

GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—

I met an old friend, a few days ago, who had heard of you, and asked me to send you a tale which he had to tell of old times, and which I give to you as he gave it to me.

GRANDFATHER.

AN OLD SETTLER'S STORY.

It is a good many years now since I first swung the steel in the backwoods of Canada, but I shall never forget the real right-down happiness mixed with real right-down hard work, which marked those days in my early life. I was just entering upon manhood when I took up land in a western county of Upper Canada, and now I am verging upon three score years and ten. Everything was fresh to me, life was full of promise, strength and vigor seemed to be matters of course, and I was as handy with an axe as with a rifle. I was one of the first settlers, in a township spoken of everywhere as a huge swamp, and picking a dry spot, some five or six miles from the growing village of Launcelot, I determined to make a home upon a stretch of land which promised ample returns for honest labor. There were no roads to the small shanty which I built of logs, and I had to carry on my back any article which I might require in my new life. I had bought an old cook-stove, and this I took in piece-meal, a bottom to-day a side to-morrow, the top and other parts at one trip, and its furniture at still another. I couldn't build a fireplace upon my lot, for want of stone, and found the stove, in the end, worth all the trouble. Every pound of flour, every potato, every bit of meat beyond that which fell before my gun, had to be taken to my home in this primitive fashion, over logs, by

almost untrodden paths, through several continuous swamps, and amidst difficulties which would bother me much more now than they did in the heyday of youth. But I expected a neighbor in a few months, I was engaged to be married in the spring, and hope ever kept a sunny path before me. To resolve was but to do, and I had then strong resolution. Spring came, I had three acres ready for logging, and a brother came to settle on an adjoining lot. A yoke of oxen had been jointly secured by us, which picked up its living by browsing upon the tops of trees, felled in clearing, and logging and burning went briskly on. A few potatoes were planted, a little wheat was sown, and a small plot of oats was put in to supply the oxen in the coming winter. This done, I took a venture which I have never regretted, and brought to my forest home a wife who made life better worth living, and who has been spared to me as guide, counsellor and more than friend from that day to this. The world seemed to move more smoothly, difficulties were more easily overcome, and I was happy in working from morning to night while getting into shape my new home and its surroundings. Just then occurred an incident which I can never forget, and which threw a temporary cloud over the happiness of me and mine. One bright summer day, four strangers, three men and a boy, arrived at my shanty in search of a lot not far distant from mine. They had found their way along the blazed track which led to my lot, and so shewed some familiarity with the woods. I gladly accompanied them, after they had eaten a meal, to the lot which they had "taken up." Three were Canadians, the senior being the father of a family, with his two sons, a young man and a boy, and