

pen and ink sketches of some of the "characters" which are always to be found in a neighborhood. At one time the satire would assume the form of a play bill with a full list of members of a theatrical company; at another it would be a clever piece of verse. These efforts of genius were posted on the bridge, which by this time spanned the Irvine, and were found in the morning by the first passer-by. We may be sure that they were scanned with interest and would cause much amusement, often even in the persons at whose expense they were written.

In the early days the short summers were always busy; but in the winter there was little to do but "chopping," and the evenings were often spent in mirth and feasting as long as the money brought from the old country lasted. Even the moneyless in such new settlements were much more sociable than people in general are now.

The early settlers were not without a sense of the romantic, which sometimes showed itself. One of the very early settlers had wood and won and wed a woodland maid, who alas! had a wooden leg. After suitable festivities in the home of the bride, she, attended by the groom and with her head adorned with balsam sprays, was drawn home on a sleigh by eager swains.

One of the oldest settlers had a sister who had made some money at baking in the old country, and when she came out she, too, bought a Bon Accord farm, but a man was needed to help, at least to clear it. Two "old bachelors" at that time had a shanty near the Irvine River. The fair one, without beating about the bush very much, a directness which she had probably got accustomed to in business, offered herself and the farm to whichever of the two would take her. One of them flatly refused the offer. The other did not at once accept it, but with true Scotch caution, wrote home to his father for advice. The reply came, laconic, emphatic and sensible: "Tak' her, Geordie, tak' her." Accordingly he took her and long they lived on the old farm thereafter.

Mr. Wm. Gilkinson, the founder of Elora, died before the business enterprises which he projected were fairly in operation, and the place was at a standstill for several years. Fergus in the meantime took the lead as a place of business. A mill was completed in the autumn of 1835, and formally opened in mid-winter by a great supper and ball. This mill and a store were conducted by Mr. James Webster and his man Buist, who had a great deal to say about what "me and Mr. Webster" would do. The burning of the mill shortly afterwards was a great misfortune, not only to Mr. Webster, who had no insurance on it, but also to the settlers generally, especially to several who had wheat in it at the time. Mr. Mair, for example, lost his whole season's crop, bags and all. However, owing to Mr. Webster's energy the mill was soon in operation again, and Fergus did not lose its trade. The Post Office for the district was in Fergus, too, and