The EDITH and LORNE PIERCE COLLECTION of CANADIANA

Queen's University at Kingston
POETICAL DIRECTORY!

—OF—

PENETANGUISHENE

AND BUSINESS MEN OF THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

By A. G. CHURCHILL.

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PENETANGUISHENE.

Where nature hath lavished and art does bestow,
To build a fine city in Ontario;
King George built a fortress in Penetanguishene,
When the wars were all over from '12 to '15,
And peace was acknowledged in treaty at Ghent,
By national Sovereigns and States' President.
Antiquities standing tell volumes on shore,
Where the loud drums were beating and cannons did roar.
In McKenzie's rebellion, to check the vile den,
Commanders were sent on and armies of men;
And now peace and plenty in Penetanguishene,
Since the welcome coronation of our noble Queen.
Instead of the barracks, an exile reform,
One hundred and eighty young convicts do swarm.
Rude lads must assemble, and serve out their time,
Under sentence convicted for actual crime;
Some learn cooking business and some learn to bake,
Some learn to be coopers, and some to shoemake;
Some learn to be tailors, and some make cigar,
Some master-builders with compass and square—
Each one must learn morals and manners polite,
Arithmetic, reading, and also to write;
Grammatical teaching in separate schools,
Grand speeches and sermons in bright golden rules.
SAMUEL McLAUGHLIN, Chief Guard and Steward.

For the aid of the author our poem he signed,
A man of great presence, and greater his mind—
Deep as the Atlantic and Pacific wide—
A keeper of keepers, trustworthy, allied.
Next to the grand Warden he stands in renown,
All round the department both up stairs and down,
To act and transact, to direct and to guard,
Like a walled town or city inside of the yard.
Magnificent domes on the buildings within,
With slate roofs in splendor and glittering tin;
In architect lordly, commanding and tall,
Takes the eye in its beauty outside of the wall;
In national grandure supremely sublime,
The oracle mandate for juvenile crime.—
Our hero's majestic, he is valiant and tall,
In love of the rulers, the convicts and all.

EDWARD WALKER MURPHY, Teacher in the Reformatory.

First-class certificates Inspector's fill,
Tell good reputation and competent skill,
To teach all the branches that science unrolls,
From the grand centre circle to north and south poles.
A lumbering, farming, industrious boy,
Self-graduated to a teacher's employ;
Five years Section Seven in Township of Tay,
And six in the Prison preceptor in sway.
With never a challenge, complaint or debate,
Has taught and has lumbered in the United States;
And be it remembered and also proclaimed,
To toil for a living he is not ashamed;
The different classes in love and in fear,
In silent submission to read and to hear,
Both ancient and modern, the present and past;
To honor their teacher in competence vast.
JOHN GLEESON, Keeper in Cigar Shop in Reformatory.

This keeper and master and factor's on hand,
To teach the young workmen he has the command—
Will order and govern and also learn them
To strip the tobacco leaf off the stem.
Young, active, fine fellows are working with care,
In nine operations to make one cigar;
Do stripping and rolling, they pack and they brand,
The fine Spanish wrapper so noble and grand.
In different branches on seats in array,
To honor their keeper and also obey
Their competent teacher, a man of renown,
No swearing, no lying, no mimic, or frown.
Can furnish the yeomen and townsmen that smoke,
It is clear from a question, a doubt or a joke;
A happy, delightful, and transporting thought,
The sons of misfortune are skillfully taught.

DANIEL A. SHEPHERD, Superintendent in the Cigar shop.

This grand foreman factor does now condescend
To pace the departments and superintend—
To council the keepers and convicts with care,
While making the excellent smoking cigar;
The pastime and pleasure for men of refine,
In sociable chatting and after they dine;
Commercial, official, and martial command,
Appeal with the pipe or cigar in their hand;
The relish of dainties and flavor they sip,
Then smoke the cigar that they hold in their lip.
From the Emperor down to the stable or stall,
Cigars are in fashion with great and the small;
This sample of samples in every degree,
Will rule with the rulers, and help oversee,
This working department of exile reform,
Establish the traits of the juvenile swarm.
JAMES THOMPSON, Inspector of Cigars.

His shade trees are planted by nature's own hand,
All waving delightfully over his stand,
In virgin deportment how lovely the scene,
In view of the paintings of Penetanguishene;
In view of the water, in view of the street,
In view of the steamboat, propellor and fleet,
In the household of plenty and lavish of fee,
This man of bright honor and noble degree,
In Government business is standing at par,
Inspects all the boxes that hold the cigar;
If well manufactured, and how they are packed,
Directly, completely, entirely, exact;
Like commercial samples that are number one,
In honor to keepers where business is done,
Announced by all parties that order or plan—
He's a skillful, deliberate, and competent man.

JOHN REINBIRD, Keeper in Shoe Shop.

In the shoe shop the keeper's John Reinbird, Esquire,
Our Queen in her glory his rules would admire;
Young workmen are seated with peg and the twine,
And learning all branches in shoemaking line:
Lace boots and slippers are made in his shop,
Long boots and short boots and boots with fine top,
And ladies' fine gaiters, brass eyelets in rows,
Neat children's boots splendid, with grand copper toes;
Elastic side dandies to shrink and to swell,
And set to the ankle on beau and the belle,
For working days, Sundays, show, lecture, or ball,
Queen's birthday, Dominion, Saint Patrick's, and all;
To dress up a regiment of women and men,
Lik fancy fine pictures drawn up with a pen—
In beauty's own mould, and in fashions all new,
His workmen will model the boot and the shoe.
JOHN WEIR, Master Tailor in Reformatory.

There lots of young tailors in silence appear,
Are learning to order of Mister John Weir,
Attentive to business and learn as they sit,
To cut and make clothing to be fancy fit,
Like bills of fine fashion on window and wall,
From New York and London, and from Montreal;
Is cutting men's clothing all sorts, and all size,
To stock the storekeepers that order supplies.
One hundred and eighty young workmen enrolled,
In different colors, like Joseph of old.
If they learn of their master to cut and to stitch,
Can be merchant tailors, and also get rich,
And will be respected, they never need fear,
If they take the example of Mister John Weir;
The sons of misfortune will have fortunes made,
By being attentive and learn a good trade.

DONALD RAY, Cooper, Keeper in Reformatory.

This grand foreman factor, who takes great delight
In learning young coopers to make their work tight,
For whiskey, beer, brandy, gin, cider or wine,
For flesh or fish packing, and holding the brine;
Firkins for butter, and wash tubs in style,
Pickle tubs, vinegar, syrup and oil.
With drawing-knife, jointer, drive, compass and adze,
Makes sons of misfortune be fortunate lads;
In skill and craft cunning, and manners polite,
Will teach the young coopers to make their work right;
In making tight barrels their equals are few,
For dairymen, fishermen, distill, and to brew.
What merchant, mechanic, or tradesman in town,
Is getting more orders and money paid down,
Than the cooper while making the barrel and keg,
With his adze and his driver he beats double drag.
SAMUEL CASSIDY, Carpenter and Keeper in Reformatory.

This grand master builder and keeper in skill,  
Can draft architecture and figure the bill;  
The grandest of buildings can frame them and raise,  
To please his employer and public that gaze:  
The cottage, the gothic, the square roof so tall,  
Verandah in beauty, rake cornice, and all.  
Can teach the young workmen to be honest boys,  
To please the contractor and him that employs—  
Base, surbase and casing, and fine panel doors,  
Frontispiece, moulding, and elegant floors.  
To level the building and range the plumb line,  
In modern, magnificent, artful design;  
In acknowledged merit and competence stand,  
To instruct the young workman he daily commands;  
To save waste of lumber in yard and the mill,  
With pen, ink and paper will figure the bill.

ANDREW RAURICK, Keeper and Teamster.

Among all the keepers he stands in esteem,  
Feed, water, and curry and harness his team:  
As the Warden sends orders he drives every day  
The plow, or the harrow, the waggon or sleigh.  
As calls from headquarters do seem to require,  
Stock for the workmen or fuel for fire;  
Sometimes on the form, sometimes in the woods,  
Hauls boxes and barrels and bales of dry goods.  
This throughbred teamster is ready and right,  
To hitch up his horses by day and by night,  
And go to the market or drive to the mills,  
Takes wares manufactured and brings shipping bills  
Sometimes hauling hay and sometimes hauling grain.  
Is constantly teaming all round the domain—  
A trustworthy teamster announced by his mate.  
Inside or outside of fences and gates.
W. C. DENEMAN, Keeper of the young Farmer boys.

William C. Deneman has the command
Of all the young farmers while tilling the land;
Agricultural reckoning this farmer does keep,
The season for seeding—and season to reap;
The season for mowing and curing the hay,
The season for hauling with waggon or sleigh.
The annual seasons he plans for them all,
For winter, spring, summer, the autumn or fall;
If land is neglected, to plow and to sow,
Weeds, briars, and thistles are certain to grow;
With men of importance the farmers enrolled,
As nice as the coining of silver and gold.
The plain cleanly farmer shall ne'er be forgot,
His cause is most worthy while tilling the lot;
For he bears the burden and heat of the day,
The staff of our nation her tribute to pay.

HENRY CARVER, Keeper of Stables.

A soldier in Rifle brigade he appears,
And Royal Canadian marksmen ten years;
He served his full time and he got his discharge,
In love of the Crown and commanders at large;
And now in the stables, takes care of the steed,
Will water and curry and also will feed.
Down by the wide waters where trade winds do blow,
Where steamboats and barges and jolly boats go,
Near to the stable this sentinel stands,
In view of the islands, the capes and main land,
Where the sentry-box sheltered from tempest and storm,
While keeping the stables of convict reform.
In his occupation he is standing in fame,
Industrious and honest, and has a good name;
He was once a soldier enrolled to defend,
And now in the stables does superintend.
PATRICK MCGUIRE, Night-watchman.

Has been a soldier, where warriors did clash,
Saint Charles and St. Denis, and in Santetash,
And now is night-watchman for rogues that conspire,
To rob and to steal and demolish with fire.
Attention, ye keepers, in great mental deep,
He will watch against rabbles while gentlemen sleep:
His task is important, what author can tell,
The praise he is deserving for watching so well.
He watches the water, he watches the stand,
No pirates, or rebel, or Fenian can land;
Not flattered by bribery, unbought and unsold,
Like some faithful shepherd that watches the fold.
Dear mothers and children are never to fear,
While this genuine watchman and keeper is near;
They peacefully, quietly, pleasantly sleep,
While Saint Patrick's namesake the guardian does keep.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TOWN CORPORATION OF PENETANGUI-SHENE, three miles from the Reformatory.

A dulcimer river is flowing on down,
To Copeland's machinery in view of the town,
His gristmill is running and sawmill sometimes,
And brings in the sovereigns, the dollars and dimes;
Is now building largely on bold table land,
A view of the harbor and town does command.
The harbor's a channel about a mile wide,
Bounds the town corporation along the west side;
The scene is romantic while standing on shore,
Where the mills and machinery and steamboats do roar;
Then right-about-face to the city aray,
Where fine splendid buildings in changeables gay—
Where streets at right angles are levelled to grade,
Sign posts and sign signals the tokens of trade;
Mechanics and landlords and merchants in store,
Anvils are ringing, and bellows do roar;
Excursions and rivals in splendor appear,
Sweet parlor music and brass band to cheer;
Coopers and butchers, stall feed and knock down,
Lime burners, quicklayers, and masons in town;
Fife-fers and drummers and fiddlers within,
Tailors and painters and tinkers for tin;
Silversmiths, saddlers, make harness and line,
Shoemakers, and bakers bake best superfine.
Seven storekeepers that constantly sell,
And three living landlords are ringing the bell;
Hair-dressing parlor and seats to shampoo,
One liquor store selling and drinking saloon;
Doctors and lawyers that plead for the fee,
School-teachers and preachers, and social soiree;
Post-office, land-office and also town hall,
Skating rink, cricket, games, billiards and ball.
Her Collingwood sister is never to boast,
For safe is her harbor and lovely her coast;
Her dear sister Barrie and Newmarket sons,
In games at ball playing are such boasted ones;
They raised an excursion and loaded the trains,
For games of ball knocking on Collingwood plains;
The nimble ball players from Penetanguishene,
Beat all the play actors on Collingwood green.
CHAS. BECK & Co., Lumberman:

In double quick time his mills run in style,  
His workmen heap lumber up pile after pile;  
From large and small channels, in raft and in drive,  
He saws and loads vessels that daily arrive.  
A blessing to shantymen off in the hills,  
A blessing to townsmen all round his steam mills—  
In love of the workmen he is held in esteem,  
By foreman and fireman that raises the steam;  
The canters and setters and men at the jack,  
The loaders and teamsters and the carriers back.  
To tell the truth plainly, he makes business hum,  
And lots of fine fellows to go and to come,  
Is making cash payments and payments in store,  
In front of the mill-yard it stands on the shore;  
Announced by stockholders and agents that plan,  
He is a skillful, deliberate, and competent man.

JOHN J. BUCKLEY, Storekeeper.

Is trading in a general store  
At the harbor on the shore;  
He will sell to one and all,  
Winter, summer, spring and fall:  
Cottons, woolens, silks and chintz,  
Stripes and gingham, checks and prints;  
Elastic wristlets, ribbons, lace,  
And fancy goods in his show case;  
Shirting, sheeting, bleached and brown,  
And rolls of cambric will throw down;  
Moleskin, tweeds and satintette,  
Cups and saucers by the set,  
Hoods, clouds and scarfs, in beauties mould,  
Carpets, blankets, double fold;  
Groceries, boots and shoes to trade,  
And men's clothing ready-made.
T. H. BRAZIER, Tailor.

Will measures take, then cut and make
Coat, vest and overall,
With best of care, as fashions are,
In pictures on the wall;
Will dress you neat from head to feet,
For wedding, show or fair,
Or for the ball, where ladies all,
And dancing masters are,
Great coats, with cape hood in sharp shape,
To turn the snow or storm;
Dress coats in trim are made by him,
And soldiers uniform,
For men that drill in martial skill,
And officers costume,
With breasts that hold the glittering gold,
And scented with perfume.

GEO. COPELAND, Pioneer, Proprietor of Mills and Machinery, Lands, Chattles, and Tenement houses.

This pioneer stands in estate
Since this town sealed her name and date:
Squire George Copeland men proclaim
A man of business high in fame;
Mills, and tenement houses, lands,
His new brick block a view commands,
Of harbor, shipping, and the bay,
Groves and gardens in array;
In castle grandeur, standing tall,
Head and shoulders over all.
When this noble block is done,
And railroad trains begin to run,
And this gentleman of rank,
Charters hotel, store and bank,
It will be a seaport town,
In second growth of high renown.
A. E. CAMPBELL, Baker and Confectioner.

Bread, biscuit, cakes, and pies he bakess,
Of lovely superfine,
He keeps on hand for tables grand,
Where tasty gentry dine;
He bakes the bread that thousands fed,
For years that have gone by—
Boats great and small, he stocked them all,
In port with full supply.
The best pound cake to order bakes,
Grand wedding cakes and all—
Mint sticks, bull’s-eyes, in large supplies,
For customers that call;
Keeps bread for sale, both fresh and stale,
For people that convene.
And takes it round, the suburb bound,
In Penetanguishene.

V. C. CROCKETT, Foreman in Squire Reynolds’s Shook Shop.

The puncheon head staves he joints and shaves,
And fits them to the miter,
That coopers take and also make,
Tight as a drum, or tighter;
The staves he jacks and also packs,
In splendid shooks for shipping,
And load the boats that daily float,
To foreign ports are tripping;
And sell the staves down where the slaves,
The sugar-cane was pressing—
Till Lincoln rose against their foes,
And gave old Jeff a dressing.
They buy and build for to be filled,
With syrups sweet as honey,
The estimate Squire Reynolds’ slate
Tells the avails in money.
ROBERT CLARK, runs the Lath Mill for J. McGibbin.

His noble mill is running still,
   By steam power in its wrath,
Will saw and pile in best of style,
   Large quantities of lath.
The mill he runs he has two sons—
   T. Henry Clark and James,
His boys he loves, James pulls, Tom shoves,
   And Killgore three sons names.
The circular blade does promenade,
   Saws to the miter line,
His daily tricks from six to six
   Is rendering panel pine.
To meet the call for lathing wall,
   McGibbin daily fills,
For his cash friend that value sends
   In money at the mills.

TOWESANT CHARLEBOU, Veterinary Surgeon

This man from France, give him a chance,
   With pill-bags he is flying ;
Tell patients case, and names the place—
   He saves the sick from dying ;
He is polite and posted right,
   He is social and obliging—
No doubt can cure both rich and poor,
   In northern temperate region.
Horse-farrier quack wind up their slack,
   And humbugs, all craft cunning—
Unlicensed skill that charge their bill,
   With addle books are dunning.
If he will ride must step aside,
   With all their tragic capers,
For he can show in court, you know,
   His diplomatic papers.
NAPOLEON COLUMBUS, Salesman

Napoleon’s the very man
To trade with different classes—
With gentlemen from hill and glen,
With matrons, lads and lasses;
His store, right side, is well supplied
With groceries abounding—
On left hand side, is well supplied
With chemical compounding.
In chrystal jars, like glittering stars,
For people’s wants and wishes;
Keep pepper, spice, salt, soda, rice,
Plates, bowls, and earthen dishes—
Eggs, butter, cheese, and foreign teas,
And syrup, any measure,
Not penny proud waits on the crowd,
They pay the cash with pleasure.

S. A. CORBIER, Fancy Goods, and Hairdresser

Goods, fancy class, in his show glass,
With all their tempting lustre—
He keeps green fruit, and dry, to boot,
Choice raisins in the cluster.
Keeps candy jars and good cigars,
Smoke pipes and best tobacco;
Keeps herrings dry, cheese in supply,
Bread, biscuit, cakes and crackers.
Each bearded boy that does employ
This skillful man to dress
His knowledge box, and trim his locks,
Will find him right, I guess.
Leaves kissing space in centre face,
Between the hairy toys;
While gay young girls perfume their curls,
As well as bearded boys.
JOS. DUSOME, Proprietor of Northern Hotel.

In central block keeps hotel in state,
And serving attendance all ready to wait;
The public that call at the Northern Hotel
Find plentiful meals at the ring of the bell;
Keeps good common whiskey and double refine,
Cigars and port, sherry, ale, brandy and wine.
This card tells in English to all parties plain,
The sober and civil he will entertain;
His hostler is ready for teams at the stall—
Your team he will water, feed, curry, and all.
His maiden brings victuals and dainties and wait,
His steward is carving and changing the plates;
The mistress politely and mild in her voice,
Says will you take tea, or is coffee your choice;
All things are convenient, the house furnished well,
To entertain people at the ring of the bell.

J. S. DARLING, Postmaster; agent for Fire, Life and Accident Insurance; Land Agent, and Telegraph Operator.

Read Darling’s card, he is prepared
For reading luminary,
In letters sent for compliment,
From this to Londonderry;
By stage or mail, on many a rail,
Steamboats and pack-horse carry—
All business class, both lad and lass,
That fondly court and marry;
Gets telegrams from Uncle Sam’s,
And the Atlantic cable—
From over sea of wars decree,
On his wire-charging table.
Insures from strife both fire and life,
And ill luck accidental;
Land agent true, his equals few—
In fact, he is sentimental,
DAVID DAVIDSON, Lumberman.

In that important lumbering stand,
Opposite where steamboats land,
Where steam mill whistles loudly blow,
And tugs raft in the sawlog tow;
Groups of shantymen appear,
Drives and raftsmen in good cheer,
Firemen, sawyers, sawmill crew,
Barges loading in plain view,
With full cargo as they come,
Acknowledged business, business hum.
Eden’s garden, roses gay,
And all the blooming flowers of May,
Mount Carmel’s shades and Cauan’s land,
Are scarcely equal to this stand—
The bold incline and terrace green,
In view of Penetanguishene.

JOSEPH DUBEAU, Livery Stable Keeper.

Keeps stock to trot on this town plot,
And country regions round—
Keeps buggies gay, the dandy sleigh,
Fine cutters, trimmed and bound;
Groom, belle and bride, and beau can ride,
Judge, clergy, clerk and squire—
He lets his stock, no double chalk,
But wants the honest hire.
His hostler’s there and takes good care,
Prepares for one and all,
That wish to ride to step inside,
With baggage great and small;
And take their seats to run the heats
Upon eliptic springs—
He cracks his whip, his horses skip,
As if they were on wings.
J. B. FULLER, Painter and Glazier.

He can paint an old building and make it look new,
White, green, red and yellow, or ethereal blue;
Can give ornamental the finishing stroke,
And grain imitation of beautiful oak;
Paints all the vehicles and riding array,
The cutter, the buggy, the chariot and sleigh.
Committee-men building will do well to call,
Mechanics and merchants, and yeomanry all;
Your name and your business he paints on your sign,
With bronze in its lustre, and gold leaf so fine—
Illustrates the beauty of grand architect,
The paints, oils, and varnish will truly protect.
This painter and glazier, musician and all,
In the line of his business gets many a call;
In splendour and grandeur he paints by daylight,
Then fiddles for parties while dancing at night.

SAMUEL FOX, Carpenter and Builder.

This science man can draw a plan
To build a town or city,
In architect as men direct,
For owner or committee;
Will hew and frame and raise the same,
With all its studs and bracing—
Then he will hoist plate, girt and joist,
Post, stud and fancy casing;
Builds long and short and every sort,
For many rooms and single—
He makes the roof all waterproof,
With rafters, boards and shingles.
Makes windows, floors, and panel doors,
In skill and craft excelling;
Builds church and hall with steeples tall,
And every kind of dwelling.
JAMES FIRTH, Butcher and Livery Stables.

He daily kills, his shambles fills
With excellent fresh meat—
Beef, pork and lamb, veal, mutton, ham
All kinds dressed very neat.
Buys from the stall, steers, heifers, all,
Pigs, lambs and fine fat sheep;
In summer nice laid down with ice,
In English style to keep.
Where farmers call, Mechanics, all,
Both merchants and hotel.
He keeps the flesh all sweet and fresh,
It neither taints nor smells.
Lets livery stock that will not balk,
Lets by the span or single;
Fine cutters gay, the dandy sleigh,
And fancy bells to jingle.

THOMAS HOAR, Grocery Store.

Keeps bacon, eggs, cloves and nutmegs,
And candies in the jar—
Keeps pepper, spice, salt, soda, rice,
Tobacco and cigar;
Keeps boot and shoe, and syrup, too,
Of gold and amber shade—
Keeps glass and delf upon his shelf,
Flour, pork, and fish to trade;
Keeps butter, cheese, and foreign teas,
And sugars in supply—
Keeps pickle jars, and soap in bars,
Nuts, apples, green or dry—
Potatoes, beans, shellfish, sardines—
He keeps a useful stock;
Is making sales of brooms and pails,
And marks no double chalk.
G. JENDRON & BROS., Tannery, Boot and Shoe shop.
This firm will tan for any man,
And they will also curry;
Men with bare feet will shoe complete,
And do it in a hurry.
Their workmen sit, all fond of wit,
In harmless jokes so funny;
Make coarse and fine with peg and twine,
And richly earn their money.
Long boots, high heel, with tops genteel,
For gentlemen in splendour—
Make dancing slips of calf and kip,
Where feet are soft and tender;
Boots leg and short, and every sort,
And shoe-packs for tight weather;
Brass eyelets shine, on children’s fine,
And ladies’ clinched in weather.
Fine-sewed boots gay, by William J.,
Whose surname is called Handley;
Morgan and Feine both make within,
Coarse, coarse fine and dandy.

JAMES MORRISON, “Albion Hotel.”
At his centre table in sitting room square,
Where merchants and gents take drinks and cigar
Of James’s selection, the choice number one,
The prize winning ticket that draws the whole run.
The trader, the drover and townsmen step in,
And send for beer, brandy, wine, whiskey and gin,
The clergy and member for the “Albion” enquire,
The lawyer, the doctor, clerk, bailiff and squire,
Land speculators, loan agents and bank,
And men with their thousands at leisure in rank,
In modest deportment and in rural cheer,
From fountain to feast at the table appear.
Attendants are serving rich dainties and drinks;
Good barns, sheds and stables, and lodgings like pinks.
C. JENDRON'S Cooperage.

His workmen shave, head hoops and stave,
   Are cooper's nimble working;
Their daily task, tub, barrel, cask,
   Pail, washtub, churn and firkin;
He drives the trade, work ready-made,
   To suit the people's wishes—
For holding meat the people eat,
   And salting down the fishes.
Works every day, gets ready pay,
   From men all round these borders—
Where farmers call and butchers all,
   And fishermen gave orders.
He will attend to all that send.
   And also manufacture;
By that set day, the people say,
   A punctual contractor.

FRANK JOHNSON, Seaman.

Sails on the wide water and rides the rude swell,
On sail ships and steamers and those that propel,
Through hurricanes, tempests, and thunders that roar,
And lightning's artillery far from the shore;
Through ten thousand dangers on fresh and salt tide,
Phenomena heavens and magnetic guide.
He can box the compass while ploughing the seas,
Latitude and longitude's total degrees;
The signs of the weather this seaman can view,
In love of the captain and all the ship's crew;
Shifts ballasts, casts anchor, or stands at the helm,
And guides to the haven across the wide realm.
This man of experience is ready and right
To obey Captain's orders by day and by night;
When cargo's in danger and life is at stake,
This brave and bold seaman is there wide-awake.
MR. JEFFREYS, General Store.

Staple and fancy goods on hand,
To bless and dress this glorious land;
With foreign and domestic skill,
And groceries are in the bill;
Where gentlemen are neatly dressed
In shirts and pants, fine coats and vest—
Hats, caps and scarfs, suspenders, too,
Both strong and dandy boot and shoe;
Keeps fancy goods the ladies love,
Waists, skirts and shawls, clouds, hoods and gloves.
His show case is a splendid sight,
His clerks and salesmen all polite—
To show the ladies all their store,
Rich stock from ocean's every shore;
For winter, summer, spring and fall,
Keeps goods in season for them all.

JOHN E. KELLY, Carpenter and Joiner.

Will build with taste, and save great waste
Of lumber at the mill;
Will take his slate and estimate,
And figure up the bill.
Builds all the while in ample style,
As architect should be;
Builds dwellings all, church or town hall,
To turning of the key.
He can erect in architect,
In any modern style—
On any plan for any man,
Is building all the while.
This scienceed man can draw a plan,
For city or a town,
Builds barns and shed, fine homestead,
For men of high renown.
ROBERT LAMB, Carpenter.

Post, beam, sill, sleeper on its base,
Plate girt, pin rafter, stud and brace,
And sheeting nailed upon the roof,
With shingles makes it waterproof;
And then enclose the frame or shell,
Outbuilding all, or house to dwell,
Stable, stall, or driving-shed,
Residence and grand homestead;
Division rooms and Temple hall,
Stores and hotels, great and small—
Market buildings, market rooms,
Or lock-up for the rowdies doom.
All forts and sizes in his line,
He can erect and finish fine—
The store, the counter, and the shelf,
To please the owner and himself.

PETER JOHN LARUSH, Photographer and
High Constable.

Your features exactly he takes from the shade,
That your friends can remember when beauty does fade,
In visiting circles wherever they be,
And offspring for centuries your portrait can see;
Your youthful intended, with features so fine,
Affinity, kindred, and all in that line;
The features of heroes in ancestor race,
Attractions that nature hath wrote in their face;
Turn the pages of album, the thought is sublime,
Of valor gone down in the annals of time.
Is serving the summons, subpoena, and writ,
To attend the tribunal where judges do sit;
Takes robbers and rascals and villains to jail,
Unless they find ample and competent bail;
To pay executions it is just as well,
Or Larush, the High Constable, will have to sell,
ENRY LAROCHE, Painter and Glazier.

From out-yard building to town hall,
Large and little, great and small;
In splendid changeables and gay,
He will paint the whole array:
White, red and yellow, blue and green,
The pride of Penetanguishene;
Frontispiece and picture frame,
Fancy sign and owner's name;
Bronze, enamelled, leaf of gold,
And carriages in beauty's mould;
The sleigh, the cutter, and the gig,
And all the whole vehicle rig;
Ornamentals, artful stroke,
And imitate the royal oak;
He can paint, and he can glaze,
To please all business men that gaze.

GEORGE J. MALONEY, Teacher.

Young and handsome, trim and tall,
In science branches governs all
Certificates inspector's fill,
Tell morals, competence and skill
To teach from simple A B C,
To graduate in high degree.
Step after step the student's rise,
To learn their only enterprize;
From their grand sample every day,
In their classical array.
To disobey is student's fears,
In love and duty lend their ears,
That all enquiring friends may read,
Our infant land is blest, indeed,—
A happy, cheerful, pleasing thought,
Both youth and juvenile are taught.
MUNDY & SHANAHAN, Carriage Makers.

Their sledges swing, their anvils ring,
    Their bellows constant rear,
They iron all, both great and small,
    From first and second floor,
Where workmen build, stain, paint and gild,
    Cab, carriage and the sleigh;
Enamelled fine as fancy sign,
    And paints the whole array.
Well finished top made in their shop
    Upon elliptic springs.
Swell cutters, too, in fashions new,
    As gay as peacock's wings.
Shoe horse and mare, with best of care,
    In farming tools invest;
They can compete some say they beat
    Orillia at her best.

M. T. McGrath, General Store.

Trade steady pore, his general store,
    Does general business there,
The people call both one and all,
    Because he is trading fair.
Clothes ready-made, and boots to trade,
    And countless items more,
Dry goods abound and groceries round,
    On shelves, from floor to floor.
Prints rank and file, men's wear in style,
    Bed-cords and rope for sale,
Combs, hairpins, lace, in his show case,
    And ribbons to retail.
Eggs, butter, cheese, dried fruits and teas,
    And table trimmings all;
Where matrons grand and lasses land,
    And make their general haul.
JOHN McMILLAN, formerly foreman in lumber shanty,

Hark! ye valiant chosen men,
In lumbering shanties, hill, and glen—
Why, don’t you hear McMillan say,
Take teams and tools, and march away
Where the pines are waving tall—
Go, chop and saw, roll, skid and haul;
Heap up the sawlogs every day,
To drive the river, and raft away.
Dwells in Penetanguishene,
His garden grounds a lovely scene—
Overlooks the watery way,
A splendid scene on summer’s day.
Can build a fine brick cottage there,
Avenue all round his square—
From his arch gate down to his door,
Where mill and steamboat whistles roar.

J. McGIBBINS & Co., Lumberman.

McGibbins mills in bright array,
Where the saws like lightning play,
Presents a rich and splendid view
To grand excursions passing through;
At meal time when the whistles blow,
And tugs bring in the sawlog tow,
A lovely, lively business scene,
The pride of Penetanguishene:
Filers fiddling on the saw,
Pilers pile, while others draw—
Can ters, setters, men that jack,
Edgers, trimmers, carriers back;
Mills and steamboat whistles blow,
And barges loading up to go—
A promenading business stand,
Gives best of board and cash in hand.
ALEX. McDOUGAL, Currier of Leather Jendron.

He takes the leather from the pile,
Will shave and stuff with tanner's oil;
With graining-board and his pin block,
Will soften all the heavy stock.
Werks calf and kip and best cowhide,
Fine saddle seats and harness sides—
Bellows leather, strap and band,
For factories in this glorious land.
Splendid pliant leather fits,
For harvest gloves and harvest mits—
Boot findings, linings, girdle belt,
And dress the sheepskin in the pelt;
Green and yellow, red and blue,
Crimson, purple, orion hue;
In fancy finish, and genteel,
And in good order for to deal.

ENGELL PLOUFF, Harness maker.

Along Main street, not easy beat,
Makes harness strong and fine,
Where one and all will please to call—
His name is on the sign.
Fine trunks in trim are made by him,
Like pictures drawn with pen;
Side-saddles neat, with quilted seat,
And saddles for the men.
Thanks custom friends, he makes and mends,
Fine harness and the plain;
Single or set, whip and fly net,
Hook, buckel, snap and chain.
All jobs sent there they do with care,
Will mend as well as make—
He renders thanks to custom ranks,
And gets it, no mistake.
THOMAS M. REYNOLDS, Plaining Mills and Stave Factory.

His plaining mill is running still,
    Will saw and also plane,
For cash will fill the building bill,
    And also load the train;
Fits stock for floors and panel doors,
    Stave factory in the bill,
Where shocks are made for foreign trade,
    Near by the plaining mill.
This business stand, where shipping land,
    And wharf out in the deep,
To run the boards his mill affords,
    And pile them heap on heap:
Or load the barge to ship at large,
    And tranship on the tracks—
Consigned to go to Buffalo,
    New York, or Halifax.

H. T RICHARDS, Jobber in Timber & Sawlogs.

The timber tall this man will fall,
    The straight and thrifty pine,
Then score and hew exactly true,
    In range with the chalk line;
Shipping bills, all kinds he fills;
    Will fit them to a hair,
Length and size, just as it lies,
    He measures by the square;
Fits logs to skid for highest bid,
    All ready for to haul—
With axe and saw fits logs to draw,
    Of timber great and small;
Through weather warm, whirlwind or storm,
    Or if the weather fine;
The total bill he will fulfill,
    Then wants good bills or coin.
BERNARD SHEAN and his fisherman.

These men will set the fishing net,
   And haul them from the water—
Good salmon trout, deal white fish out
   To people in this quarter;
Sells to his friends that come or send,
   Acquaintance or new comer,
He keeps them nice laid down with ice,
   All sweet and fresh in summer.
Make many a haul till late in fall,
   While weather's warm and sunny;
Then salt or freeze, just as they please—
   They make a power of money.
Sell by the pound to people round,
   In Lent where some are lacking,
Some good fresh fish for Friday dish,
   They constantly are packing.

Seven Young Fishermen in Penetanguishene.

Charles Longlad and his brother Joe,
John Precore and John Gero,
Henry, Aleck, and Fred DuZome
Are catching fish and bringing home,
Like merry sportsmen fond of fun.
And Andrew Smith's the very one,
Grand tail sawyer at Beck's mills;
Charles Cotia and A. Jendron still,
Are nimble workmen in the crew,
And get the cash for all they do;
And if they will all persevere,
They may get married this leap year.
John Fletcher is that noble squire,
To watch for rangers, thieves, and fire;
Men can sleep quiet if they wish,
And all the boys that catch the fish.
H. H. THOMPSON, General Store, Township Treasurer, and Insurance Agent.

His shelves, and counters, and upstairs
Are flooded with commercial wares—
Domestic, foreign, over sea,
Staple and fancy goods and tea;
Broadcloth tweeds and satinettes,
Cups and saucers by the set;
Plates, bowls and platters, and glassware,
Boots, shoes and rubbers, by the pair;
Hats, caps, and bonnets, clouds and hoods,
Carpets, blankets, and dress goods;
Of checks and cambrics, plaids and prints,
Cottons, woolens, silks and chintz;
Provisions, groceries, total mass,
Cutlery, hardware, nails and glass;
Township treasurer, general store,
Insurance agent to restore.

GILBERT TESSIER, Proprietor of "Canada House."

Keeps stable stall, hay, oats and all,
His ostler is on hand,
Your team will lead to drink and feed
The moment that you land.
Drink and cigar are in his bar,
Both common and refine,
Beer, whiskey, gin, and brandy in,
Soft drinks and sherry wine.
His porter's bell will meal time tell,
When it does loudly ring,
His steward carves, his maidens serve,
They also cook and bring,
Fish, fowl and flesh, well cooked and fresh,
Cheese; sweetmeats, cakes and pies,
Sweet lodgings clean fit for the queen,
On lofty beds to rise.
G. H. WRIGHT, Tinsmith.

Keeps shining tin, to sell within,
   Cups, canisters and cans,
Stovepipe, elbow, he keeps also,
   Milk pails and dairy pans,
Plates, basins, spoons, trunks and spittoons,
   He is daily making sales.
Eave-trough and roof, water-proof,
   Horns, lanterns, graters, scales.
Keeps dippers tight, and skimmers bright,
   Tin whistles in the lot;
Lamp, total fix, and candlesticks,
   Both tea and coffee pot.
Solicits all to give a call,
   Examine for yourselves;
All wedded pairs buy useful wares,
   That glitter on his shelves.

JAMES WRIGHT, Butcher.

This wealthy butcher, Squire James Wright,
Is cheerful, social, and polite;
Townsmen and all his meat enjoy,
And each Reformatory boy;
Ships in the harbor, furnished well,
   Each boarding house and each hotel.
Keeps meat in town enough to feed,
   White people, Indians, and half breed;
Quarter side, or single pound,
   To all that carve steak off the round,
Keeps fat bacon, flitch and ham,
   Beef and mutton, veal and lamb;
Keeps his market well supplied,
   And all competitors defied;
Not by himself but those that eat,
   His tasty, excellent fresh meat.