

er part of my life in helping to clear up and work a farm, I was no stranger to a bush-life. I could handle the axe and handspike, could drive oxen, and use, in a rough manner, such tools as saw, hammer, mallet and chisel. I had also some experience in managing a country store. In all these employments, and many more, I engaged from time to time, as circumstances required. The *Fly* had brought from the mouth of the Nottawasaga River a cargo of lumber, which was landed at what is now the foot of Union Street. A new waggon, which formed part of her cargo from Toronto, was lying in pieces beside the lumber. My first employment was to put together the waggon, hitch to it a yoke of oxen, and begin hauling up the lumber to where the builders were at work. I had not thus been long engaged when I fell and hurt my knee, and though it did not bother me much at the time, the next morning it was so stiff I could scarcely walk, and I was consequently rendered unfit to follow the oxen through the bush. Not wishing to be idle though I had a lame leg, I asked the foreman of the framers for a mallet and chisel. These he gave me and with them I went to work, and continued to chisel until the building was ready to raise, in which operation I was able to assist, my knee being then so far recovered as to permit my doing so. The frame was of the old fashion, with posts and beams, and raised in bents, and contained as much solid timber as three or four modern buildings. Thomas Hembrough and I enclosed and shingled it, and assisted the carpenters (as they called themselves) to finish the inside. Hembrough made no more pretensions to being a carpenter than I did, but we got through about as much work and did it about as well as those who claimed to have served their time at the trade. When the building was fit to be occupied, moving the stuff, filling up the store, and arranging the goods therein, formed my

next occupation. I also spent much of my time looking after men that Boyd kept employed at clearing land and erecting buildings for storehouse and stable. Later in the summer a large building in the gully or ravine, south of what is now known as Baring Street, for the manufacture of pearlsh. A kiln of brick was burned, the clay for which was taken from the face of the hill and trodden by oxen. As it required sand to be mixed with it, and we knew of none nearer than the beach below Squaw Point, I went there for a load, taking a batteaux and two men, with a log canoe in tow. We started early in the afternoon, and on reaching the beach it was found that the water shoaled so gradually that the batteaux could not be got near enough the shore to land, I therefore had it anchored in water sufficiently deep to float it when loaded, and as neither of the men seemed inclined to get his feet wet, I left one of them on the batteau and took the other ashore with the canoe. I then stood in the water holding the canoe in place, while the man on shore filled it with sand, after which I waded with it out to the batteaux where the man on board unloaded it. I continued this process till the loading was completed. By that time it was nearly dark and a heavy rain storm came upon us, accompanied by a strong gale down the bay, which cut off all chance of our getting home that night. This was by no means agreeable, but it afforded me some satisfaction to see that the men got their full share of the wetting, and they could no longer congratulate themselves on keeping dry whilst I was drenched. Now we were all alike, wet and hungry, for we had taken no provisions with us. I made this trip after having obtained some knowledge both of sailing and rowing, but I had not hitherto proved the folly of going a-boating without a supply of provisions, and it is needless to say that I did not fail to profit by the experience.