

If they told one half the glory
That pertains to Old Bear Creek.

PETROLIA'S OLD OIL EXCHANGE HALL.

A landmark once stood on the town square
When the town of Petrolia was new,
And great was the business was done there
And sweet were the pleasures we knew.
There, noted oilmen did gather
Whom memory does often recall,
They came there in all kinds of weather.
To Petrolia's old Oil Exchange Hall.

It stood many years in its glory,
It then was a place of renown,
And was, so they'll tell you the story,
Most important of all in the town ;
At last 'twas destroyed by the fire fiend
Which over the frame work did crawl ;
Now nothing can be on the site gleaned
Of Petrolia's old Oil Exchange Hall.

It was not its size or its beauty,
For greater was oft seen before ;
They came there through pleasure or duty,
The thousands which passed through the door.
'Twas but a common frame building
With a drab coat of paint on the wall ;
There was little of carving or gilding
In Petrolia's old Oil Exchange Hall.

'Twas there that they held forth their law courts,
And the judge and the lawyers appeared
To try there the culprits of all sorts
Who with justice or law interfered,
In the early days of the oil boom,
Before our production did fall ;
For various business they found room
In Petrolia's old Oil Exchange Hall.

And there at the time of elections
Were gatherings of different kind ;
For miles they came from all directions
And wonderous enjoyment did find.
There many first gained a conception
Of a show or a concert or ball,
An assembly, convention, reception,
In Petrolia's old Oil Exchange Hall.