

we call little Muskoka."

Mr. Smith tells a curious story of a pig—a story which shows that a hog is not quite so stupid as he sometimes appears. Shortly after grandfather Smith's arrival in Oro he bought a young hog from the Elzmeres. He carried this in a bag along a blazed trail, four miles to his home. Next day the pig found the way back to its original home alone. Speaking of the hardships of the early days, Mr. Smith said: "Father and grandfather have gone as far as Bargin's six miles away, and have carried a bushel and a-half of potatoes from there home on their backs. They had to go all the way to Newmarket—on foot to Hawkestone, in open boat over Lake Simcoe, and again on foot to the mills—to get their wool woven. They had to take their grist to Holland Landing in the same way. In cooking they placed their potatoes in a great pot and then covered the vessel with hot coals and ashes in the fire place. The frying-pan, which was set on coals had a handle three feet long. We have the pan and pot yet."

Bye-and-bye the settlers had something to sell. But little could be obtained in exchange. "Our people had the choice of two markets," said Mr. Smith, "one at Penetanguishene and the other at Barrie. If they sold to McConkey of Barrie, however, they would not get enough cash to pay their taxes; if they sold to Alfred Thompson, the Penetanguishene fur man, they did get enough cash to pay their tax bills. But that was all they could get. All the rest had to be taken in trade. The butter from about here was usually taken to Penetanguishene. It was kept in a sod-covered root house all summer and removed to market with the first sleighing. Thompson sold the pork and butter he obtained from the farmers to the soldiers at Penetanguishene and the hunters and fisherman around the Georgian Bay."

"What about doctors?...An old soldier, who came in two or three years after grandfather was able to set broken limbs. Of marriages," added Mr. Smith, in reply to another question, "there were few in the early days. Most of the adults were married when they came in. When Catholics desired to marry they had to go to Penetanguishene, where the ceremony was performed by the Catholic

chaplain to the forces. Others went to Big Bay or Barrie. An occasional missionary came through in the early days. But the first minister regularly established here was the Rev. Mr. Raymond, the organizer of the negro settlement. He was a Congregationalist, and he gave the land on which the Congregational church west of Edgar still stands. He was also the first school teacher in this neighbourhood. He was a man of varied talents, and great energy. He not only founded a church, but did much carpenter work on the building as well. While teaching school at Rugby he gave the land for Edgar Congregational church there, too. While teaching in Orillia through the week he used to walk out to Edgar and hold service here on Sunday. There were not school holidays every Saturday then; only alternate Saturdays were allowed, and on the Saturday Mr. Raymond was not teaching he was at work looking after his crops. He has started on the hill just above Barrie on the Penetanguishene road in the morning, and walked all the way to Toronto before sunset. While teaching in Edgar he used as a school room a building at the south-east corner. A Dr. Lawrence and his wife occupied part of the building. One day some of the doctor's drugs exploded and set the house on fire. Mrs. Lawrence ran upstairs to save some of her yarn, and while she was there the fire cut off her retreat. Father dropped a bed he was carrying and told her to jump. She did so, but missed the bed, and sustained a fracture of the hip.

"There were some tragedies in the early days. An old army officer named Sparrow lost all he had while gambling with another officer. Sparrow disappeared, and for a week people searched in vain for him. At last the body was found near Orillia; in a fit despondency the unfortunate officer had blown his brains out." This was not the only tragedy. Shortly after Grandfather Smith had got fairly settled in Oro, he returned to Quebec to search for his daughter, from whom he had not heard for some time. He found, when he reached the city, that she had gone down with the ship fever that carried so many of her compatriots to the grave.

The Rev. John Gray was the first Presbyterian Minister in the Town-