

president of the firm, and Mr. Malcolm, the secretary, secured an expressman at great cost. They galloped to the door, Malcolm gathered the books, Sir James jerked the portrait from the wall, then they mounted the waggon and dashed through the shower of burning embers to safety, books and picture uninjured.

Following the "Centennial" at Philadelphia, Bridgman and Perre remained some months in that city with a view to establishing a studio. Left alone at Toronto I could work out portrait problems "on my own". In this freehand liberty I found my footing and worked passionately as health permitted in expectation of study in Europe and with a keener perception of the individuality of my subjects. One of these was William Gooderham, Sr., the founder of the firm, Gooderham & Worts Ltd.

During sittings he told many stories with jocund relish; one, an incident while he was in the British Army in operations against the French on the island of Martinique.

"We were in retreat," he said, "and Jimmy Sullivan's canteen strap, cut by a slug, left the canteen clattering a yard behind the flying soldier. 'Pick up your canteen,' I called. 'Be japers, if me mother wuz there I wouldn't wait fer her,'" was his breathless reply.

Gooderham founded the Bank of Toronto. A "run" once occurred on the bank, and a menacing crowd threatened its demolition, as the doors had been closed against them. Hearing of the disturbance he mounted a horse and galloped up. He rode amongst the mob and shouted, "If you damage the building, your money will have to rebuild it, and you'll get nothing; if you go home quietly you'll be paid every ha'penny." They took his advice, and in a short time were paid in full.

The portrait of his eldest son, William, hangs in Victoria College historic collection. One day, before the portrait was painted, I called on a matter outside my profession, and found his manner brusque. On learning I was a son of Thomas Forster of Norval, his mood changed on the instant. He had been in charge of the Norval mills and store, and remembered, he said, the young farmer who had greatly influenced his life.

James Gooderham, second son, followed William at Norval. He built its little brick church, and gave the deed to the congregation. My grandfather, James Forster, was linked with him in this enterprise, and he became my father's life-long friend. Meeting me on King Street after my years in France, he seized my arm and walked with me up and down this popular thoroughfare, wishing, I believe, to bring the attention and recognition of his acquaintances to the young artist whom he in this way proclaimed his friend.

Wh
and st
strong
neigh
Gra
struth
thank
and in
Canac
but it
rivers
on oc
the R
habit
A
art.
the s
laugh
day
style
but
or m
and
Gra
up t
is g
lyin
in th
he
saw
old
F
On
tire
I sa
bet
I t

FRIENDS OF FORMER YEARS

When James Gooderham took charge of the mills and store in Norval, he and my grandfather became a strong team in evangelistic work in the village and neighbourhood.

Grandfather Forster, like his Carmichael and Anstruther ancestors, had the genius of an Isaac Walton, thanks to fine practice in the streams of Cumberland, and in the days of the salmon runs in the rivers of Upper Canada. These salmon runs were only a tale to me, but it was the joy of my boy life to visit him in his riverside cottage in Glen Williams and accompany him on occasions when he would try a "cast" for trout in the River Credit. He knew with marvellous insight the habits, retreats, and tastes of those sensitive game fish.

A neighbour of his was ambitious to rival him in the art. After many failures, he ventured one day to ask the secret of grandfather's unfailing success. The latter laughingly answered, "It's all in my old hat". Next day what should appear but a hat of similar colour and style on the head of the rival. His hopes were high, but lo ! no better luck. He had overlooked the score or more artificial flies that decorated the original hat and had forgotten still more the head that was in it. Grandfather saw him one day taking his way with rod up the river's side, and he smiled and said, "Mr. ——— is going to a certain place. There are two good trout lying there, but he won't get either of them; the wind's in the wrong airt." Sure enough, on the fisher's return, he was interviewed and confessed his failure. I, who saw this incident, remember the cheerful chuckle of the old sage as he told of the man's answer.

His maxims were equally masterful in wisdom. One day, after a long tramp, I complained of being tired. He asked, "What do you do when weary?" I said, "Sit down and rest." "Oh, no, my boy, a far better way is to take a long breath and begin again." I thank his memory still for that good adage.