

John was a police-man and respected as such by offenders of the law, but what a hard task he had in days gone by. The town with a population of six or eight thousand people never thought of having six or eight policemen — one Chief and an assistant, that's all. The Chief was poundkeeper, tax collector, dog catcher, truant officer and in a sense a license inspector all in one. He carried a long "billie" and used it frequently when drunks got out of control. One lonely policeman was called on to settle fights all by himself and was often pounced on by two or three inebriated men. John generally got his man and lugged him off on foot to the "cooler" with a crowd of people following in a mood of curiosity. Remember the raid this one policeman had to flatten out single-handed? He was the receiver of rotten eggs, and tomatoes and sometimes bricks and stones, but he did his duty. He did the work of three or four policemen of to-day. Then at the close of the day he entered up his reports, received the fines in police court and kept the books. What a difference a few years ago and to-day when the policemen of to-day work

on an eight hour schedule, instead of twenty-four hours, when they receive a new uniform every year, drive around in a cruiser and do a beat in pairs instead of being alone, when they carry "billies" and guns and are given every protection possible by the courts.

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Well we remember a different type of "character" a very loveable character who was the idol of many young as well as adult people. He belonged to the clergy, was rather Christ-like in appearance and in attitude and manner. A reverent gentleman who was the very essence of good living. This loveable character has been the mainspring of many a community. He was a type of clergyman who was at all times charitable towards others and who practiced charity among his fellow townsmen. He was the builder of character and the personification of a Christian gentleman.

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We recall another type of town character, the historian. Sam was born in the community over four score years ago, who worked at manual labor all his life and to use his own expression was as "tough as nails". He fell off a roof while engaged in his tinsmithing trade, he almost died from pneumonia, his heart was bad and he fell down cellar stairs, but he always came bobbing to the top. He was the type who remembered when the first railway, the first street light, the first wagon, the first motor car and the first paved road came into being. He remembered the various Mayors of the town and their

peculiarities, he recalled when vaarious important buildings were erected, the first town band and the bandsmen, the first agricultural fair, the Boer War and all subsequent wars and gave dates and figures to back up his statements — all from his head. He was a valuable type of citizen and there is one in practically every town.

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"J. B." was a man of different aspects of character. He was a self-made business man, a curler, loved to attend the opening game of baseball at Toronto stadium, took an interest in the town band, was a "joiner" and high up in the the Sons of England. His greatest love appeared to be for the church where he was an official for many years and a leader in the work of the Sunday school. He was the first churchman who devised the policy of estimating what a churchman should actually give to the funds of the church. He, too, had a bad temper as evidenced the day he struggled with a fellow citizen of different political stripe on the main street or the night he attempted to the throw the then Mayor "R. M. B." out the Council window. He was one of the first business men to take his employees into his confidence and operate on a sharing basis, by giving them an interest in the business. He was loyal to his friends and not too charitable towards his foes - a type of character to be found in almost every town and village.