

newly-cleared land, and at least one-fourth of the ground must have been covered with stumps. Then wheat was selling at \$1.25 to \$1.50 a bushel at that time. Goderich was our nearest market, twenty-three miles, and the settlers had only ox teams at first. Two or more went together as a rule, taking an axe to cut any fallen trees off the road. We would leave in the afternoon, and travel all night, so as to get into Goderich at the opening of the market early next morning. The road was fairly good in winter, but there were several very high and steep river banks on it to go down and up. After disposing of our little loads, and buying the few things we needed to take home, we returned the following afternoon and night.

There is a Highland superstition against burying any one who takes his own life along with others in a graveyard, and particularly within sight of navigable waters, as shipwrecks and other disasters are sure to follow in that case on the adjacent coast. It was probably for this reason that a poor fellow who had committed suicide in the Lakeshore settlement was buried right in the middle of the roadway there (before it had been cut out), and we generally made the oxen run at a lively gait in passing this dreaded spot after dark.

An Odd Character.

We had two or three joking, light-hearted men in our settlement, but only one real character, old John McInnes by name. He could talk in Gaelic with marvellous facility, drink mountain dew with similar