

She stayed all night with us, and in the morning my father sent a man to her home, and when the old lady was leaving, on seeing the nice clear water in the little brook, she went down the bank to fill her pail, saying it was a bonnie burn. At last we broke up camp and finally located it on the spot where our old homestead was afterwards built, and which was for many years called "Purbrook," but now changed to Fair Valley. A number of men were employed to clear the land and build the house, which after sixty years still stands. In the meantime we lived in the tent, which being an old one was not impervious to rain, and many a time I awoke to see my father holding an umbrella over our heads, a Scotch mist finding its way through the old canvass, and I remember how we both enjoyed hearing the rain rattling on the shingles when we removed into a room which was partly finished in the new house, and we had our two hammocks slung up; and many a laugh the old gentleman had at my awkwardness in getting into mine, sometimes going in at one side and coming out at the other. But he, being an old sailor, was adept, and got in and out without any trouble. But, "experientia docet," I soon could get in and out as well as he could. Soon after we had moved to the room in the house, Mr. Wm. Kent and his family (he was afterwards Deputy Receiver-General), Mr. John Eplett and his family, which included his sister-in-law, Miss Lovering, an aunt of Mr. H. L. Lovering of our village of Coldwater, and their hired man, who also came from Cornwall in England; he was of the name of Lobb, and had a wife and child. The child died, and was buried on the place, my father reading the burial service over her, being the first death in Medonte of the emigrants of that year.

J. C. STEELE.

Coldwater, December 19th, 1893.