

Arabella returned they would walk down past the Drowned Lands and take a look at the fine new farm he had bought, and which they were all three to work together. And Tim's impatience demanded that they go this evening, for he had already laid great plans for sowing the entire three hundred acres with prize pumpkins, to be raised for the show.

John McIntyre moved along lingeringly, watching for the little, limping figure of his boy. He could see far up the green vista of the ravine, where the shades of evening were gathering. He smiled as he thought of the name the queer Englishman had given it; a Treasure Valley, indeed, the place had proved to him, for here, after long groping in darkness, he had found again the treasure of life.

He turned and looked back, his eyes following the course of the little stream. It wound past his old cabin, lost itself in the green wilderness of the Drowned Lands, and passed on again through the open fields to that rose-colored line on the horizon, where Lake Simcoe smiled responsive to the glow of the western heavens. He gazed at it earnestly, and was struck with the strange feeling that he had seen it all before, long ago. The slow murmur of a bell from a cow feeding far down the corduroy road echoed musically up the wooded aisle. Far off in a