

[8] I commenced to neglect my regular business until it got very low, although I managed to turn one dollar each day to my mother. The station agent at Mt. Clemens permitted me to sit in the Telegraph office and listen to the instrument; one day his little boy was playing on the track when a freight train came along—and I luckily came out just in time to pull him off the track; his mother saw the operation and fainted. This put me in the good graces of Mr. Mackenzie, the agent, and he took considerable pains to teach me, as I kept at it about 18 hours a day I soon became quite proficient. I then put up a telegraph line from the station to the village a distance of 1 mile and opened an office in a drug store, but the business was small and the operator at Port Huron knowing my proficiency and who wanted to go into the U.S.M. Telegraph, where the pay was high, succeeded in convincing his brother-in-law (Mr. Walker) that I could fill the position all right. Mr. Walker had a jewelry store and had charge of the W.U. Tel. office. As I was to be found at the office both day and night, sleeping there, I became quite valuable to Mr. Walker. After working all day I worked at the office nights as well for the reason that press report came over one of the wires until 3 A.M., and I would cut in and copy it as well as I could, to become more rapidly proficient; the goal of the rural telegraph operator was to be able to take press. Mr. Walker tried to get my father to apprentice me at 20 dollars per month, but they could not agree. I then applied for a job on the Grand Trunk R.R. as a railway operator and was given a place nights at Stratford Junction, Canada. This night job just suited me as I could have the whole day to myself. I had the faculty of sleeping in a chair any time for a few minutes at a time. I taught the night yardman my call, so I would get ½ hour sleep now and then between trains and in case the station was called, the watchman would awaken me. One night I got an order to hold a freight train and I replied that I would. I rushed out to find the signalman, but before I could find him and get the signal set, the train run past. I ran to the Telegraph Office and reported I couldn't hold her, she had run past. The reply was "Hell". The despatcher on the strength of my message that I would hold the train, had permitted another to leave the last station in the opposite direction. There was a lower station near the Junction where the day operator slept. I started for it on foot. The night was dark and I fell in a culvert and was knocked senseless.

[9] However, the track was straight, the trains saw each other, and there was no collision. The next morning Mr. Carter, the station agent and myself were ordered to come at once to the main office in Toronto. We appeared before the General Superintendent, W. J. Spicer who started in hauling Mr. Carter over the coals for permitting such a young boy to hold such a respon-

sible position. Then he took me in hand and stated that I could be sent to Kingston States Prison, etc. Just at this point, three English swells came into the office. There was a great shaking of hands and joy all around; feeling that this was a good time to be neglected I silently made for the door; down the stairs to the lower freight station, got into the caboose going on the next freight, the conductor who I knew, and kept secluded until I landed a boy free of fear in the U.S. of America.

[11] After selling papers in Port Huron, which was not reached until about 9.30 at night, I seldom reached home before 11 or 11.30 at night, about $\frac{1}{2}$ way from the station and the town and within 25 feet of the road in a dense woods was a soldiers graveyard, where 300 soldiers were buried, due to a cholera epidemic which took place at Fort Gratiot near by many years previously. At first we used to shut our eyes and run the horse past this graveyard, and if the horse stepped on a twig, my heart would be given violent movement and it is a wonder that I haven't some valvular disease of that organ, but soon this running of the horse became monotonous and after a while all fear of graveyards absolutely disappeared from my system. I was in the condition of Sam Houston, the pioneer and founder of Texas, who it was said knew no fear. Houston lived some distance from the town and generally went home late at night, having to pass through a dark cyprus swamp over a corduroy road; one night to test his alleged fearlessness, a man stationed himself behind a tree and enveloped himself in a sheet; he suddenly confronted Houston, who stopped and said—If you are a man you can't hurt me; if you are a ghost you don't want to hurt me; if you are the devil, come home with me, I married your sister.

[12] When a boy, the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, came to Canada. Great preparations were made at Sarnia, a Canadian town opposite Port Huron. About every boy, including myself, went over to see the affair. The town was draped in flags most profusely and carpets were laid on the crosswalks for the Prince to walk on; there were arches etc. A stand was built, raised above the general level, where the Prince was to be received by the Mayor. Seeing all these preparations, my idea of a prince was very high, but when he did arrive, I mistook the Duke of Cambridge for the Prince. He, (the Duke) being a large fine looking man, I soon saw that I was mistaken, that the Prince was a young stripling and did not meet expectations. Several of us started to express our belief that a prince wasn't much after all and that we were thoroughly disappointed. For this, one boy was whipped. Soon the Cunnoct boys attacked the Yankee boys and we were all badly licked. I, myself, got a black eye. This has always prejudiced me against this kind of ceremonial and folly.

[13] While a newsboy on the train, one day a messenger from