

valley. The man we have been speaking of was one of the company. He was a little eccentric sometimes. He had a turn for poetry, if he got excited about anything. I remember how he looked as he swung his arm and reeled off poetry, when he stood on the border of the pretty little lake, near to which the young man Bushman was at work."

"He makes poetry yet, sometimes," replied Mr. Redfern. "He has a lot of his productions posted up in and around the store and the post-office; but, after all, he is a very honest and good man."

"And will you tell us where your home is now?" asked the landlord of John Brushy.

"My home is some seventy miles from here, on the shores of Lake Huron. There are but few white people there, but I believe the Government is intending to open up the country by making leading roads, and otherwise encouraging people to settle up that splendid tract of country," he answered.

We now turn our attention to some of the homes of the first settlers around Riverbend.

Mr. John Root is a magistrate, and one of three commissioners who manage the affairs of the township—exercising the power of a civil court and the prerogatives of a municipal council.

Harry Hawthorn has a fine home and an interesting family growing up around him; but there is one spectre that has haunted both him and his wife ever since the loss of their two little ones so long ago. Whenever either of them sees an upturned tree, the sight is too much for them, and it sets them weeping.