

glorious victory, the wind suddenly changed and in less than an hour the ship was in the vortex of one of those squalls, often so disastrous to small lake craft, but through which my ship passed safely after a lively shaking up by the choppy sea of the shallow waters of the lake."

"It was a case of an Englishman meeting his Waterloo and our passenger decided to change his itinerary and to complete his journey by railway from Detroit."

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As one story of the kind produces another and as all the persons before the fire-place seemed fully engrossed by the subject, the following tale was told by an old settler :

THE OLD SETTLER'S STORY.

"Along in the thirties," said he, "a middle aged Finn came to the mouth of Salem creek, built a hut, and soon after brought his wife from some town further east. They were an industrious couple and it wasn't long until the Finn had built a barn, several additions to his hut ; and had made clearings for several acres."

"The best of homes, the happiest of families are often destined to be broken up and the different members separated."

"The Finn was a first rate fisherman, and there wasn't a finer fishing ground along the lakes than where the Salem creek emptied its waters into Lake Erie."

"One afternoon, about a year after his arrival, the Finn in his small boat, was fishing at a short distance, possibly three quarters of a mile from the shore, letting the boat drift quietly with the current, when he noticed a squall coming up and also his wife signaling him from the shore. In his hurry to turn the boat, he unfortunately lost an oar overboard and it floated out of his reach. He did his best to scull the boat toward the shore but that was too slow and the squall came with all its fury."

"The best the Finn could do was to keep the head of the boat to the sea and let it drift. The

storm did not abate in the least and gradually it became night. He became cold, numb, and hungry. Once a packet bound up the lake passed near but no one heard his faint voice. Finally the Finn lost consciousness. The boat, drifting on, at last touched the beach on the Canadian shore and a Canuck fisherman discovered it and carried its occupant to his own hut. There the Finn recovered from his exposure. He had actually drifted across the lake. He began to make arrangements to start for his home. Port Colburn was the nearest town, from there he would have to go down the north shore to old Fort Erie then cross over to Buffalo and up the south shore to Salem creek. It would be a long, hard fatiguing journey. But then, hardship on the way, is given very little thought when there is a home to be reached, at the goal."

"During his preparation, the Finn did his best to repay the Canuck for his kindness and then started on his journey with the best wishes of all.

"It took nearly two years, there weren't any railroads in those days, for him to reach his home again. His brave wife had, long ago, given him up as dead, and after struggling along for these two long years, she was about to accept another helper in the journey of life, when her husband returned. It is useless to say that there was great rejoicing among their few neighbors over the happy reunion."

"The Finn and his wife lived for many years, and now their children and grandchildren are proud in knowing their father and grandfather as the first, and probably the last, white man to make the trip across old Erie in a row boat."

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For sometime after the old settler had finished his story, there was silence. But finally, after being teased by the young people with whom he was a favorite, a retired army officer consented to tell of one of his many adventures as a soldier, in active service.