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Gone, But Not Forgotten More About Mr. "Thomas"

CHAPTER II.

To-day we commence the second chapter of that interesting story, entitled, "Tantalizing Thomas," or "The Triple-Tongued Tooter's Toot." It is a narrative in which a shoe factory looms up largely, and, of course, it is a "sole" stirring one.

In yesterday's issue we referred to the bursting of the Thomas bubble, and the departure of that "promoter" to parts unknown without leaving his future address. There was hardly a citizen in town but who enjoyed a hearty laugh, with the possible exception of those who had a split lip, and of course they are excused. Men who never smiled before suddenly possessed themselves of the Quaker Oats grin. It was undoubtedly the greatest joke ever sprung on a community, and the more one looks into it, the richer it gets. Probably no place in the Province can claim the distinction of being the centre of such a scheme, with the possible exception of Berlin, which had a ripe one worked on it a few years ago. It was a big undertaking, and it required a consummate general to carry it out. That it was cleverly handled until it was exploded, no one will deny. Thomas was evidently not a doubting Thomas, so far as the ultimate success of his scheme was concerned. He lost no time on his arrival here in getting down to business, and the manner in which he unravelled his plans, the deception he practised and in fact his whole demeanor stamped him as a finished actor.

He was not an educated man by any means, but he was just clever enough to set afloat a plot, which, if carried to a finish, would have made some of us sit up. He played a desperate game, but his operations extended over too long a period.

Had he accomplices? Did he represent an aggregation of flimflammers? Has he tried this game before, and with what success? These are questions the citizens are asking each other. If he is ever arrested, and his record is exposed, it is believed that he will turn out to be a schemer of some repute.

Only those who were closely identified with the man in the negotiations carried on in connection with the proposed factory and in other business matters, are in a position to fully realize the wonderful nerve he possessed. His conferences with our citizens left no loophole whereby his sincerity could be questioned.

He was the very exemplification of energy and activity, and in all his negotiations there was an entire lack of bluff or pompous bearing. It was truly remarkable how agreeable he was at times, as was evidenced by the manner in which he accepted the agreements entered into between the town and himself—an agreement which hedged him in on all sides.

On several occasions he allowed his feigned indignation to assert itself. When Mayor Begg took action regarding an agreement with the town after the Council of the Board of Trade had done its duty. Mr. T.'s righteous indignation was aroused, and he threatened to leave town. Then when he was asked by a local bank manager to state where his "Cobalt" was resting, he was insulted and refused to do business with that gentleman. His last indignation stunt took place at the Standard Bank, when the manager requested him to throw off the mask and settle his account. His outburst on this occasion was an incandescent success, and he requested the manager to strike his name off the books. It is unnecessary to state that the gentleman readily acceded to his request.

He was a snap for the scribes on the local newspapers. It was so easy to approach him, and it was remarkable how anxious he was to report. A Post representative remembers

on his "undertaking" driving in with him one morning from the Riverside cemetery in a Sinclair buggy, which Dougall says he paid for, and behind a black mare which he bought (?) from Mr. Armstrong. My, how big he talked! He said he had hired twenty-five men for the cemetery job and only nine had turned up. He was "down" on strong drink but some claim he gave illustrations at frequent intervals of how he would "down" it, but only in the presence of a few selected ones. Of course this was only for effect.

But to get back to the cemetery story. The scribe started to comment on the speed of the black mare, when Mr. Thomas broke in with the statement that he intended bringing over a string of horses from Cleveland that would sweep the Province. This was only a "night-mare," but we believed it at the time. Yes, we acknowledge we did. But there are others, so that we can all afford to laugh.

A few days afterwards he visited the sanctuary and generously allowed us to read a letter (written in lead pencil) from an aunt in Cleveland. The dear old soul wanted him to buy a house and lot for her in Lindsay, as she intended coming over here to reside, and she further intended handing over her entire fortune to him. We happened to have Mr. Thomas' signature before us, and the fine Italian hand of the promoter could be seen in the letter. The writing was identical!

He was a fiend after typewriters, and he sent in an order for a consignment sufficient to do all the office work of the different firms in town. A Peterboro firm received an order for seven or eight, and they were just about to be shipped. The Oliver typewriter Co. also got a share of the business, and their agent sent in an order for about the same number.

The facility with which he paid out money on small accounts and secured options on certain lots was very encouraging for a starter. One Kent-st. merchant handed him the keys of two houses near the sight of the proposed factory, but the keys are still missing.

He even paid \$100 to the cemetery company for the old brick. This was very successful as a curtain raiser to his unfinished drama. Then the tannery scheme was another strong card. It was so strong, in fact, that we can almost detect the odor arising from the leather in the vats. That tannery was truly a "skin" proposition, the last card in his pack. His after-dinner speech at the Board of Trade where he arose amid the plaudits of an enthusiastic populace, was a masterpiece. The most eloquent part of it was the finish. There were men present at the meeting who scratched the cranfams at the conclusion of his "speech" and thought unthinkable things. Others who were present have been scratching ever since and wondering how it happened.

Then his "business trip" to Toronto was real cute. He bought a return ticket, and when the train was winding its way to Burketon he sent back word with the conductor that he would be domiciled at the Walker House. Up to this hour we have not heard of Thomas, but we will always have recollections of his visit to this town. He was besieged with applications for positions from stenographers and others, but the applicants have very wisely reconsidered giving up their present positions.

We could write several columns more, because we feel like it, but we must cease. Peterboro and other town may jibe us, but we have braced ourselves and are prepared for it. Of course Peterboro will reconsider its decision to discharge its Industrial Commissioner if it does that we will be willing to give them the industry.

EXCITING MOOSE HUNT

Remarkable Incident in the Lives of Railway Path Finders

A letter from Mr. Charles J. Bruce, one of the engineers laying out the line of the proposed Hudson Bay railway, contains the description of a man and a moose, illustrative of the fearlessnes of the individuals who make up these path-finder parties in the far north. There are three surveying parties at work between the Pas and York factories, and the scene described occurred on the Nelson river. The country is a sportsman's paradise, literally swarming with game. The adventure in question occurred about the latter part of July, and is told as follows:

"Silent" Jack Labelle and Scotty were exploring a creek running into the bay in front of the camp. Paddling around a point they came into a little lake, and in the middle of the lake a young bull moose was swimming across. They didn't have a gun, knife, or weapon of any kind, but that didn't have any effect on "Silent" Jack, a Maniwaki boy, by the way, and our head packer. He wanted that moose, and he was going to get him. In spite of the frenzied protests of "Scotty," who was sure he was going to be upset and drowned, Jack laid the canoe alongside of the moose and went to him with a paddle. The first blow sheared the moose's ear off as though it had been done with a knife. The second smashed the paddle to smithereens on his horns. Nothing put out by this, Jack caught the horns and pulled the canoe on the animal's neck to try and keep its head under water and drown it. But the moose was too strong, and it took some quick paddle work from the now hysterical Scotty in the bow to keep from capsizing. The contestants were getting near the shore by this time and Jack, fearful of losing the fresh meat for three days which that lively animal represented, and regardless of a little thing like a disparity of three hundred pounds between his weight and the weight of the moose, went overboard and crept onto the moose's back. Once he was on the moose's back, Scotty had in sole charge of the canoe, and Jack, leisurely to observe one of the liveliest leisure to be seen. At times he was duels he ever had it was Jack down-uncertain whether the moose drowning Jack. Unfortunately, which extended its feet on a sandbar solid ground, shook Jack off with ease. He Labelle, with a badly ripped shirt, went to late rival's horns had almost caught him, with his lungs filled with water, and his hair full of mud, watched that roast moose, venison steak, moose pot pie, and broiled tongue disappear in the woods at forty miles an hour. He justified his sobriquet of "Silent" Jack, for the things he said are not repeat-able nor printable."

KING AND SHEPHERD BOY

An Interesting Incident of a Motor Excursion

During a recent motor-car excursion in the neighborhood of Busaco, where he is taking the waters, King Manuel met a youthful goatherd tending his flock. His Majesty chatted with the boy, questioning him about his native village. The goatherd answered, quite unaware of the identity of the questioner.

The King asked if he knew how to read, and the boy replied, "No," but said, "At night when I go to bed my mother always tells me to say two 'Ave Marias,' one for the soul of my father and the other for the soul of our King who was killed in Lisbon."

A hush fell on those who accompanied the young King, and his Majesty, greatly moved, tore a page from his notebook and wrote some words on it. "Give your mother this paper," he said, "and tell her to take it to the priest and ask him to read it to her." The boy did so, and the priest read the following words:—"May happiness fall on those who thus bring up their children—Manuel Rex." To add to the poor woman's astonishment and delight the priest handed to her a sum of money sent to him for her by the King.

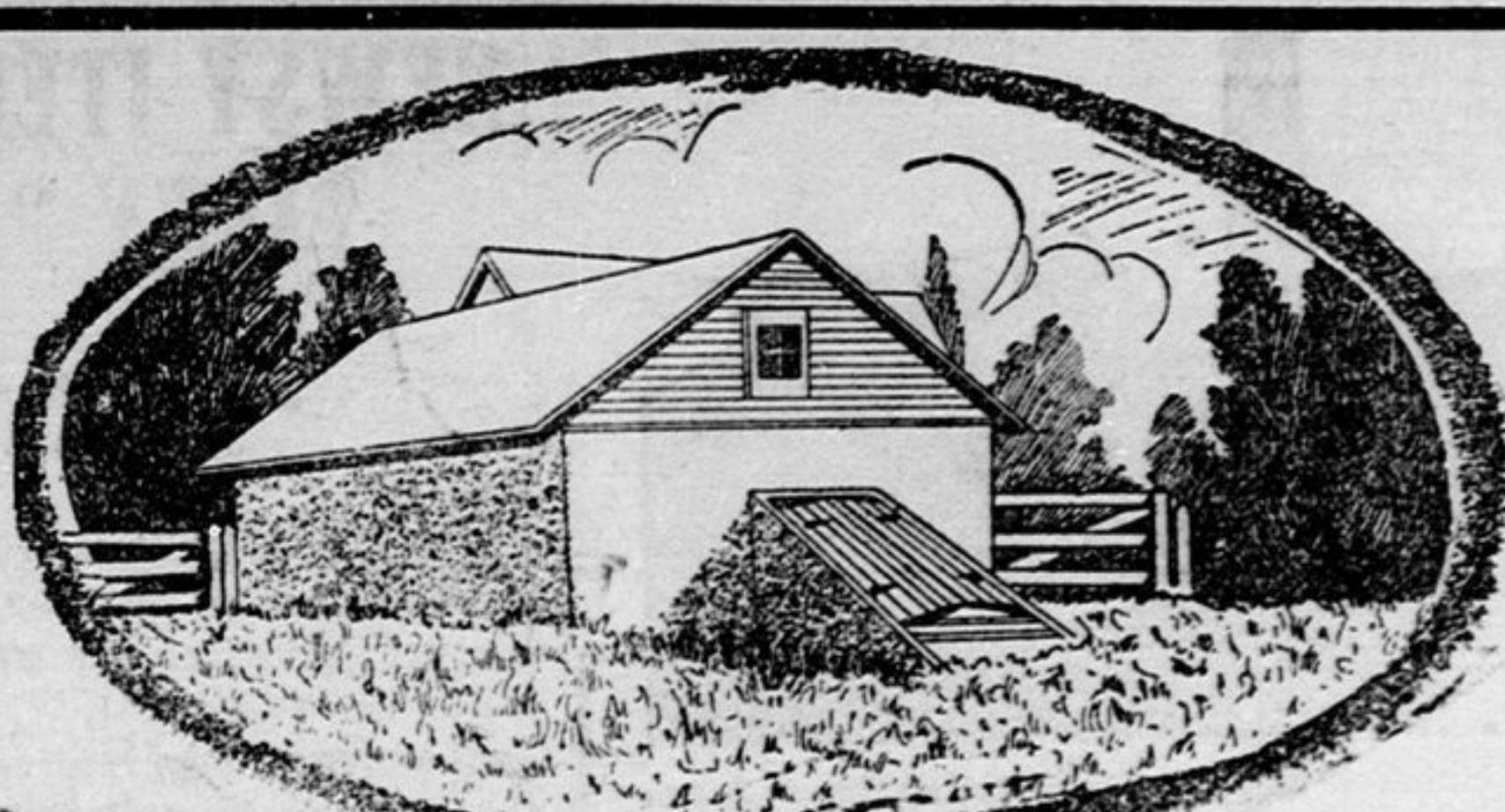
WATER IN LONDON

The quantity of water used last year for washing streets and courts in the City of London was 77,424,000 gallons.

Wedding Bells

WILSON—McMANN

A pretty wedding took place at the residence of the bride's parents on Wednesday, Nov. 2nd, when Miss Eva V., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Wilson, of Wellwood, Man. was united in marriage to Mr. Ernest F. McMann, of Rossduff, Sask., son of Mr. and Mrs. William McMann, Reaboro, Ontario, the Rev. W. Ferrier



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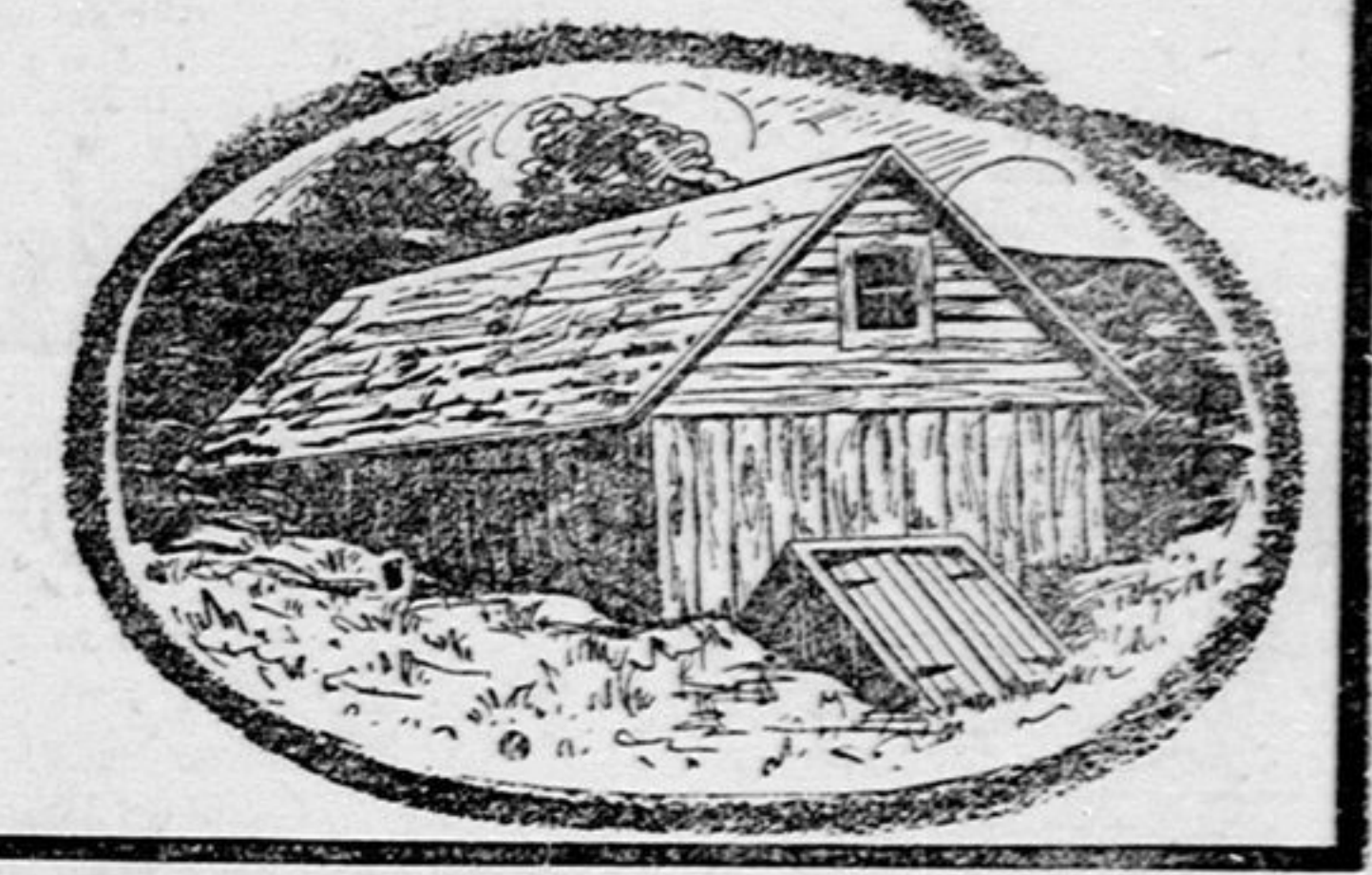
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Fallen, spent a day here lately with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mark, Mrs. Rich, of Mariposa is a guest of Miss Maggie O'Connell.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Butler last week, leaving a fine baby boy. A good time is expected at the

and the proceedings were carried out pleasantly. Mr. Wesley Benson, of the 8th. con.

extinguished before much damage was done.

Continued on page 4.

their Xmas concert on the 23rd of this month.