

During the last few years of his life Almond resided in Port Perry. The liquor law there was not properly enforced. He took up the cudgels and used every effort to have it properly carried out. As might have been anticipated he gained the ill will of those in the business and was once assaulted with great violence by a big ruffian twice his size one of the law breakers. His death arose from a tragic circumstance in turning off the gas at a hotel in Toronto where he was stopping. He made a mistake was found unconscious but was after great efforts restored to life again. He never recovered from the effects and finally was carried off by paralysis.

Another turn of the kaleidoscope, and John Smart comes into view. He moved to the farm at Port Darlington upon which he lived for so long, at a very early date. John Osborne is present happy possessor and he has made a fortune by his skillful management. It was soon after Mr Smart's arrival from Scotland that he commenced operations on this one of the richest farms in the township. It must have been partly cleared at the time as the Wilsons, from whom he bought were in the country years before. They owned several hundreds of acres in that neighborhood, and it is not unlikely that this portion of the property lying so near the lake was the part on which some of them were living. As time progressed and the natural quality of the soil deteriorated, the land required enriching to keep up its productiveness. He adopted all the better systems then in vogue, to accomplish this end. He was an architect by profession having studied in Scotland. It shows the versatility of his make-up, that he could adapt himself so readily to changed circumstances and become as he did a successful cultivator of the soil. He was the first man to introduce tile draining, and thousands of yards were put in the fields that needed it most. The tiles were made on the farm. As so often happens, what one man sows another reaps. The present proprietor is getting in an abundant harvest, the result of the intelligent labors of his predecessor. He had a very uneven temper. When the optimistic fit took him he saw every thing with a golden tint: there was no cloud in his sky; then the wheels had to hum! He spent a very large amount of money in all kinds of operations—ditching, fencing and draining. There was quite an army of men employed a great

portion of the time. When the grim monster overtook him he was much missed as many a family depended on him for their daily bread. He had a soft turn in Clarke of which he took the direct management carrying out the same kind of improvements there. For the part he took in helping on the development of the section in which he had cast his lot, he deserves remembrance. He greatly aided in the construction of the first Presbyterian church. He drew the plans and gave a good deal of his personal attention to it while it was being erected. My father went down to see him shortly after he came and took me with him. We went by a track through the bush on the western side of the creek. There was a man living on the side of the marsh in a log hut. We borrowed a punt from him to row across. It was a beautiful day in early summer and, although only eight years old, I was quite enchanted. The plain little sheet of water completely framed in by a wall of living green; trees of every description alive to the smallest and great, growing on the banks so near the water that every stem, branch and leaf was reflected as in a mirror. It was indeed one of nature's syzygy pictures, beyond the power of pen or pencil to describe! All the other circumstances of the visit have passed from my mind. Why we took the western side of the creek, I do not know. It may have been the shortest route.

At a point called The Indian Landing, somewhere not far south of the railway track, one of the most disastrous accidents that even occurred in this section of the country took place. Some 13 persons were drowned by the upsetting of the frail kind of boat they were using. The bodies were all found. My knowledge of it is solely from tradition. It is a pity that particulars of the awful accident cannot be obtained, but I do not suppose that any one living now could give the information. It happened on a Sunday. One can easily imagine what terrible excitement must have been caused in the sparsely settled district by such an awful calamity.

In those times as soon after the rebellion, quite a patriotic spirit prevailed among the inhabitants and training day, the 6th of June, became a prominent yearly event. Our friend, Mr Smart, held a captaincy in the Militia force and was always on hand to take his part in the performance of the day. Like the laird of Cockpen he was both buskit and