

the saw mill. When I went to work for him, Mrs. Bronson was at her father's with her twin babies, Erskine and Gertrude, about a year old. Mrs. Bronson was about ready to go back to Lake Pharaoh, and I was to report there to Mr. Bronson. It was arranged that I should accompany Mrs. Bronson and the twins. It was a long day's drive in a double-wagon, with heavy springs under the box and the seats arranged with the trunks behind them to rest our backs against. The twins were so small they had to be held. I held one of them most of the time, and their mother the other. We drove to a place called Garfield Hotel, on the shore of the lake, reaching there in time for dinner. It was eleven miles from there to the mill, but there was a road from the head of the lake to its outlet, where the mill and the headquarters and the boarding house were, and where the families of the mill men lived. They usually had a boat at the head of the lake in which to go down to the mill, but when we reached there we found someone had taken it, and it was necessary (it was almost dark), for us to drive two miles and a half through the woods, over a rough road, and Mrs. Bronson, with one child on her lap, and myself, with the other, as you can imagine, were pretty well shaken up, and very tired when we got there. Mr. Bronson sought to learn who had taken the boat, but I don't remember whether or not he found out.

### BEGINNING IN LUMBER

The first work I did in the mill was on the edger, edging lumber. The edger then used had a narrow carriage, 12 or 14 feet long and 14 to 16 inches wide, and on which we placed a board and pushed it through by a saw which took off one edging, and when brought back we turned the board over and pushed it through again, taking off another edging. That would be a strange method to men in our modern mills, with modern edgers. Wages were \$13 a month, and board, during the sum-

mer, and \$12 and board during the winter, while cutting the logs.

I was not there two years before it was thought proper in the absence of Mr. Bronson, to put me in charge of the work. Mr. Bronson had looked after the repairs of the mill, and would take a lantern to all parts of it at night, to see that everything was in order to start in the morning; and as he usually took me with him, I became familiar with the work to be done. In the winter I had charge of the cutting of the logs and of having the saws and axes and everything else in readiness for the men. The last winter I was there I took a severe cold. One of the teams had broken through the ice on the small lake we had to cross. I was in charge of the camp, and hurried to the lake to get the horses and help the men out of the lake, which was done in short order, but I got very warm and took a severe cold. I was taken to the headquarters at the mill, and was very ill with fever for three or four weeks. A doctor was brought in from Bolton, Lake George, to treat me. He made several trips, some thirty or forty miles distance, and brought me out all right; and as soon as I was able to be moved he took me in his sleigh to his own house, at Lake George, where I remained about a month. The doctor was a half-breed Mackinaw whom the ladies of Waterford, N. Y. had educated and looked after until he was settled in practice at Bolton. Some time before I was taken to his house he had married a daughter of a Mr. Smith, one of the prominent men of Bolton. She was a very competent person and treated me nicely. While I was at the doctor's house a millwright who was engaged to build a mill about eighteen miles from Kingston, Canada, had recommended me to a retired Presbyterian minister at Schenectady, N. Y., named Fox, who was one of the company building the mill, saying he thought I would be just the man for manager. When I was well enough I went to see Mr. Fox, who by his marriage had inherited a large property,

and after learning what he would expect me to do, I told him I would soon let him know whether I would accept his proposition, which was to give me \$1,000 a year, with my board. That was so much more than I had been getting that it was a tempting proposition. I took the matter up with Mr. Bronson and he advised me to accept.

#### MANAGER—LAW IN CANADA

Mr. Fox gave me a letter to his partner at Kingston, a Mr. Angling, then city treasurer of Kingston, and a prominent business man. After talking things over with Mr. Angling he took me to the mill, then well along under construction. It was being furnished with a slabbing-gang, a stock-gang, and what we called an English gate (consisting of two saws in one sash or frame), to cut the large logs, the slabbing-gang to cut the medium logs, and make stock for the other gang. The stock-gang had thirty saws hung for cutting inch lumber. The stocks were generally made twelve inches thick when the log was large enough. The mill would cut about 150,000 feet a day.

It was about two months before the mill was ready to run. It was on the Rideau canal, that was made up by the canal and lakes between what was then By-town (now Ottawa), and Kingston, and about eighteen miles from Kingston. The canal was a government work and had at that point, Brewer's mills, four or five locks with a lift of about eighty feet, and was built to overcome a rapid in the Rideau river. The back water from Lake Ontario stood back to within a foot of those locks. The locks were built in a substantial manner, with cut stone, and the government had provided a large, fine stone house for the lock-master. There had previously been a small mill at that point, run by water power. The new mill was run by water power from one end of the dam, which backed the water into a lake six or eight miles long. Mr. Angling had obtained a con-