



**SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS**

THE sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made at the office of any Local Agent of Dominion Lands (not sub-agent), on certain conditions. Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required in every case, except when residence is performed in the vicinity. In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section along side his homestead. Price \$3 per acre. Duties—Six months' residence in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and 50 acres extra cultivation. The area of cultivation is subject to reduction in case of rough, scrubby or stony land after report by Homestead Inspector on application for patent. A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, \$3 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months' in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth \$300.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.  
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to me. Think it over. Meantime, do you care to run over to the library? No? Well, for the rest of the evening I can be found—no; I can not be found, though I'll be there—in room 571.

"All right," said Sedgwick. "You needn't fear any further intrusion. But when is our venture?"

"To-morrow night," replied Kent, "Wilfred Blair having officially died, as per specifications, to-day."

**CHAPTER XIV**

**The Lone Fisherman**

Trout are a tradition rather than a prospect in Sundayman's Creek. Some, indeed, consider them a myth. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, however, and a fisherman, duly equipped, might have been observed testing the upper reaches of the stream on the morning of July tenth. Although his rod and tackle were of the best, his apparel was rough, not to say scrubby. An old slouch hat was drawn down over his forehead, and staring blue glasses sheltered his eyes against the sun, which was sufficiently obscured—for most tastes—by a blanket of gray cloud, promising rain. Under arching willow, and by promising rock, his brown tackle flickered temptingly, placed by an expert hand. But, except for one sun-fish who had exhibited suicidal curiosity, there was none to admire his proficiency. One individual, indeed, had witnessed it, but without admiration—an urchin angling under a bridge for bullheads.

"Wat yer gittin' with that rig?" he had inquired with the cynicism of the professional.

"Oh, some snags, and an occasional branch, and now and then a milkweed," returned the angler amiably.

"Well, you can't fish below the nex' bend," the urchin informed him. "Them folks that bought Hogg's Haven has wire-fenced off the creek."

"I had just as lief get tangled in a wire fence as any other kind," replied the angler with cheery pessimism, whipping his fly into a shaded spot where a trout would surely have been lurking if the entire salmon family hadn't departed for the Happy Fishing Grounds, several generations back, in consequence of the pernicious activities displayed by an acquisitive sportsman with an outfit of dynamite in sticks.

"Suit yourself," retorted the boy. "You won't get nothin', anyhow."

The rumble of a vehicle distracted his attention, and he looked up to observe with curiosity a carriage full of strangers pass



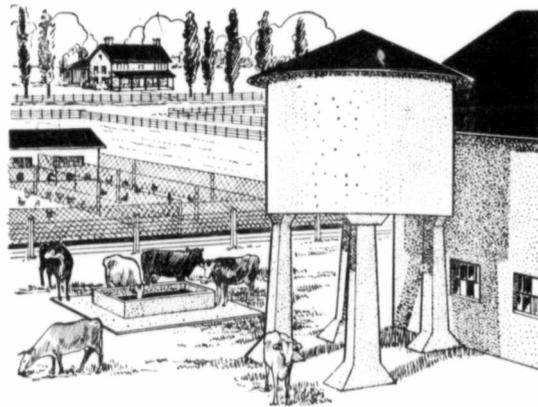
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