I introduced him and he proved a pleasant addition to our number.

On nearing Ireland, he said he would leave us at Queenstown as he wished to be in London as soon as possible, adding that if he were successful we would hear about him. On reaching London we saw by the daily papers that Mr. Franklin, of Franklin Brothers, diamond merchants, of New York, had just bought the celebrated Hope Diamond for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Within a short time this firm went into liquidation, although when they bought this stone their business showed an equity of some two million dollars. This was one of thousands of firms that were put out of business when the confidence of the public was destroyed through the Venezuelan scare.

On this trip I made friends with a horse dealer doing business in New York and London. At that time I owned a beautiful horse that had always been driven by a lady in the country who made a great pet of him, never using the whip. Among other qualities, in describing my horse, I spoke of his long back. My friend the horse dealer told me to sell the horse as soon as possible, giving as a reason that for health and strength one should always select a short-backed wife, a short-backed horse, and a short-backed cow. My beautiful horse was sold within six months for less than one-half of what he cost me.

A Narrow Escape

On one of my voyages from Liverpool to New York we had as a passenger a wholesale jeweller from Toronto. On reaching New York I asked him if he were declaring his baggage or sending it in bond to Toronto. He answered that he was going to declare it. As an older traveller, I advised him to send it in bond. On looking over the shoulder of a passenger ahead of him, he noticed a small tick against his printed name on the passenger list. He then decided to change his mind and on being asked by the officer if he had anything dutiable he answered he was sending his baggage in bond. They pressed him to state what goods he had but this he refused to do. As soon as he got on the dock five men took him back to his stateroom and put him through a minute search but found nothing. He had a narrow

escape, for I have reason to believe he had goods of considerable value which would have been seized. When baggage is shipped in bond the Customs cannot open it or compel passengers to disclose what they have, except at their own Port of Entry.

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In my early days crossing the Atlantic from New York to Liverpool I got acquainted with a Dutch banker. Among the things we talked about was the tunnel under the English Channel, which was started about fifty years ago. We discussed why this important work was stopped. At that time the reason given by the authorities was that soldiers could be introduced into England so quickly as to endanger her in time of war. This Dutchman held that the real reason was the fear of the London merchant that Marseilles in the south of France might in time rival London as the great emporium for the produce of the east, ships breaking bulk there and the railways carrying to England the merchandise she would use for herself, while that required for the rest of the world would eventually be shipped from Marseilles.

I have never seen articles going into this matter and have sometimes wondered if the Dutch banker were right. England as an island stronghold would be somewhat changed if connected with Europe by tunnels. Tyre and Sidon, Constantinople and Rome, were successfully attacked in turn by land forces; Venice escaped similar treatment by being built on islands. The great

British Emporium in the Orient is situated on the island of Hong Kong, secure from land attack, and England herself can only be successfully attacked from the sea.

In Quarantine

On a voyage from Liverpool to New York we arrived at the quarantine too late to pass the doctor and anchored for the night at some distance from the shore. It was very hot and as I had a cabin to myself I decided to dispense with pyjamas and turned into my bunk in a state of nature. I was soon awakened by a horde of Staten Island mosquitoes feasting on me and was bitten from head to foot. It was some days before I was free of the effects of these bites. These bloodthirsty insects discovered their victim by flying through the open port hole. Next morning just before landing an American fellow passenger asked me if I were a member of the Canadian Legislature as he had heard me talking so much of Canada. I answered, "No, sir, they are a class of men vastly superior to me." I have since thought I may have been too humble.

On one of my yearly Atlantic crossings, H. W. Patterson, of Smith and Patterson, Boston, said he would go with me as far as Paris. As he seemed slow in making up his mind I said I would breakfast at the Union Square Hotel, New York, at 7.30 on a certain morning, and I would wait no longer. My friend arrived at the specified time and after breakfast we went to the different ship-

ping offices in order to get the best terms. At that time each boat was willing to cut prices in order to get passengers. Had we waited two weeks it is possible that we would have been lost at sea. The French steamer "Burgoyne" sailed from New York and was never heard of; most likely she ran into an iceberg.

As we passed Sandy Hook we were the first passengers in the dining saloon but with the first mouthful of soup we left the table in a hurry and did not return for some days. My companion was much impressed with the solid nature of the Liverpool Docks, it being the first time he had seen granite walls used for that purpose. After seeing London we went to Paris, staying at the "Hotel Athens."

We went to the Grand Opera House and saw "Les Huguenots." At the second act I remembered I had given a sovereign instead of a twenty-franc gold piece. On my speaking to an official, he called two gendarmes, who marched us back to the ticket office, each being armed with a drawn sword. The clerks spread the gold on a table and out of some hundreds of pieces picked out one sovereign. They returned to us our change. We were then marched back by the two gendarmes.

That night I saw the most wonderful display of diamonds. It was the custom, when the curtain was down, to stand with backs to the stage and view the magnificent sight of the occupants of boxes who displayed diamonds of very large size and great brilliancy. At that time diamonds cost

less than a quarter of the price to-day. When standing facing the audience I noticed a number of opera glasses apparently levelled at me. I felt over my body to see if there was anything wrong with my attire, but found nothing, but on looking at my companion I saw him sitting with head thrown back, fast asleep. I awakened him and realized that as we had been sight-seeing all day we were much too tired to enjoy the opera. As we left an official asked if we were "malade."

The Grand Opera House is no doubt the finest in the world. It was built by Napoleon III, but he never entered the building. It belongs to the Government and is under military control. The cavalry outside, and armed foot soldiers inside, give it an air of importance and grandeur. The seats we occupied were next to the stage and apparently reserved for gentlemen.

Leaving Mr. Patterson in Paris to continue his tour through Europe I returned to New York on the German steamer "Lahan," sailing from Havre. As soon as I was aboard I went directly to the Dining Saloon to see about my table seat, when I heard a gentleman ask the steward to put him next to Mr. Hemsley. On my asking him why he wanted to sit next to me he said that as we were on a German ship he wanted to sit next to one to whom he could speak and seeing my name on the passenger list he concluded I was English. That evening about half-past nine o'clock, as we sat in the smoking-room, the steward brought in a dish of minced meat on toast. My friend ate one piece

and started another, when a gentleman next to me said, "Do you know that your friend is eating raw minced meat?" I mentioned it to my friend, who said he did not care what it was, it tasted good; but I noticed that in a few minutes he turned pale, called for a brandy, left the room and did not return that night. On board this ship I noticed both meat and fish served uncooked.

Mr. Patterson confessed when next I saw him that after I had left him he had never felt so lonely in his life, but started at once to see Europe. After some days visiting different cities he noticed a party of four young Englishmen apparently doing as he was, but having a jolly time, so in desperation he approached them saying, "For God's sake take pity on a lonely Yankee who is longing for some company, and you seem to be what I am wanting." After looking him over and questioning him closely they took him into their party and they travelled together for three months and kept up an acquaintance for many years. Pat, as I always called him, explained that every day one of the party was made cashier, putting in his pocket a certain amount of money and paying all expenses for the day. At night he counted his cash and charged each one-fifth. They daily changed the treasurer, but kept to the system. A lonely traveller is a very miserable person. At that time conducted tours did not exist or were uncommon.

The following incident was told me by Mr. Patterson about their wholesale jewellery house in Summer Street, Boston. The proprietors were

having a meeting to decide the policy for the coming year. One partner proposed that as they had been paying insurance for thirty years and never collected a cent, they cut their insurance in half; the elder one held that as they had escaped so long, according to the law of average a fire was due them, and prevailed on his partner to insure up to the hilt. Within six months a fire started in the next building, both buildings were burned, and they were paid for their entire loss. They bought the debris from the insurance company and made considerable money on the salvage. About that time a great fire occurred in New York, destroying the centre of the jewellery district. Gold miners undertook to work over the debris and fortunes were recovered by these enterprising miners.

About that time a fire occurred in our jewellery factory. In one room we used much nitric acid which percolated through cracks in the floor and mixing with the sawdust used for deadening caused spontaneous combustion. The fire broke a fine wire used in the burglar alarm, and when the men entered the factory to arrest the supposed thieves, they gave the alarm and the fire was quickly put out. Fortunately we had jewellery insurance.

A British Breakfast

Sailing from New York on a French Trans-Atlantic liner for Havre I had a letter of introduction to the Captain who invited me to join his party for breakfast at his hotel. On asking me what I would like, like a fool I said "beefsteak."

At last the steak appeared, the largest I have ever seen. I was the only Englishman in the party, the others being French. I soon realized what a mistake I had made, as rolls and coffee would have been the correct thing. During the time we waited for that breakfast I hoped the floor would open and swallow me up. I never forgot that lesson.

As we left New York it was three degrees below zero. The bay was filled with floating ice. On nearing Fort Wadsworth I noticed that we were fast overtaking a "Red Star" steamer that had left Hoboken a short time before we did. As we were passing her bow struck us amidships and opened her boswprit some three feet. The water rushed into her forward compartment. She returned to port for repairs and we anchored while our ship was examined. At that time steamers were all rigged for sailing. We lost some thirty feet of rail and after some minor repairs continued on our journey. We landed at Havre, the port of Paris.

A few years later I was on board the steamer "Chateauguay," that ran from Lachine to Chateauguay Basin. The late Dr. Peter Brown, dentist, was sitting beside me. A short time after we started from Lachine I saw the steamboat "Sovereign" had left the wharf and was quickly overtaking us. I remarked to the Doctor that we were going to have a collision. I had time to explain briefly my experience at Fort Wadsworth and predicted we would be drawn into

the larger boat as she passed us, and pointed out how we would strike her. In a few minutes we struck, exactly repeating my New York experience. We suffered only a slight injury on account of our boat being small and of wood.

I once saw the mid-Atlantic ocean when the water was so smooth there was not a ripple on its surface, only a slight swell. One could see to a great depth into the water which disclosed wonderful living species of ocean life. The most beautiful colors and shapes reminded me of garden vegetables minus the earth, such as roots of a color different from the green tops, ribbons two to three feet long with variegated colors; these existed in a large variety and were so numerous that a whale could quickly take bushels into his mouth. The "Encyclopedia Britannica" speaks of it as whales' food. I never heard a traveller mention it, and although I have crossed the Atlantic forty times I only saw it on this trip; it was visible for two days.

On one of my journeys to the Old Country I was sitting alone in the smoking room of the train waiting for bedtime, when a gentleman entered and took out a flask. On seeing my reflection in the mirror he turned around and asked me if I would join him in a "nightcap." I thanked him and instead of the common remark "Good Health," I said "Majestic." He answered "Yes, Majestic." We were both booked to sail on that ship next day. I told him my name was Richard Hemsley, jeweller, St. James Street. He said his was Orr Lewis, wholesale hardware merchant. We stayed

at the same London hotel, "The Metropole," where, on his advice, we interviewed the head waiter of the smoking-room and each gave him a sovereign to invest in a horse race. Next day he had doubled our money. I forget his name but he was a well-known character. We paid our half guinea each and went to Hampton Court Palace and back on a stage coach as outside passengers. This was a splendid trip and in addition to seeing through the Palace we drove through Bushy Park when the chestnut trees were in full blossom. We stayed two weeks together at "The Metropole." Mr. Lewis was afterwards knighted as Sir Orr Lewis.

In the middle of the smoking-room of "The Metropole" are four open fireplaces arranged close together in the form of a square. I noticed there were no chimneys visible, yet each grate was full of soft coal burning brightly, the whole being less than five feet high. This arrangement allowed many persons to enjoy the open fires without detracting from the size of the room. Sitting in front of one of the fires I saw the back of a head that I thought I had seen in Westmount. On facing the gentleman I did not recognize him, but on again seeing the back of his head I felt I was not mistaken, so I said to him" Westmount?" He answered, "Yes, Westmount." He was Mr. McLagan, afterwards Mayor of Westmount for many years. I had sat behind this gentleman at a meeting in Westmount but had never seen his face.

I sailed on the steamer "Corsican" on her second trip in 1909 to Montreal from Liverpool. On going to my cabin I found a gentleman and his wife installed. I appealed to the Purser who, lacking politeness, asked where I bought my ticket. I said "At Cook's Office, Hotel Metropole, London." He said, "A fool of a place to buy ocean tickets." I told him I was not bothering myself and sat in the saloon awaiting developments, when I heard a gentleman calling my name. He said that there was an error in issuing the ticket, the same cabin being sold twice by telegraph, and asked me to come on the top deck and select one of four cabins each having conveniences attached. I selected cabin marked "D" for which no further charge was made. I reminded the Purser that he could see I was not such a fool in travelling as he had first hinted, as the proper price for this cabin was many times more than that of my single berth.

The Trent Affair

Sailing from New York to Bermuda we were passing out to sea before I noticed the name "Trent" on the usual name plate of the ship.

For the moment I thought I was on the old "Trent," which caused me to utter an exclamation of surprise, thus attracting the attention of a fellow passenger who said, "Sir, this is not the ship you appear to think it is, but she bears the same name, and replaced the old 'Trent,' and belongs to the same English company."

This incident brought vividly to my mind an

event that almost precipitated a war between the motherland and our neighbors to the south.

The "Encyclopedia Britannica" refers to the event in these words:

"In the Fall of 1861, the over-zealous action of a naval officer in taking the Confederate envoys, Mason and Slidel, out of the British mail steamer 'Trent,' sailing between two neutral ports, almost brought about a collision between the United States and Great Britain, but the American precedents were all against the United States, and the envoys were given up."

The captain of the Federal man-of-war was not well versed in the history of his country or he would have known that similar action on the part of Great Britain was the chief cause of the war of 1812. At that time England was at war with France, and deserters from the British Navy were allowed to take refuge on American ships. Great Britain held she was justified in boarding these vessels and taking out all the deserters she could find. Our neighbors contended that a ship at sea was immune from search and declared war on this principle. On peace being declared their contention was admitted.

The United States, however, hesitated so long in freeing these men that the British decided to use force, if necessary, and despatched 5,000 Imperial troops to Montreal for that purpose. This army arrived at Halifax in the depth of winter, and marched overland to Point Levis, a distance of 680 miles, and then by rail to Montreal.

The difficulty in reaching Montreal from the Motherland in winter showed the necessity of the Intercolonial Railroad, which was built as a military road as far from the frontier as possible.

The envoys were eventually released, but it took some time before our neighbors realized they were at fault.

. . . . .

On another voyage from New York to Bermuda I saw three gentlemen taking an interest in my trunk lying on the wharf and waiting to be taken aboard. I asked them what was the trouble. They said the number on my trunk was the same as theirs and they were a party of three who had bought tickets for the entire room and what bothered them was where would the fourth passenger sleep when the cabin contained only three sleeping places including the couch. I told them not to worry, I would be all right. When we got aboard I applied to the Purser, who stated that someone had blundered, but my ticket was correct, and he invited me to the upper deck and gave me the most expensive stateroom all to myself.

I shall always remember the Coral Reefs seen through the glass-bottomed boat.

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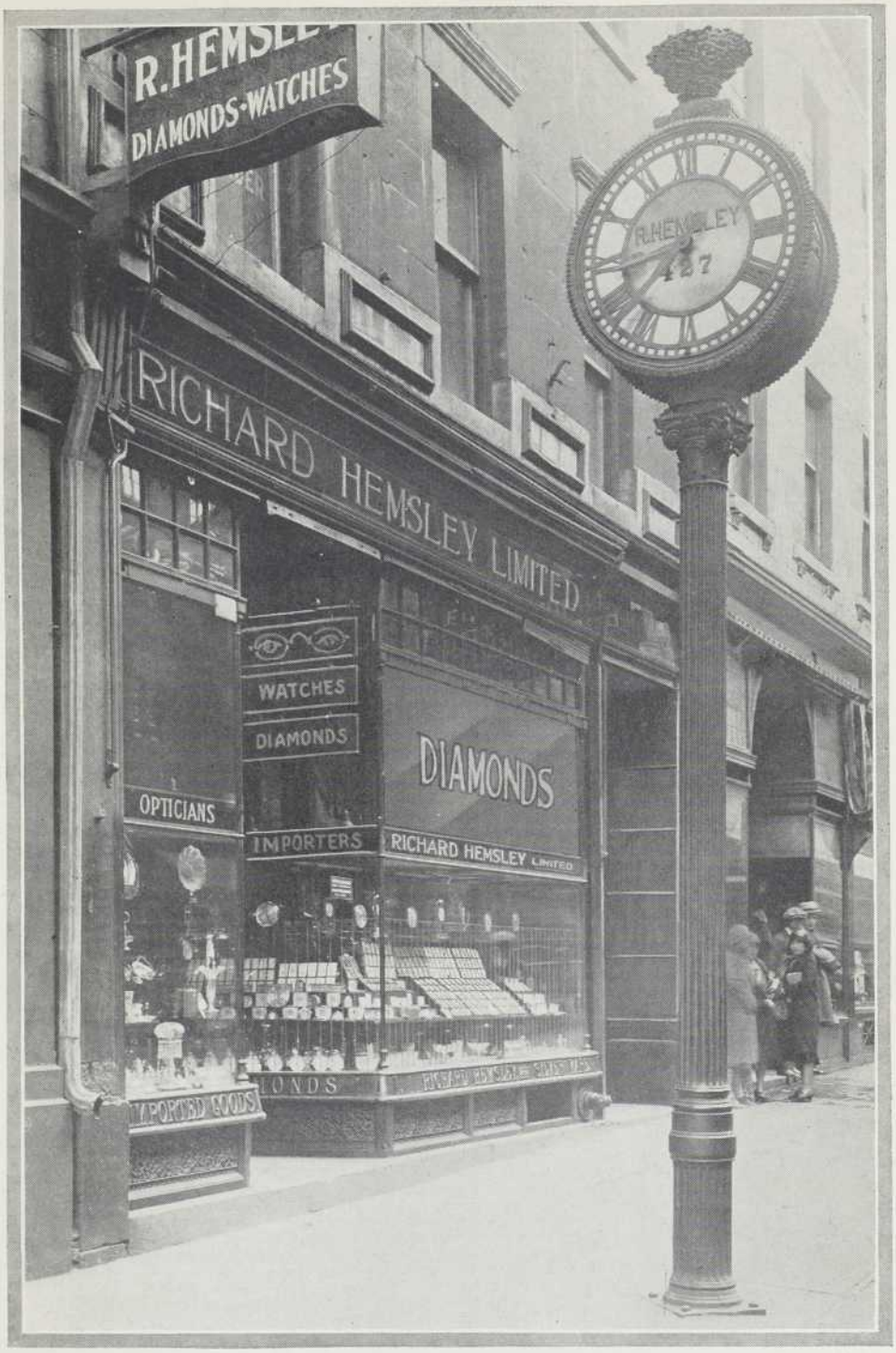
The beauty of submarine plants must be seen to be appreciated. The angel fish found on these reefs possesses an iridescent beauty impossible to describe. The Bermuda islands are the tops of mountains 15,000 feet high; in other words, the



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water is 15,000 feet deep. They are composed of coral. No fresh water is to be found. The islanders depend upon the rain. The military have ample provision to evaporate sea water.

In the aquarium could be seen an octopus. The caretaker used to drop an oyster near him, and to see the dreadful convulsions of this eight-armed fish in instantly opening the oyster and dropping the empty shell, was a sight not to be forgotten.

It was on this visit I saw for the first time a young lady riding astride on horseback. She was the daughter of an officer of the regular regiment stationed on the island. She was suitably dressed and rode her horse as if at home. It was a very pretty sight.

It was from Bermuda I got my first foreign order for enamels. At first buyers came to Montreal but as the trade increased we sent travellers.

I saw a gentleman looking over the side of the ship and as he turned around he had such a sad expression on his face that I enquired what might be the trouble. He said all his teeth were on their way to the bottom of the sea.

Sitting next to me on deck was a clergyman who offered me a fine cigar. I thanked him, saying I did not smoke. He said, "Do you drink anything?" I again said, "No." He said, "Then I must tell you what my Bishop said to a fellow clergyman of mine who answered as you have, 'What is your particular vice?'"

I saw a flying fish for the first time and was surprised to see how small it was.

Jamaica

I sailed for Jamaica on one of the United Fruit boats from New York to Port Antonia. This harbor is made by a small island situated a short distance from the mainland. On the voyage I made the acquaintance of a white planter who was born on the island. He was an educated and travelled man. I was curious to know as much as possible of the custom of the place where the black so outnumbered the white. He told me that he had lived with a colored woman and had four children. As he grew older he married a white woman of his own rank in society, but no children came of this marriage. I was surprised to learn that his wife undertook to see to the education of his colored children. He said that this was not unusual in such cases.

In St. Antonia I enquired the standing of a small jeweller whose shop had no glass window, only a large space with a hinged wooden shutter. Inside the shop was a six foot glass show case and a small fireproof safe, the walls were of rough wood. When absent, the man closed down the shutter, putting his valuables into the safe. The roof was thatched, there was no upstairs. The building did not look worth $25, yet a traveller of mine saw him pay out in one day to different people $5,000. This man had several shops of a similar character. He was quite black. These natives use the most polite language and are very honorable in business.

When stopping at the Myrtle Bank Hotel,

Kingston, on account of the excessive heat I got up at four o'clock one morning and sat out on the gallery overlooking the sea, when to my delight and surprise I saw the new moon on her back with a large brilliant star as it were suspended just above the two horns of the crescent. I believe such a sight can never be seen in Canada.

Although the temperature ranged round 95 degrees in the day time, I noticed the English operators of the submarine cable were always in the English regulation full dress when dining at this hotel, which seemed to be their headquarters.

A few days before my arrival a great storm passed over the island. On a railway journey from Port Antonio across the island to Kingston, I saw not a single cocoanut palm tree standing. Thousands of these stately trees were lying flat on the ground. Their roots, like their tops, are so small and spread out so little that it is hard for them to withstand a hurricane.

I noticed the gardens of the houses were much higher than the streets. The latter in times past were much washed away, but the stone walls around the gardens no doubt retained the earth. When I was there the streets were well paved.

I was much impressed at seeing a man carrying his wife on his back and learned that being a poor man (a Hindu), it was his way of getting her to the hospital for treatment.

I admired the stately queenlike carriage of the colored women, due no doubt to the habit of carrying loads on their heads.

The Church of England I attended was a very fine building. As the choir and clergy marched from the rear to the chancel singing a processional hymn, I looked for the clergyman, who had given out the hymn in the tone of voice of an educated Oxford scholar, and to my surprise he was a true black.

I noticed a banana plant in front of the Myrtle Bank Hotel, over sixty feet high, with leaves looking to me fifteen to twenty feet long.

Banana plants are cut down every year and are cultivated on the sides of hills, often too steep to stand on without support. Ninety inches of water is the annual rainfall. There are mountains over 7,000 feet high.

Our business in Jamaica was chiefly souvenirs for tourists, but we made a number of silver bracelets for the native women.

The colored people outnumber the whites forty to one.

I asked as to the security of white women from attacks of colored men. I was answered by a colored man that there was no fear of such a thing. "We would tear a man to pieces who dared to attempt such a deed." The English method of freeing the slaves and the generous treatment they have received is no doubt the reason. At the time of my visit conditions in the Southern States were very different.

On returning to Montreal I was accompanied by a Jamaican professor, visiting a student at McGill University. I was interested in knowing how many oranges a native could eat, this being a

favorite fruit. The professor, pointing to the student who was spending the evening at my house, said, "I saw that young man eat sixty oranges. I was looking out of my study window, and on telling him how many I had counted, he said, 'I have often eaten more than that, Sir.' " I understand that oranges are at their best when partly green.

A year after my visit an earthquake practically levelled the city of Kingston. Many years ago a large part of the city sank into the sea, as a result of earthquake.

Cuba and Mexico

I took passage for Cuba and Mexico on the Ward Line of steamers sailing from New York. Our first call was Havana. Here is a splendid harbor well protected by strong stone forts, the most important being Morrow Castle. Havana is a beautiful city, one street being very wide with gardens in the centre stretching a long distance to the sea. I noticed stucco houses tinted in pale colors giving a very unusual appearance.

The Cathedral at Havana is a most interesting building. I had a great treat in viewing the grand vestments stored at the back of the chancel. There is a tomb of Christopher Columbus in this Cathedral. I believe he was buried in many places, but where his body actually rests I know not.

The hotels are very fine, the rooms being twelve feet or more high.

As an example of how easily an excuse can be found to declare war, I cite the following:

Seeing the warship "Maine" lying in the harbor I hired a boat and rowed around the wreck, which lay on the bottom with its upper deck several feet out of the water. The explosion which caused the destruction of this magnificent man-of-war with frightful loss of life was blamed on the Spaniards, and in consequence our American neighbors justified themselves in making war on Spain and taking from that country its only important colonial possession, viz., the Philippine Islands, and the right to dominate Cuba. It is well known that interested persons in New York stirred up trouble in Cuba, the same as they did in Ireland.

When the wreck was lying in the harbor it could easily have been proved if the explosion were caused from the outside or inside of the ship. I never heard of such examination being made, or if made, the result. The wreck has since been floated to deep water, making any examination impossible.

Just a word as to the cause of the explosion. Since that time several warships in Europe have been destroyed in a similar manner. These vessels were in their own ports and at peace. The cause has been attributed to the chemical changes in the powder, thereby causing spontaneous combustion. The powder is now renewed at certain intervals of time, and since this has been done there have been no explosions.

On leaving Havana our ship headed for Vera Cruz. We were just clearing the land, of which I was taking a farewell look, when a young and

beautiful lady crossed the deck and held out her hand saying, "Mr. Hemsley, how delighted I am to see you." It is not necessary for me to say how I felt on being so accosted in such an out-of-the-way place as the Caribbean Sea. She said, "Don't you remember me? I was Miss Corneil, the printer's daughter, of Montreal. I am on my wedding trip and here is my husband, Mr. Strachan." We kept together until we returned to New York.

The first port of call after leaving Havana was Progresso. Here the water is so shallow our steamer had to anchor three miles from shore. While waiting for passengers and freight we could see a number of sharks swimming around the ship. This is a very beautiful fish. A sailor baited a strong hook with half a pound of meat, fastening the end of the rope to the mast. It was not long before he hooked his fish, but it took one hour and a half to get it safely on the deck, using a wheel and pulley for that purpose. The fish measured eleven feet in length. It had beautiful teeth which were sold to the passengers. The mouth was large enough to take in a man's head. When the shark was being lifted out of the water, I noticed two small dark eels attached to its mouth. They only fell off when some feet from the water.

A short distance from Progresso is a place called Meriden, where are the finest remains of the ancient Aztec civilization. I had no time to visit that interesting place.

Continuing to Vera Cruz, I saw a wonderful

sight. It had been intensely hot for some days and the night before we landed there was a strong breeze. The foaming water around the fast moving steamer was ablaze with phosphorescent light, the long stream of broken waters stretched out in the wake of the ship and the crest of every wave was brilliantly luminous. The waters not bright were blue black in the extreme. We landed next day in a heavy gale.

In Vera Cruz a wealthy gentleman was pointed out to me as having killed a man. A distant relative had confessed the deed and for $25,000 took his place. He was committed for a term of imprisonment and took his chance on getting it shortened.

On leaving Vera Cruz we passed the city of Orizaba. General George Nye, who designed and built the Hudon Cotton Mills, Hochelaga, told me he worked on building and equipping the cotton mill in Orizaba, it being at that time the largest in the world and built with English capital.

On account of the uncertainty of the Government being able to provide protection, forts were built around the factory on which cannon were mounted and operatives trained to defend the company's property. Here the temperature is very hot.

The city of Mexico is in the centre of a tableland. The valley of Mexico, as this tableland is called, is 7,200 feet above the sea and rises nearly to that height within three miles. French engineers built the unique railroad that climbs up

7,000 feet in such a serpentine manner that the engine of an ordinary train is just above or below the end of the same train. It was here I had my first experience of being above the clouds. Arriving at the top and looking down, I saw, as far as the eye could reach, opaque billowy white clouds pierced only by the mountain peak of Orizaba, 18,000 feet high. The sun shining on these clouds made a sight never to be forgotten, the entire landscape being hidden. Surrounding this valley or tableland are mountains, one of which stands 18,000 feet high. Its top is divided into two rounded peaks in perpetual snow. Its name in English is the "Virgin's Breasts." These mountains serve as an outer support of the tableland.

The streets of Mexico are laid out at right angles. Police, armed with rifles, are stationed at the cross sections and can see each other for long distances, so perfectly is the city laid out. The tramway service is good, making the Cathedral a turning point. The churches are profusely decorated. The mass of people, being illiterate, are enabled to read, carved in high relief in stone, the life of Christ and His Apostles, following the same method of teaching that prevailed in Europe. Mexico is noted for its beautiful churches. I have never visited a city that has such numbers of bronze statues, some of which are very grand. Yet in a wide street near a handsome monument I saw a dead female dog lying in the centre of the road and a young dog dependent on its mother for

sustenance trying in vain to obtain its customary milk; from the horrible stench she must have been dead some days, the young dog in skin and bone literally dying from starvation. I realized that if there were any sanitary laws they were not carried out. Mexico is noted for its flowers and birds of beautiful plumage.

I wondered at the cheapness of manual labor, seeing men jog-trotting on the ties of the railroad carrying large loads on their backs in competition with the railroads.

On attending the theatre we paid only for seeing the first act. When staying on, the charge was collected at the seat, and so to the end of the play.

I visited the so-called "Thieves' Market," a large space devoted to the buying and selling of second-hand articles. I thought Montreal could well copy this plan of centralizing the second-hand trade, which would enable the city to install disinfecting machinery ensuring second-hand clothing being put into a sanitary condition before being sold, and other articles so centralized as to be easily inspected by the police.

The Post Office is a fine building. The interior walls are of highly polished Mexican onyx. All metal ornaments and electric fixtures are gilded, the effect being very rich. They had been building a wonderful theatre for many years. I suppose it has been finished ere this.

The custom of the leisured class was every afternoon to motor very slowly one way on two streets,

saluting friends on the sidewalk. A small example of Rotten Row, London.

The jewellery stores show large native opals, the black variety being very beautiful, also turquoise stones.

I was surprised to learn there were 3,000 motor cars in the city at that time.

The city of Mexico is noted for its embossed leather.

On this voyage I made the acquaintance of a retired Mexican banker who said he did not like the political outlook and intended to sell out his interests in that city as quickly as possible and return to his native Nova Scotia, Canada. His judgment proved sound, for as soon as we arrived I saw 1,100 soldiers march to the railway station going to put down the rebellion that eventually compelled President Diaz to leave the country. My banker friend spoke of a former partner being in jail for going through the branch of a Montreal bank to the amount of three million and a half dollars in gold. I have often wondered what became of this man, who was a Canadian by birth. The bank managed to keep this loss out of Montreal papers.

The ordinary graves in Mexican cemeteries are rented for a period of years and at the end of the term the bones are taken out and the land prepared for another tenant, the old bones being heaped together within sight as you pass through the cemetery.

The ancient Mexicans had no horses, but dug

narrow canals and floated boats which could easily carry heavy or light loads. Water can be reached anywhere within a few feet, the valley being perfectly level. Digging is easy, as there is little stone. Boats can be pushed by hand, being a very economical way to dispense with roads.

All stores close their doors at mid-day, even the Post Office and public buildings. The valley is very fertile, no great heat or cold. The century plant is much grown, from which they extract a sap that is quickly turned into a potent spirit much used and abused by poor people.

The jewellery stores in Mexico City are named after precious stones, the largest being the Esmeralda.

The valley of Mexico is 1,400 square miles in extent. In the centre is a lake that has no natural outlet, but latterly some provision for drainage has been made. On this lake are floating islands used as gardens and well cultivated.

A very fine institution exists in Mexico City, viz., a national pawn shop, with many millions of dollars as a reserve fund.

It was here I got my first and only sight of a bull fight. The bulls were not in good fighting trim and for that reason half our entrance fee was returned, but I saw enough of that miserable sport to last my life. The building was very fine, circular in form, of reinforced cement. Cushions could be hired to sit upon if one objected to the bare cement.

The Museum and Art Gallery are very interest-

ing, especially the wall decorations of the ancient Aztecs, its style being peculiar to themselves. I understand they did not possess steel, but how they could carve hard stone and work it into shape for such beautiful buildings is a mystery to me.

An experience of the effect of altitude. I had been walking fast and was rather hungry, when I found myself staggering and felt I should fall. I was passing through a small square and sat down on the nearest seat and in a short time I came to myself. I then walked slowly to a nearby restaurant, had my dinner and felt all right. I had forgotten Mexico was up over 7,000 feet.

The day I left a mob broke the windows of all American hotels in revenge for the hanging of a Mexican in Texas without a trial. The newspapers were limited by the authorities to ten lines of space in referring to it. I found the Americans were not loved. History shows that trouble with their neighbor always ended in a considerable loss of territory. Good government and the farmer given an opportunity to own some land would make Mexico a wonderful country. Most of the lands are original grants given by Spain to favorites and held in large blocks. I understand that one could hire from the jails fifty to one hundred prisoners at so much per day.

The carriage of the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian is still to be seen in the museum.

I noticed the large buildings show their foundations are not solid.

The following incident occurred in a Montreal

branch bank in Mexico city. In order to pay my passage to New York I made a request at the bank on which I had a Letter of Credit, for $70 in gold. The bank official was so surprised at my demand that I enquired if my Letter of Credit was all right. His answer was in the affirmative. "But," said he, "do you really want $70 in gold?" I said, "I must have the gold." He then called the Manager, who questioned me again as to my demand. I remarked that surely such a bank and such a building could easily find such a small amount. He sighed deeply, gave orders to open the vault and gold was produced. As I counted it I heard a voice behind, saying, "It does one good to see real money." But after I reached the ship the purser told me I was foolish to have brought gold as I could have had twice the amount in paper money which would have been acceptable to him.

Yachting

In the early days of this century there were among others two notable men interested in yachting on Lake St. Louis, namely, Mr. G. H. Duggan and Mr. James Paton. The first-named was a clever amateur yacht designer and sailor. Among the many things he did to further that sport was to bring into existence a fleet of yachts measuring seventeen feet on the water line, built on the same frame, with sails of the same cut and area. A race sailed under these conditions was won by the skill and judgment of the Skipper and crew (three in all). Mr. Duggan won an Inter-

national reputation as a designer of original styles of yachts, and generally sailed them to victory. It was during his boating activities that yachting on Lake St. Louis was in its glory. Mr. Duggan was a silent yachtsman, with scarcely a word to say even under great provocation. He was at times a little hard on his crew, but they were the only ones who heard it. He had a constant companion in his pipe. He became President of the Dominion Bridge Company.

The late Mr. James Paton, universally known as "Jim," was a man of large stature and great strength. He had a big, kind heart, was strong in speech but never profane even under the greatest provocation; a splendid sport, with a good fund of humor, full of practical jokes, and exerted a moral influence on all around him. To describe Jim as one of nature's noblemen would not be saying too much. I was often with him on land and water and never met his equal as an all-round sport. Jim is the man that put Lakeside on the map. He built a long wharf for the use of boats, arranged races, placed the buoys and flags marking the course.

I sailed in many races on "The Habitant," one of Mr. Duggan's seventeen-foot boats, and have a number of cups won at different races. I managed the mainsheet on account of my weight, my son Douglas took the rudder and George looked after the jibs.

I remember twenty-two yachts starting in a race, from seventeen-footers upwards, and only three finished. There was a forty-mile breeze

blowing at the time. In this race I saw James Sutherland swept off the bow of Jim's yacht, carried underneath, come up at the stern, when Jim Paton caught him and lifted him aboard and continued the race. At the start of another race I saw Major Freeman picked off his yacht by Jim Paton's "Big Mary's" bowsprit passing between his (the Major's) legs. In order to save himself from going overboard, he held on and did not regain his own boat until the race was over. Jim was penalized for racing with an extra man on board.

These seventeen-foot yachts were so well designed as to be practically unsinkable. I remember seeing one upset and the mast and sails lying flat on the water and righted by the crew standing on the centreboard.

Jim bought a steamboat and often took his friends around Lake St. Louis and accommodated his visitors at yacht races, also using it as a tow to take the St. Louis yachting fleet to the annual regatta at the Lake of Two Mountains. Mr. Angus, a very handsome man, late President of the Bank of Montreal, used to provide a great treat for the hungry and thirsty yachtsmen, served in a large marquee put up especially for that purpose. We then would sail for Hudson, where we anchored for the Saturday night and danced in the boat house. The cakewalk was a favorite dance and Jim and I often performed this to the fun of the audience. While the boys were dancing, Jim would often swim out, raise the anchors of yachts

CLOCK IN M.A.A.A. BUILDING

and take them some distance downstream, giving the boys a little trouble to find their boats, and sometimes when all were asleep he would again move the yachts. We then sailed to Jones Island on Sunday morning and in the evening started for home, some thirty miles. If the wind were favorable we sailed down; if not, the steamer took us in tow.

The most gorgeous sunsets are to be seen sailing up to Hudson, the sun setting apparently in the water as the Ottawa river at that point runs directly west.

On one of these trips I discovered how to wash greasy dishes without soap, sand or warm water, which was by holding the plates in the water when the boat was sailing. The friction of the water quickly cleaned the dishes. (This invention I did not patent. Yachtsmen will find it a perfect dishwasher.) I have often anchored a skiff a few yards from shore, but in this case moved the plates rapidly through the water.

During my yachting days we lived at the old Charlebois stone house on the borders of Lakeside and Point Claire, to which were attached stables and coach-house surrounded by several acres of orchards and kitchen garden, together with large lawns. A beautiful bay lay in front of the house with good anchorage for yachts. There was a convenient bathing house and the sandy bottom of the bay made it an ideal bathing place. Directly opposite was Chateauguay Mound, four miles distant.

Living there at that time compelled the use of a horse, the house being one mile from the railway station. We gave several garden parties and in order to provide for dancing, musicians were brought from the city, also large canvases, which we spread over the lawn to dance upon. On Sunday nights we had a splendid service of song at the Valois boathouse.

Examples of Jim Paton's Practical Jokes

I have seen him bump purposely against a yachtsman, Billy Findlay for instance, who was a good swimmer, and send him off the wharf into the water and then jump after him, both being fully dressed. They would duck each other until they were tired, neither losing his temper.

One night Jim and I landed at Como in the dark and decided to sleep ashore, taking with us buffalo robes as blankets. We could see nothing, but felt our way to a soft spot on which to sleep, and in the early morning discovered we had chosen the centre of a beautiful bed of flowers on the lawn of a fine house. We lost no time in regaining our yacht.

Jim Paton was a remarkably strong swimmer. I heard him say that a skilful fisherman could play the strongest man in the water similar to a trout or a salmon. I have since learned that an experiment was made in Jim's time, the fisherman using an eight ounce rod and light tackle.

At a Tuque Blue Snow-shoe dinner held at the Windsor Hotel, Jim kept me talking while the waiter (at Jim's instigation) served me with three

successive plates of soup before I was aware of the joke. At that dinner Dr. Hingston was one of the speakers. The doctor mentioned the fact that at a previous dinner some invited guest asked who those sombre looking gentlemen were who sat at the head table, and why they were looking so serious. He was told that they had been elected to make speeches.

The only time I went trout fishing was about the year 1900. I was invited by Jim Paton to visit a Fishing Club, twenty-five miles north of St. Gabriel de Brandon. We drove twenty-one miles and then walked four miles. I put three flies on my line and caught fifteen trout in five casts; although I fished for hours near the same place I never caught another fish. On this trip I had my first and only experience in seeing a sample of the natural forest. Although the bush was full of tall growing trees on one side of the lake, it was practically impossible to penetrate within the forest because of the fallen dead trees lying across each other often two or three deep. These trees were in all degrees of rottenness. On returning, we were eating at the hotel prior to taking the train for home. On the table there was a lot of fine young onions which Jim and our other fishermen were eating with a relish. Seeing that I did not touch them, Jim asked the reason why. I said my wife did not like onions, and as I was going home I would deny myself on her account. Nothing more was said. On reaching home the coachman was told by my wife that she would unpack my

valise in the coach-house in the morning as she was afraid it was not clean enough to go into the house. I protested that I had packed it that morning and could vouch for what was in it. When she opened it next morning there was a layer of that high smelling vegetable and then a layer of clothing and so on, quite as much onion as clothing. Jim had seen to that.

CHAPTER V

Art in the Victorian Age

In the early Victorian Age the love of Art and things beautiful had sunk very low. Ladies sacrificed the beauty of grey and white hair and became slaves of the hair-dyeing mania and many men followed suit. The military fighting in the Crimea and India ceased shaving and beards and moustaches became fashionable, the longer the more admired. Men's hair was kept in place by the aid of pomatums. A not uncommon sight in London was to see a live bear exhibited in a shop window, then the bear would be taken out and the window filled with pots of bear's grease, supposed to be the best pomatum for preservation of the hair.

The first lady I remember who had the good taste to allow her hair to grow grey was Madame Thibaudeau, wife of the Sheriff of Montreal. Her home was on Palace Street, where a Canadian National Railways station now stands. In 1876 I lived on St. Monique Street, through which she often passed. To me she was the most wonderfully handsome woman of her time. What made her so noticeable to me was her splendid grey hair. The memory of her striking appearance prompted me to write the following historical fact.

In that year an event took place in the United

States which left a permanent mark on the appearance of elderly people both in that country and in Canada.

The talk and thought of our American neighbors was how best to celebrate the centennial of the Declaration of Independence.

The country at large decided to hold its first international industrial exhibition in Philadelphia, the city where the Declaration was first made.

Each state, city, town and village arranged for its celebration: then individual families began to think how they could join in these festivities.

In a family where the old people refused to dye their hair and spent most of their time upstairs where they could escape the reproaches of the younger members, who held that grey hair reflected on their age, it so happened that one day, their room being rather cold, and the family out, grandfather took their chairs downstairs, and they sat one on each side of the fire, as they had done in years gone by. Just as they were feeling warm and comfortable, who should come in but granddaughter, full of excitement from a meeting where they had been discussing family celebrations, and in a state of mind keen to receive impressions.

She was at once struck with the scene before her: grandmother with her grey hair done up in a simple manner, her cheeks warm from the open fire, and her face set off with a white lace scarf thrown over her shoulders, and grandfather with his white hair, full moustache and flowing beard, looking like a patriarch of old.

This was to grand-daughter an inspiration, and seemed just what they were looking for. She felt a glow of pride at being one of the first of her generation to realize that Nature is the greatest of all artists and if left alone will develop a beauty that never fails to inspire love, admiration and respect.

Other members of the family coming in quickly realized what grand-daughter had discovered, and at once decided that the armchairs remain beside the fireplace, and the old people take up their former position in the household.

Then someone remembered the old spinning wheel that used to stand beside grannie's chair, and now in the lumber room. This was brought down and put in its old place. Another asked about the old eight-day hall clock that came from the Old Country that grandfather used to be so proud of, and this was also brought from the lumber room, and everyone realized what a delightful change had taken place and wondered why they had not thought of it before.

Grand-daughter invited the whole committee to see what she had done, and they were equally delighted. The inspiration spread like wildfire and lo, and behold, grey hair, spinning wheels, and grandfather clocks became the rage. It was at this time that the name "Grandfather" was first given to the tall hall clocks.

In the United States the demand for grandfather clocks and spinning wheels became so great that American merchants sent buyers to the Old Country and Canada to buy all such articles in

sight. A furniture dealer in a town of 8,000 inhabitants in England, told me he shipped to Chicago in one order $4,000 worth of old grandfather clocks.

From this time our American cousins began to think as cultured people. An important effect on the general public was to make grey hair again fashionable, and for some time grandparents became so much the rage that families who did not possess them borrowed from those who did, in order to dignify properly their festivities.

The love for grandfather clocks has continued, no doubt on account of their dignified appearance and superior time-keeping properties. The spinning wheels, not being useful, have disappeared.

Fifty-five years ago grandfather clocks were little valued. I remember a customer wishing to sell one that he had brought from Ireland many years before. The brass works, dial, columns, and fittings, were the color of fine gold, the case was made of bog oak. (The only one I have ever seen made of that wood.) He offered it to me for $13; to-day it would be worth $500. The ceiling of the room in which it was placed was too low for the clock and a recess was made in the floor to take the base. As there was no sale for it in the store I told my wife of the fine offer; she said she would have no coffin in the house as a piece of furniture. This remark of hers showed the general opinion of these clocks at that time. Ordinary eight-day grandfather clocks with English brass movements could be bought for $8.

Some forty years ago I complained to one of the largest clockmakers of London of the poor appearance of new clocks. He stated that with the best trade it is well understood that nothing really good has been designed for one hundred and twenty-five years, and he contended the same would apply to furniture; the works of the old craftsmen must be copied.

I have seen beautiful drawing-room furniture upholstered with costly materials, with full sets of hangings to match, sold for a mere song. The only reason for selling was to make room for the new inartistic factory-made goods.

Much rich furniture was brought over by the French and English Army officers who settled in this province. When these died, their effects fell into the hands of persons devoid of taste and many of the articles would receive coats of varnish, completely hiding the rich inlaid work.

As an example of how large quantities of old mahogany furniture disappeared.—Years ago I was in London ordering clock cases, and told the maker that on account of our dry, hot houses in winter, it was imperative that the wood be well seasoned. He assured me that all the wood used by him came from old mahogany furniture that had been in use at least 100 years, and for that reason it would stand in any climate. He further stated that this old furniture could be bought for little more than new wood.

In England, landscape and portrait paintings were so little thought of that artists were glad to

get in pounds what these same pictures will bring in hundreds, and in many cases thousands, of pounds to-day.

In learning the applied arts and sciences, a term of seven years was an ordinary period to serve. And as the law made all free at twenty-one this compelled the apprentice to start at fourteen years of age. It was no doubt due to this long training that these old craftsmen became so skilled. Another incentive was they often designed, made, and finished the article. This power to see one's work gradually assuming form gave the artisan a joy in his work rarely known to-day. It was this that inspired them to produce such beautiful articles, seldom seen except in museums.

The invention of the steam engine changed the old method of manufacturing and the impossibility of transmitting this new power any distance made it necessary to build factories in which a number of operatives could be housed under one roof. In order to take full advantage of these new conditions, designs were limited to those styles that were suitable for mass production. This soon reduced cost, and was a deathblow to the individual craftsman, the public being easily influenced to accept novelty for good designs, which many mistook for art. Then the insidious power of newspaper advertising put the finishing touch on the individual artisan. To such a low condition had the arts fallen, that it began to be feared that the industries of England would gradually disappear.

The first international industrial exhibition held in London in 1851 brought home to the British Parliament and people the poverty of English industrial art. In their endeavor to improve the general tone of its industries, the authorities opened in South Kensington a Normal School where art masters could be trained. As a further assistance, industrial museums were opened in adjoining buildings. These the Government has filled with selected examples of works of the craftsmen of old, to which it is constantly adding. This gives the student and workman opportunity to study, copy, and get inspiration for new designs. These buildings are much enlarged and, with the different British museums, are to-day among the great attractions of London. In a few years schools of art and design were opened throughout the length and breadth of the land. I attended one of these schools from 1860 to 1862 inclusive.

Although war is dreadful, we owe much to the inventions and discoveries that are developed under its great pressure. Watchmaking, a trade to which I was apprenticed, has undergone a complete change indirectly due to the American War. At that time the Springfield Arms Company were the first to make a success of standardizing parts of guns so they could be assembled without fitting.

One of the next to fall in line with this new system was the Waltham Watch Company. After the great world war the English and Swiss followed suit and to-day the watchmaking industry has entirely changed. So perfectly has this plan been

developed that a number of the smallest watches may be taken to pieces and thrown together, and may be easily reassembled without any fitting. The result has been that the old watchmaking craftsman has disappeared, and the skill that was devoted to the making of individual watches is used in making the machines that make the parts. But more skill than ever is required in the repair of watches, some of which were made over one hundred years ago and can still be made to keep time.

It is reported that Henry Ford was a watchmaker and copied from the watch factories the same system in making automobiles.

To-day quantity production machine-made goods at low prices is what the people want. Apprenticeship is out of fashion and the artisan is a matter of history.

Explosive-engines and electricity are fast taking the place of steam. The masses are too much interested in golf, radio, motor cars, dancing, movies, bridge, and flying machines, to think of anything else.

It would seem that we must wait until the novelty of these wonders passes when the world will again have leisure to enjoy the beauty of art.

Old Montreal Shop Signs

In the early days shop windows in winter were usually opaque, with frost making outside signs necessary to tell the character of stores.

In the old retail section of the city, hanging over

the doors of a grocer's shop was a large loaf of sugar made of wood and painted white.

The sign of a dry goods shop was a full size sheep suspended by a band around its body. It was made of wood and painted white.

A frozen pig on the sidewalk, standing on its hind legs and propped against the window, was the recognized sign of a butcher shop in winter.

A red Indian, life-size, was the sign for the snuff merchant and tobacconist. This sign was on wheels. When the store was open it stood on the sidewalk and was taken in at night.

A lion or a bear, carved life-size, was suspended over the furrier's store.

An Admiral, carved, colored as in life, with sextant held in position of taking the sun, was a sign over the nautical instrument and optical store.

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An example showing the care taken by old English manufacturers to uphold their reputation.

When making enamels we used steel dies, but had difficulty in tempering them so as not to sink in the centre. We used Jessop steel, made in Sheffield, a product favorably known in the United States and Canada. On one of my visits to England I intended to call at the works but found I had not the time, so I wrote them my trouble on the hotel paper, where I was staying in Birmingham The next morning to my great surprise the waiter brought me the card of Mr. Robinson, President of the Jessop Company. I asked why this visit.

He said it was in answer to my letter. It appeared he travelled sixty miles to see me, having no other business in Birmingham. He very kindly explained how to overcome my difficulty, which was to heat the dies very slowly and allow time for the centre of the die to get equally hot, which proved a cure.

For the President of such a large company to take a personal interest in my trouble speaks well for the careful management of this old Sheffield house. This same gentleman, when Master Cutler of that city, did good work in getting legislation passed in different countries so that the name Sheffield should be protected.

A conductor of the Grand Trunk Railway who had selected a $100 gold watch started from his home at Verdun with the money to complete its purchase. On his way to my store he passed a tent in which John Arnton was holding a sale of building lots. Champagne was freely given and under the eloquence of the Auctioneer and the stimulating influence of the wine my customer bought as many lots as his $100 would allow. Some years after I asked the conductor how he was getting on with the lots. He told me he held them until they had cost him $800 and then was compelled to let them go. Speculating in building lots has always been a great game by which to lose money.

We used to buy sterling silver buckles from Caughnawaga Indians. These men seemed one time to cover their clothing with them.

Silver at that time was worth $1.25 an ounce. I have bought several large medals that were presented to the Indian Chiefs by King George III of England. They were three to four inches in diameter, the bust of the King being raised nearly an eighth of an inch. The squaws wore 18 carat red gold oval bead necklets made in France.

A hundred years ago the dress of men was most becoming, breeches and gaiters showing off the figure to the best advantage.

The first step to degrade men's clothing was the introduction of the tight fitting nether garment held down by straps worn under the shoes. The second step was the present monstrosity of trousers. It is difficult to imagine how such an ugly fashion has been tolerated so long. The English farmer has had the good sense to stick to breeches and gaiters and by so doing has preserved his dignified appearance and is recognized as the best dressed yeoman in the world, as well as a typical Englishman.

For many years the British nobleman and landowner adopted the short loose trouser caught in at the knee. This with woollen stockings, worn with a Norfolk jacket and cloth cap to match, proved an ideal suit for country and has since been universally adopted by golfers. But the tailor seems determined to destroy the dignified shape of men's legs by lengthening the short trouser into a shapeless bag reaching half way to the ankle, instead of showing the stocking.

Women have now taken to displaying their legs,

thereby stealing a march on men, and one cannot help thinking how much more becoming the dress of the average woman is than that of men; the latter could easily regain their lost dignity by adopting the short knickerbocker for business suits. If this were done we would, for the first time, have men and women dressed in harmony.

On a visit to London to buy precious stones, while looking at sapphires, I asked the merchant how he was certain he had got real stones. He said he was satisfied to get the word of a sapphire lapidary. My experience teaches me that few possess sufficient knowledge to buy precious stones on their own judgment. A wise plan is to buy from recognized merchants only in the trade.

At the same time I met a gentleman in London from Philadelphia who was commissioned to buy some of Burns' manuscripts and I asked him how he knew they were genuine. He said his employers would be satisfied with the opinion of the chief of the manuscript department of the British Museum.

An artist who had been Headmaster of the Birmingham Art School and had travelled extensively, conversing with me on the subject of interior house decoration, held that each room called for its special wall paper. In order to avoid disappointment the paper should be tested by tacking a few strips on the wall and letting it stay for at least a week. If for one moment a doubt of its suitability crossed the mind it should be taken down and another pattern or color tried. He

assured me that the best houses in London adopted this plan. Anything one is constantly brought into contact with, be it wife, friends, or furniture, should be selected with care and judgment, ample time being taken to make up one's mind.

He told me that the Birmingham Art School had different shapes of glass tubes for chimneys made, so one could study the action of smoke on its passage to the open sky.

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I once lunched with the mother of our Paris trade commission merchant. She was in Paris all through the siege of 1870. I heard her describe some of the sights in those terrible days, women coming out of underground places such as she had never seen or heard of (although she had lived there all her life), pouring coal oil down cellars and setting fire to the buildings; the spirit of destruction seemed to possess them. At the time of my visit there was scarcely a tree in Paris more than thirty feet high, all having been cut down and used as fuel. Montreal was full of old parchment documents signed by Louis XIV and other Kings, stolen from the Government offices and sold here for a song.

On a later visit to Paris I saw a man fall in a fit and was interested in seeing a gendarme handle the case. The next day on the steamer from Calais to Dover as we were leaving the port a man fell in a fit on the deck of the boat. As no person seemed to know what to do, I took charge and did as I had seen done the day before. There was a

crowd present who were glad to see some one take hold. They did exactly as I told them and in a short time my man came to his senses.

I noticed that the making of antiques was a prosperous business in Paris.

It has been said that "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." I define a work of art as anything made by human effort with which familiarity increases one's love and respect. Another has asserted that art is beautiful, but not useful, but I have observed that useful things develop a beauty with their increased usefulness. How grand looking was the old sailing ship and wooden man-of-war, a development of many generations! Ugly is a word not strong enough to describe the first iron warship, but after half a century of improvement we must admit that the modern battleship develops in beauty as it increases its power to destroy. The old printing press was very simple in its parts, and where possible it was ornamented. The modern newspaper printing press lacks decoration, yet its wonderful construction and multiplicity of actions excite our admiration and create within itself a great beauty. Take a common scythe, perfectly designed for its purpose—another example of beauty increasing with usefulness; the rhythm of motion developed by its use makes mowing one of the most graceful of manual labors.

I knew a lady who was born blind and from talking to her I realized that sight is not necessary to enjoy beauty. It was an education to see her select articles and display splendid taste by the

sense of feeling. She had been well educated and was a great reader. She could understand a description of far-away scenes and one could converse with her on most subjects without realizing she was blind.

Our native Indian developed a wonderful dress with the aid of quills, feathers, and leather. His tepee, canoe, paddle and totem pole, are beautiful. Art of some kind is natural to man and is governed by his environment and often influenced by his religion.

Recollections of Old England

I asked an architect who it was that designed the old cottages of England. He said it was the village handyman, who could build as well as design. I enquired who selected the materials. His answer was, "When these houses were built, the roads were so bad they were compelled to use local material, so, where stone was common, the walls were made of stone, and when scarce, strong frames of wood were used, the spaces being filled with rough-cast. The roofs were made of straw, the oldest and cheapest roofing material, with the advantage of being cool in summer and warm in winter."

English climate encourages the growth of moss, which soon makes thatch practically fireproof.

On the Cotswold Hills, Gloucestershire, flat stones, not tiles, were used instead of straw; these roofing stones soon gather moss and, like the thatch, produce a soft and beautiful effect.

The chimneys are of stone and often large enough at the bottom for one or more persons to sit on each side of the fire. When looking up one can see the stars. The floor was of earth, covered with flat stones which, when washed, were whitened with slacked lime.

The village "Jack-of-all-trades" could make the furniture of these cottages, which was usually of oak, also a local material, and consisted of a table in the centre of the room, half a dozen chairs, and a long dresser placed against one of the walls, over which were two narrow shelves, the length of the dresser. On these were displayed the plates and dishes of the household, the ones I remember being of the Blue Willow pattern. The effect was most pleasing, every dish standing upright, and facing outwards so the pattern could be seen.

Hanging on the walls were a few framed samplers of needlework and a seven-foot one-day oak clock, which completed the furniture. On the inside window sill would be pots of growing flowers. A white lace curtain stretched across the leaded diamond panes of the window gave the room a homelike appearance. Although it is nearly seventy years since I saw the house I am describing the scene is fresh in my memory.

The blacksmith was of outstanding importance in the village community. In addition to his work of shoeing horses, making and repairing waggons and carts, he could do all kinds of iron work, hanging the sign over the village inn, making iron chests to hold the Squire's money and deeds,

and the silver Communion Service for the church. The locks of these strong boxes were masterful pieces of ingenuity. As a boy often have I watched him working at his forge and anvil and have seen him shrinking the hot iron tyre on the wooden cart wheel. He sometimes made the church clock. Alas, the village blacksmith will soon be of the past. In a few years there will be no horses to shoe or waggons or carts to make or repair. The tractor will do his work and the motor mechanic will replace the factory-made part that needs no fitting; the city will supply the strong box and tower clock, and we shall see the passing of one of the most interesting artisans of the country, viz., the village blacksmith!

CHAPTER VI

An Experience in Land Values

On crossing in 1889 from Liverpool to New York, I made the acquaintance of a retired poultry dealer from Leadenhall Market, London. At the age of forty he had saved a fortune and was now seeing the world. I asked him as he was visiting Montreal to value some real estate. He protested that he knew nothing of such values even in London, and how could I expect he could value land and buildings in a city he had scarcely heard of. I retorted that a man who could make so much money in so short a time possessed good judgment and as I persisted he promised to give me his opinion. I had been offered one of the brick cottages between the Windsor Hotel and St. Catherine Street for $4,500. On going to Dominion Square he asked what the railway station cost, pointing to the C.P.R. I told him I understood that it cost three million dollars to bring the railway into the city. He next pointed to St. George's and the Methodist Churches, then to the Windsor Hotel, the Y.M.C.A. building, and lastly to the Roman Catholic Cathedral, unfinished at that time. He said that where so much money had been spent on immoveables, values must advance. I did not buy the house, but it has since been sold for $80,000.

In the early eighties I attended a Church meeting at Hochelaga. Canon Ellegood was the speaker. Rain came down in such torrents as to keep many away. I remember saying it was the wettest rain that I had ever known. The Rev. Canon asked me if I had ever known a rain that was dry. I replied that I was surprised that a clergyman so well read should ask such a question of a young layman, as it is stated in the Bible that it rained fire and brimstone on Sodom and Gomorrah.

At a Church of England bazaar held in the old Victoria Hall, Westmount, I overheard a discussion between two very prominent city clergymen on honesty. I joined in the conversation and eventually asked them if they possessed that virtue and each answered "Yes." "Then you will not object to being put to the test." They asked my meaning. I said I had read somewhere that honest men could easily be identified as they had a tuft of hair growing in the palm of their hands. They all confessed that their palms were smooth. I said that honesty was a state of perfection impossible for mortals to attain; the best of us could be honest only to a degree.

Prior to the advent of electric light, shops in the evening were much hotter than in the day, caused by the burning of gas for light, the smell of which, combined with the dust from the dirty streets, and myriads of flies, made summer very uncomfortable.

In my early business days I made it a rule to

refuse credit when asked, and only to give it when suggested by myself, or getting one customer to recommend another. This plan kept us clear of bad debts. When I did the major part of selling I could use my judgment, but when our business increased we could not afford to allow clerks that privilege. I remember meeting a high railroad official who took his watch out of his pocket and said, "How did you come to entrust me fifty years ago with this valuable watch? I went to your store to look at watches and you said the selection of a gold watch and a wife were two things one had to consider well. You told me to wear it two or three weeks, and if it pleased me at the end of that time to buy it; if not, to return it; but what I want to know is, what prompted you to trust a young man with so much value?" My answer was, "Don't you think my judgment was sound when we realize how you have risen in the service?"

I remember Dr. Henry Drummond, the writer of "The Habitant" and other French-Canadian stories. When my children were small he was our family physician. After we had consulted with him he would take a few sheets out of the drawer of his desk in his surgery in Mountain Street and read them to us, asking how we liked them. There was no difficulty in getting the children to visit the doctor as they knew they would hear more of his stories. He had a wonderful imagination, a great gift for putting his thoughts into words and a sympathetic way of expressing them. It was a great treat to hear the doctor

read his own writings. At that time he had no idea that his detached stories would ever be gathered together and make such a rich addition to Canadian literature.

A customer brought to my store a small satchel full of slabs of silver ore. They were six to eight inches long and about a half inch thick, of very irregular shapes. Threads of silver could be seen embedded in transparent silica. In appearance the fine silver wire was very much like shredded wheat biscuit. He asked to have silver ornaments made out of the ore. I tried in vain to separate the silver wire from the silica, but to no purpose. I afterwards learned that it had to be sent to Germany to be refined. I had sold this gentleman watches for re-sale to men building the Canadian Pacific Railway. At that time he kept a general store at Mattawa. I asked him where and how he got the silver. He said the mine was at Cobalt and he could, by himself, with a pick and shovel, fill a Canadian Pacific Railway car in a week. I remarked, "You will be a millionaire some day." He explained that the mine was discovered by a blacksmith named "Larose." It had been in the Courts for some four years and he had just got possession of it. My prediction as to his wealth has come true, which has been greatly added to by successful investments in gold mines. He is no doubt one of the wealthiest men in Canada. His gold mining interests are so large and profitable that the other day he acknowledged a loss of four hundred thousand dollars a year through dis-

honesty; but this great amount does not appear to interfere with the annual returns of his gold mining enterprise.

A Timely Experience

Montreal trains did not always start on exact time and if a passenger were late the conductors would sometimes delay the departure a minute or more. When Mr. Hayes and the Superintendents he brought with him took charge of the Grand Trunk Railway they stopped this old plan and a personal experience may be of interest.

I was living for the summer at Lakeside and one morning was told that the train I was using would be discontinued in two days. I decided to return to Lakeside by the mid-day train. On arriving at Bonaventure Station platform I was surprised to see the train moving out. As I ran to catch it the brakeman, who knew me, put on the brake and then let it go, holding up his hands to show he could not wait. On going back to the station I said to the gatekeeper, "That train left before its time." A tall, well-dressed gentleman standing near said, "That train went on time, and if the brakeman had stopped for you I would have discharged him." I said, "Stranger, have you the correct time?" He answered, "No." "Then how do you know the train went on time?" He said, "I know it did. We come from a road that is run properly and we intend to improve this one in quick time." I said, "You may know how to run a railroad but we were discussing 'Time,' and

that is what I know as much about as you do, as 'Time' happens to be my business. Please answer my question. How do you know that train went on time?" He said "The conductor and driver compare their watches upstairs with the train despatcher's clock when they sign the book which they have to do before taking their train." "Then you have one time for your men and another for the public, for as I passed the station clock I had three minutes to get to the train I feel much annoyed. I was going out to arrange to bring in my family as I understand a train is cancelled that I and many others travel by daily, and they are keeping on a train that only a few use. Such work as this must be unprofitable for the railway and very inconvenient for the public." As I left him he handed me his card, on which was the name, "Mr. McGuigan, Superintendent Grand Trunk Railway."

On the Monday the train was not taken off.

At the time of which I speak the street railway cars stopped whenever one pulled the cord, and people on the street signalled the cars which stopped anywhere to take on or put off passengers.

Having it your own way

Mr. Reeve, General Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, asked me to make twelve scarf pins, using his crest and motto for the design. He described the manner in which he wished the pins made. I stated that he would not be pleased with them when finished. His answer was, "If I am

satisfied to pay for them, what difference does it make to you?" I replied that I would not make any article that I knew would be unsatisfactory to myself. I explained how I would make them. Going to the door he remarked that I was a peculiar man, but came back and said to make them my own way. On showing him the first pin he held out his hand saying, "Shake hands, Mr. Hemsley, you were right and I was wrong." It was this incident that convinced him I knew my business. He became a good customer and introduced me to his successor, Mr. Hayes.

When the new Victoria Bridge was nearing completion this same gentleman instructed me to enquire in London about a suitable medal to be struck to commemorate the changing of the old tubular bridge to the new open truss construction, and as the Prince of Wales had opened it in 1861, it was intended to invite him to re-open it.

With that in view I called on Messrs. Spink & Sons, London, and asked them to prepare designs and estimates. After some days I found little progress was being made, and enquired what I could do to hurry on the work. They answered that they did not know if I meant business and mentioned a sum of money on account, saying I might be going around getting designs and they did not feel like providing others with their ideas. I paid the amount and at once got a splendid design. I asked that they provide me with typewritten instructions so the whole matter could be carried out in a manner suitable for the occasion, which

they did. One thing I remember was that the Prince was to have two gold medals in one box, so he could see the reverse side without turning the medal. Persons according to their rank were to receive gold, silver, or bronze medals. I asked about insurance if anything should happen to interfere with the presentation. Spinks applied to Lloyds and got from that wonderful company their terms which were, "If the Prince had promised to open the bridge they would insure that fact for 5%, and if he had not promised their charge would be 7½%." Of course an order for Ten thousand dollars would have to be given.

Unfortunately Prince Edward slipped on the deck of a man-of-war, sprained his ankle and was unable to be present so the new bridge was opened without ceremony.

Identification by Jewellery

Two ladies entered the store, the elder wearing a cloak slightly open at the neck exposing a part of a brooch made in the form of a beetle, set with pearls. I at once concluded from its style that she was an English aristocrat and tried to think of a distinguished arrival mentioned in the papers but could recall none. So I took a chance and asked if she were the Countess of Aberdeen, and I was right; the young lady with her was her daughter. She wanted to see some of our enamels. It was a few days before Christmas. I told her the store was too crowded to see them properly, but with her permission I would send up a selection to

Government House, Ottawa. This I did, to the amount of $500, and she returned only $25 worth. I made a good customer of this wonderfully magnetic lady, who took quite an interest in my enamel work.

Early one morning a gentleman bought a five dollar watch saying it was for a boy. I noticed his ring set with a beautiful Indian cat's-eye stone surrounded with diamonds, which in my opinion stamped him as an important person, although his purchase was small in value. Curious to know who he was I explained that it was our custom to register the name of all buyers of watches with their address, and asked for his. He answered, "Waterlow, Sir James Waterlow, London." I remembered seeing in the papers that he had just presented Waterlow Park to the city of London, England.

A lady and gentleman were buying souvenirs, when I suggested a diamond ring. On my pressing the sale the gentleman said he did not have the money with him although the ring pleased, so they would have to let it pass. I then offered to take his cheque. When signing it he asked what prompted me to trust him with so much value. My answer was, "Your ring to me stamps you as a gentleman." He asked, "Where do you think I bought it?" I answered, "Bond Street, London, or Tiffany's, New York." It was the latter firm who made it. My confidence was well placed and the cheque was duly paid. I have had many such experiences.

CHAPTER VII

St. James Street Store in 1889

In the year 1889 I bought out the fixtures, including the street clock, and lease of a defunct jewellery store at 255 St. James Street, Montreal, now changed to number 427.

I took out the old window and replaced it with one made in London, so we could adopt the English style of window display made possible by the invention used in my Notre Dame Street store.

We put in a fine new stock and decided to continue the one-price system. Our first customer selected a $55 watch and offered $50 for it. I explained that we had but one price and all articles were marked as low as we could sell them, but I failed to make the sale. Two wholesale merchants interested in my success happened to be in the office and overheard the conversation. They both agreed that if I refused money in that way I could not hope to succeed and left the store feeling very angry. They were no sooner gone than the watch customer returned and placing $55 on the counter asked for the watch he had been looking at. The two merchants also returned to argue further against my plan, when I took the "wind out of their sails" by shaking the money in their faces, saying I intended to sink or swim on the one-price policy.

My new adventure in St. James Street made it

necessary to take large credits, giving notes with the promise that they could be renewed for one-half the amount.

One day my largest creditor asked me to endorse two notes of his for $600 each, saying it was a matter of form only, but I refused to sign. A number of jewellers through the country endorsed for this merchant, which placed some in insolvency. Shortly after I heard he was in financial difficulties. I at once interviewed the manager of the bank, asking about the notes that I was promised would be renewed. He said I must get endorsers; this I refused to do, not because I could not get them, but it would call for me to endorse for others, and no matter what would be the consequence I would not ask any person to do that. Eventually I got the bank to renew without endorsers.

At the back of this store was a workshop with fourteen working jewellers making Convent and sport medals, also jewellery for stock and to fill orders. It soon became evident that Canadian hand-made designs could not compete against the imported stamped work made from elaborate dies and I realized it would be necessary to develop new attractive goods in order to retain my small staff of workmen.

I will now explain how I managed not only to keep my fourteen men going but in a short time to increase this department to 200 persons.

In the year 1893 American tourists returning from Europe via the St. Lawrence route, were anxious to purchase souvenir spoons of Montreal.

The only thing of that sort we could furnish quickly was a salt spoon with a ten-cent coin cupped as a bowl, and a twisted silver wire soldered to the coin for a handle. These were sold as fast as we could make them.

We used a twenty-five cent coin with a longer twisted handle, and sold this as a coffee spoon. I shall never forget the remark of the first American lady who purchased one of these spoons. "Isn't it cute, stirring one's coffee with Queen Victoria." We always selected new Queen Victoria coins for this purpose.

One day a tourist showed me a silver spoon, the handle of which was decorated with the Coat-of-Arms of a European city in enamel. I then decided if possible to teach myself the art of enamelling.

Having studied at a School of Art and Design in England I felt confident that if I could add color to design, a profitable trade could be developed in enamelled jewellery and souvenirs.

I made enquiries at both McGill and the New York City libraries for books treating on the art of enamelling on metals but as far as I could learn no such book had been printed in the English language up to the year 1893. I further learned that enamellers were taught from father to son, and where these craftsmen were employed they worked in secret.

Having found where enamel materials could be obtained, I began experimenting, and in time succeeded in producing a Dominion Coat-of-Arms and a Maple Leaf in silver enamelled in correct colors.

We used steel dies on which was placed the metal to be stamped, and with the aid of heavy drop hammers raised walls to take the enamel, dispensing with the labor of cutting out the spaces by hand.

When making articles too large for die work, we etched out the spaces, using acids for that purpose, which was a great saving of work. We then began to make enamelled souvenirs, using designs of local as well as Dominion interest. Our travellers covered the whole of Canada as far as Dawson City.

In the meantime merchants from the island of Bermuda, hearing of our enamels, visited us and gave considerable orders, asking that the Angel Fish be used as the central design.

We extended our business to Jamaica, Cuba, Mexico, Barbados, and the Panama Canal region, using designs of local interest. We often visited these countries to get suggestions, but never attempted to do business in the United States.

Our enamelling business increased so rapidly that we soon had 200 workers employed in the art and this success developed an ambition for further fields. So one day I packed my sample case and took passage for Liverpool.

My intention was to open business in London but I found it impossible to get a hearing in that great city and could not induce anyone even to look at my samples. So I called on a merchant with whom I had done business and told him of my difficulty. He said I must secure personal

introductions and offered to give me a half a day of his valuable time.

We went to the office of the Lord Mayor, Sir Faudel Phillips, and were given the name of a firm who represented us in England for many years.

I called on Lord Strathcona, showing him my samples. He asked me to present a number of the gold enamelled maple leaves, made as brooches, to the Prince Edward of Wales Hospital Fund, which I gladly did, adding to each leaf a small diamond.

I duly received a letter of thanks from Lord Strathcona, in which he stated that I would be pleased to know that the Princess Beatrice had bought one of these brooches for her mother, Queen Victoria.

On another trip to London I called on the Editor of the "Studio," art magazine, stating I was an amateur enameller in search of information. He advised me to buy a work on European enamels by Henry Cunnynghame. This book was published in 1906 and from the viewpoint of a practical enameller it is a wonderful treatise on an ancient art.

It was from this book I culled much information on medieval enamels, also the following quotation from the "Treatise," by Benvenuto Cellini, on enamelling, translated from the Italian in 1898, in which he says, "I propose telling you how to enamel on gold, and then on silver; there is little difference in applying the enamel, but red enamel

cannot be put on silver, because silver does not take it."

In my first experiments I found that red enamel became a muddy brown when applied to silver, but as I particularly wanted to enamel on that metal and to use red in the majority of pieces, I worked trying to overcome this difficulty. It is possible that had I known so great an authority as Cellini had stated that it could not be done, I might never have tried to do it.

After much experimenting, I discovered a plan to put red enamel on silver in spite of the fact that Cellini had said it could not be done. Enamelling was in its glory when this great Italian wrote the article from which I have quoted.

Just after the South African War I found a wonderful change in my reception in London. I had only to send in my card to bring out one or two partners, who said they could not allow a Canadian to pass without shaking hands and thanking him for the splendid manner in which Canada had helped them in their South African War.

When I first began experimenting in enamels I interviewed the manager of a glass factory asking how to make flux, which is the base of enamels. He said he would exchange information, I to tell him how to know a diamond. I said "The deal is off. The knowledge of a diamond can only be acquired by one who has a natural aptitude and then one must have much experience before it would be of any value." But he gave me a paper

bag full of red powder which I melted in a crucible for twelve hours, the result was a beautiful crystal of transparent glass; the powder he gave me was simply red lead, out of which imitation diamonds are made. Real diamonds are produced by intense natural heat and pressure in the centre of the earth, out of graphite which is black lead.

We made a great variety of enamelled spoon handles, creating a large market for souvenir spoons in Canada, West Indies, London and Scotland. On the bowls of the spoons were raised views of buildings and scenery.

The Angel Fish is one of the most beautiful in the world. Its iridescent blue coloring is impossible to copy, but in order to be as accurate as possible I had a colored drawing made of it by a New York artist. He went to the Aquarium, was permitted to take the fish out of the water and sketched it even to the size of its scales.

We were the first to make the enamelled Angel Fish. It became as popular in the West Indies as the Maple Leaf in Canada.

My first piece of work for Royalty was made in the year 1895. The Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts received an invitation to visit the Honorable Artillery Company of London. In early days these two regiments were closely connected and this invitation was the first official communication between these two organizations since 1766. The officers in command decided to present a jewel to Prince Edward of Wales, (afterwards King Edward), who was an Honorary

Colonel of the London Company. The central feature of the jewel was the Arms of the State of Massachusetts, viz., an Indian, which we enamelled in proper colors on fine gold, and framed it with diamonds. We were entrusted to make this jewel, being the only jewellers prepared to do this enamelled work on this side of the Atlantic. The Prince treated the visitors in a right royal manner and the colors of this Company were the first American insignia carried into Buckingham Palace. Two years after the London Company paid their return visit to Boston. At that time I was staying at the Adams House, Washington Street, and was an eye-witness of the enthusiastic manner in which the "Ancients," as they like to be called, received the London Company.

The following is a short history of the company, which was formed in 1637, and chartered in 1638 by Captain Robert Keayne and a group of men who were former members of the Honorable Artillery Company of London, as "a school for officers and a nursery for soldiers." The London Company has always been looked upon as the parent body. To this company came officers and members of the trained bands of the colony for military instruction, and it numbered among its members all the prominent men of the colony. Inasmuch as members wore the uniforms that were worn in the active service with the Militia, when on duty with the company, so to-day there are all sorts of uniforms in the ranks.

In the year 1908 I was a very successful man

with a good paying wholesale and retail business and my factory employing two hundred persons. We had extended our business through Canada from sea to sea. Our travellers regularly visited Mexico, Cuba, Jamaica, and the Bermuda islands and had established a splendid business in London, England.

The Mayor of Quebec, Sir George Garneau, gave an order for a casket to be given to His Royal Highness, Prince George of Wales, who was visiting Quebec with a splendid fleet of warships to celebrate Quebec's Tercentenary. This casket was the most important piece of work we ever made, and I personally delivered it at Quebec.

It was made of sterling silver, heavily gilded; on the left is the crest, and on the right are the arms of the Prince, enamelled in heraldic colors.

In the centre are the accepted arms of the city of Quebec in enamel.

The real arms are on a small shield at the side of Britannia, a lion holding a key, symbolizing that Quebec holds the key to the continent. Canadians will do well to remember this fact.

The centre decoration of the cover is a portrait of Champlain. It is quite possible that this was the first enamel portrait painting ever produced in Canada, and perhaps in America.

Within a few days of my return from that city I was attacked near my home in Westmount by three highwaymen; one jumped on my left knee with both feet until he broke my leg and otherwise mal-

treated me. It took two years' time before I had sufficiently recovered to attend to business, when I discovered that during my absence our volume of trade had nearly doubled, but instead of showing a profit it showed a very great loss. My long illness proved the wisdom of my father in deciding I should learn a trade in preference to art, so I gave up enamelling and ever since have devoted myself to my regular business, that of watchmaker and jeweller, paying especial attention to the importation of diamonds.

Although it is many years since I ceased enamelling, I have not lost my interest in it. May I say a few words as to its future.

History tells us that Art declines through war, and this has been especially true of enamelling.

Much of the world's wealth having crossed to this side of the Atlantic, it is to this Continent I look for its revival. I believe interior decoration will be an important field of adventure for the enameller.

Think of the beauty of grey iron doors with panels of colored cloisonne enamel! Where is there a better place for displaying its beauty than in the decoration of the mantelpiece and supports.

Remember that enamels on fine gold can be made to represent any shade of colour from blood red of the ruby to the color of flame. Enamels made with gold and uranium pigments glow upon gold like a fiery furnace.

If gold displays the various tones and hues of the

sun, silver is fitted to display those of the evening and night. This metal is best used with watery greens or blues.

Try to imagine pictures of enamel made in sections the same as stained glass windows. A skilful enameller can produce color effects on gold and silver equal to stained glass windows with a bright light behind them.

Knowing its possibilities, is it any wonder that I am enthusiastic as to the future of this beautiful art.

CHAPTER VIII

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE

IN THE autumn of 1920 I sailed from Montreal for Liverpool. The first evening on board I got into a discussion in the smoking-room with a party from near Toronto on their first trip to the Old Country. They began speaking in a slighting manner of French-Canadians. I said that the Province of Quebec was the freest and best in Canada and French-Canadians were all right when you got to know them, and told them I had lived in Montreal for over fifty years and had always received the kindest treatment, although I never could speak their language. I then gave them the following account of a kindness shown me by French-Canadians.

In the summer of 1880 I engaged board for my wife and child at the Brodeur Hotel in the village of Varennes, some seventeen miles down the river. The usual way to get there was by steamboat leaving Montreal in the afternoon and continuing down the river and returning to the city in the morning. One day I wrote my wife that I would spend Sunday with her and would row down with a boatman, leaving the city at eleven o'clock Saturday night. The river is from two to three miles wide with several islands, some heavily wooded. The night was very dark when we started

in a fifteen-foot row boat. As there were no lights to point the way I began to wonder how we should know the hotel which, with the village, would be in complete darkness before we could possibly get there. On passing an island some half mile from the shore we suddenly came into full view of the hotel with every window illuminated. When walking from the landing stage I noticed the lights go out one by one. On entering the hotel I found my wife alone in the parlor. It appeared that at the supper table she spoke of my intended trip and the boarders realized what a foolish journey it was, but said nothing to alarm her. At eleven o'clock the lady boarders asked if they might sit with her until my arival. They kept her company, telling their beads, and praying for my safe arrival, and engaged her in pleasant conversation until hearing me at the landing stage they bade her "Good night." It appeared the ladies had asked the landlord to illuminate the windows.

Although we were the only English-speaking boarders, whenever I was present English was spoken. This was out of courtesy to me as they knew I did not understand the French language, although my wife did.

In the early eighties I saw two merchants talking together opposite my store in St. Joseph Street. They seemed so serious that I asked what was the trouble. They told me that a neighbor had just died leaving a family of six with no means of sup-

port and that they intended calling on merchants for subscriptions. They gladly accepted my offer to go with them and help, and made me treasurer. They knew I did not speak French, and it was to that nationality they were going to appeal for funds. The first we called on was a wealthy manufacturer in St. Martin Street, a Mr. Rodier, afterwards Senator. After my two friends had pleaded for some time Mr. Rodier handed me a four dollar bill. I asked him what it was for. He answered in English that it was his subscription for the poor family. I refused to take the money, asking what the language was these gentlemen spoke. He answered "French." I said that I often wished I could speak French but I had changed my mind. It might be a splendid language to use in making love, but it was no use to beg with. I then said, "Mr. Rodier, I am going to give you a few words in Anglo-Saxon. We want $100 and we want it quick, and I am going to sit here until we get it. We have many places to go and our time is short." My two friends expected we would be put out of the office by force, but instead Mr. Rodier offered me $10, increasing the amount in tens. I then said, "Tell your book-keeper to make out a cheque for $100 and sign it." In a few minutes I got the cheque and slapping me on the back Mr. Rodier called out "Bon garçon, bon garçon." With this we thanked him and left. What no doubt influenced him was the forceful pleading of a young Englishman for the family of a French-

Canadian. We collected several hundreds of dollars that day.

Next morning I met a gentleman who held out his hand for me to shake at the same time thanking me very heartily for my defense of the French-Canadians the night before in the smoking-room. I said I did not deserve any thanks for telling the truth, but he answered, "It is not every person who would speak as you did." I then asked his name, which was "Madore," from Quebec. He was a priest, travelling in mufti. I then asked permission to introduce these Ontario fellow-travellers and they were soon the best of friends. They asked to be allowed to take the portraits of Father Madore and myself on one card and three months after I duly received my copy. I am sure they did good work on returning to Ontario in recounting the good things they had learned about the people in the Province of Quebec.

In 1920 I attended morning service at Westminster Abbey, London, and was met by a Verger who asked me to follow him to a seat, which happened to be in the choir and in the upper row next to the parson. On looking around I saw some six or eight men seated like myself in different parts of the choir. When the clergy and choristers marched in they filled every seat. I enjoyed the music and singing very much. It reminded me of home and of what I had been accustomed to at St. John the Evangelist, Montreal. I took Communion that morning. As I walked up to the

Chancel I saw just ahead of me an old Montrealer named Campbell Nelles and his wife. We had a chat afterwards. In the evening I attended the Abbey and after the service, while I was looking at the grave of the Unknown Soldier, who should slap me on the back but Mayor McLagan of Westmount!

Two years after, while on my last visit to London, I attended morning service at the old Knights Templar Church, Temple Gardens. The Verger showed me to a seat in the body of the Church and looking around for my wife I saw her being taken to a seat high up in the side gallery. I had not realized till then that men and women were not allowed to sit together in the Temple.

The service was beautifully rendered and the sermon preached by the Master of the Temple was of the highest order. My wife, who is a Presbyterian, enjoyed it very much. It was interesting to see the effigies, life size, of the old Crusaders, lying on their graves clad in armour. Outside the Church was the tomb of Oliver Goldsmith, the friend of Dr. Samuel Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds. We had heard that the Church of England was in decadence but all the Churches we visited were filled to overflowing.

. . . . .

During the intervening eight years I have given five lectures in connection with my business, namely, "Antique Clocks," "Antique Watches," "The Romance of the Diamond," "Ancient Rings,"

L'entente cordiale

"Ancient and Modern Enamels," and now as my eighty-fourth birthday and sixtieth anniversary in business occur simultaneously, it seems a fitting time to produce a souvenir of the years that are past. And if those who open my book and look back with me have as much pleasure in reading it as I have had in writing it, I shall be well repaid.

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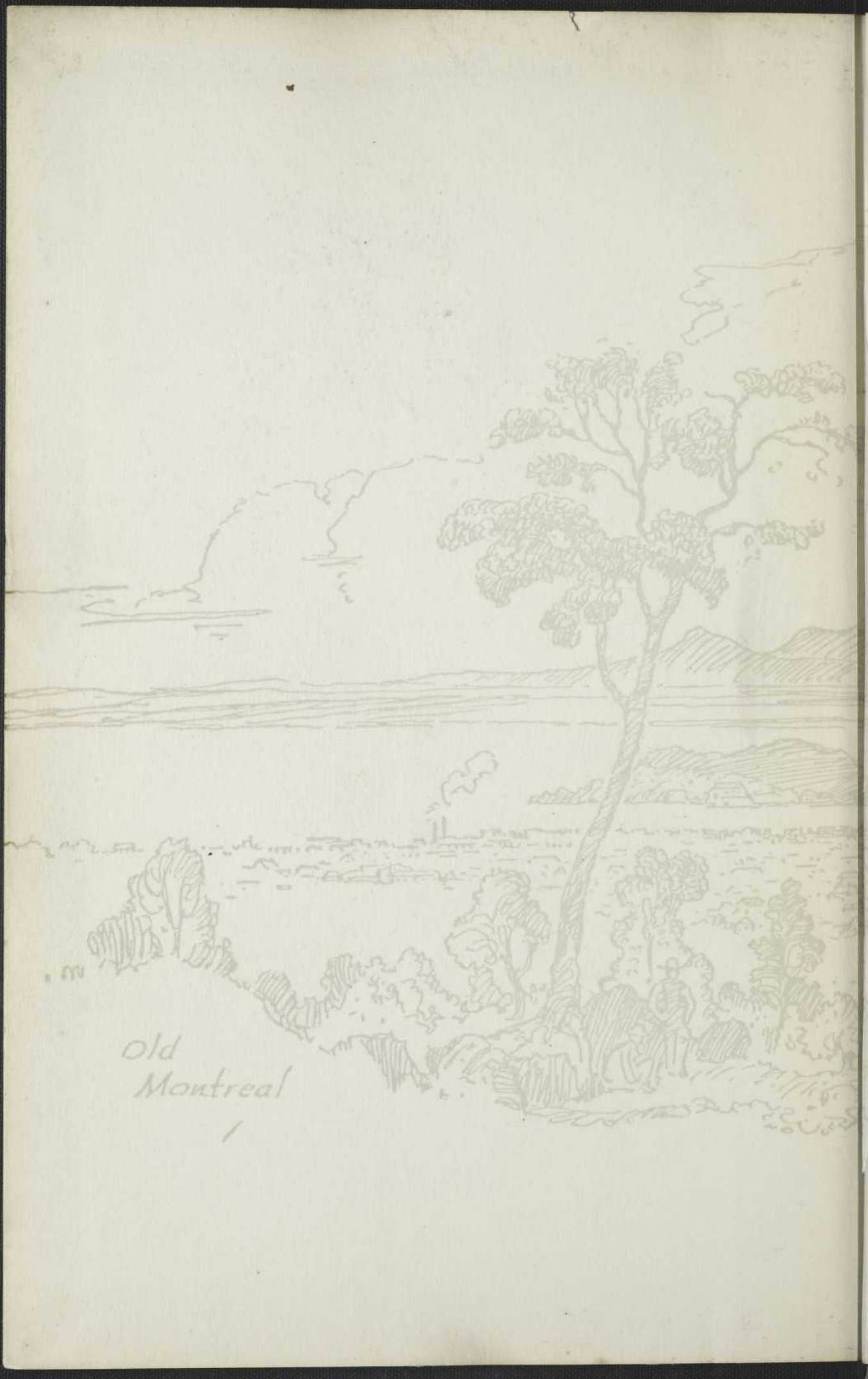
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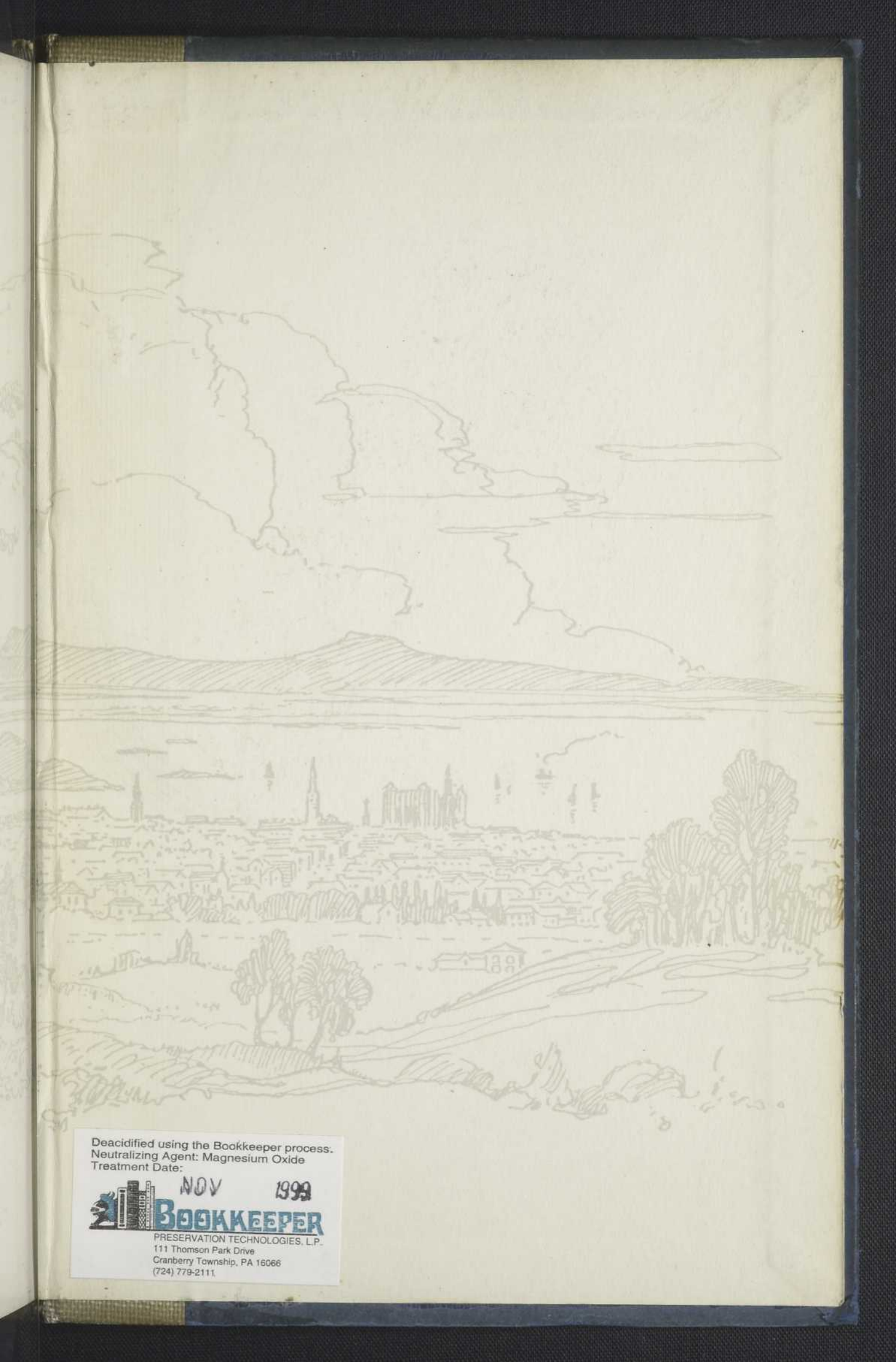

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