

Whitelock, who was deputy surveyor that year, and who often found it necessary to enforce order in his own person, and by the weight of his own fist. "I went with the police myself; we chucked him out, flung his goods across the boundary, and pulled the roof off the shack, but he was back again in less than a week, and we have been a jolly sight too busy to get a move on him since."

"Well, he will have to get to-morrow, or my name is not Simon Bulkley," said the big man who was surveyor, and who had sunk every dollar that he could lay hands upon in buying up building lots in the young city, which was so rapidly springing into being on the Pacific coast.

"What is the use of chucking a man out, who comes in again the minute that your back is turned?" queried Jimmy, in a peevish tone. "If you are so anxious to be quit of him, why not buy up that lot yourself, and done with it. You might do worse than start a store there on your own, there is plenty of trade down that way, for it is just in the track of the lumbermen coming from their camp to the town."

"I haven't got another dollar to put into land, and that is a fact," growled the surveyor, turning his pockets inside out, to show how empty they were.

"Same here. If there came a slump jes' now, I should go to the bottom bang, slap, like a dog with a stone tied to its neck," sighed Jimmy.

"I tell you what we can do!" exclaimed Simon, struck with a brilliant idea. "We can make some one else buy it, and see, there you are. Rube will have to quit, while the dignity and honour of this city will be maintained."