

In many business places,  
Of either shop or store  
You'll find familiar faces  
You knew so well of yore ;  
And many an early landmark  
Is found by those who seek  
Around the hill and valleys  
By the banks of old Bear Creek.

Up at the old East End you'll find  
Some places that you know,  
Which bring fond memories to the mind  
Of days of long ago.  
So many wish to see you,  
Your features would behold  
Some old boys of Petrolia  
Are really growing old.

Then do not disappoint them,  
Let them not look in vain,  
Perhaps some of these old boys  
You'll never meet again.  
How gladly will they meet you  
If you will only come,  
And joyfully will greet you,  
And bid you welcome home.

#### OLD BEAR CREEK.

'Tis of a time when earth seemed rosey,  
In an early youthful day,  
And of old Bear Creek in poesy  
I will try to form this lay,  
I have known thee from my childhood  
And did forest treasures seek ;  
When 'twas all a tangled wildwood  
Round the banks of Old Bear Creek.

Now I'll try to sound thy praises,  
In a crude unmeasured rhyme;  
Strive to tell of moods and phrases  
Of an olden bygone time ;  
When in the eyes of Yankee pushers  
Bear Creeks banks did grandly loom  
Owing to gum beds and gushers,  
When Oil Springs was on the boom.

Ye who at that time did view it  
Know they had not many tanks.  
So they could not save the fluid