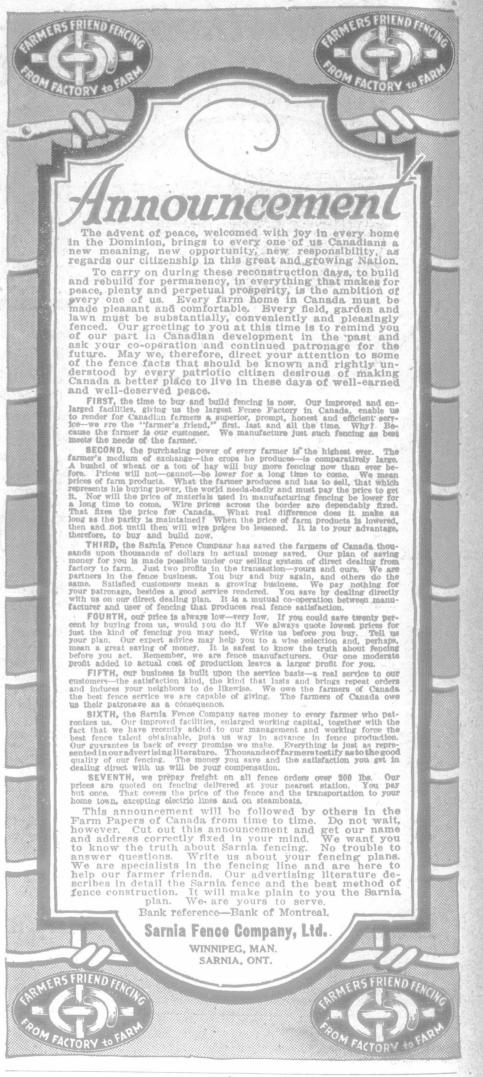


Well, the "raising" came yesterday, spliced in not too badly between the having and the harvest, which was a good thing, for besides the time required to put up the house it took some time to go to the spot, Jimmie's farm being Hannah's—to carry them through. Such "beyond the Block," that is beyond the as this, however, has to be borne with big block of forest land still held here by the Canada Land Company. Past his place the land has been "taken," but the settlers have not yet come to it, so that between one thing and another there is little traffic in that direction and the road is very bad, partly rough corduroy which has sunk here and there into the mud, while farther on there is no corduroy at all, but sticky clay which turns into a mill. That, I think, was altogether the

slough in wet weather and is passable only because of slash thrown across it. Everything considered, one cannot envy poor Jimmy his location, and must think that it will take all his cheery heart—and as this, however, has to be borne with in places all over the country, with much vexation to the settlers, and is one of the reasons why people are so willing to listen to Mackenzie's speechifying. Since early in June, we hear, he has been holding "Union Meetings" in various places, and particularly in North York and Simcoe, very openly and above board, and not in



doing of The Schoolmaster, who has an day down at the Corners, sitting on a odd streak in him; but maybe there was some truth in the menace of Big Bill.

Jimmy was not the first on his land Two or three years ago it was taken up by a fellow who hacked out a little round hole in the bush, burned the logs, built a little barn and a very small shanty, and then became weary of the loneliness and

Since their marriage Jimmy and Hannah have been living, as they had said they would, in the shanty, which was but a poor thing in the first place and is not worth fixing up.

Like two birds building a nest, however, they have been over the new house and Jimmie has been putting two days work into one, of late, to have everything ready for the building.

Very cheerfully, too. I saw him one

load of new boards from the sawmill.

"Hello, Jimmie," I said. "How are you getting along?"

"Oh, tip-top, tip-top," he replied, smiling from ear to ear. "I've got the logs for the house nearly all hewed now. Jist came in fer the floorin', an' some nails an' the window glass an' sich like.

"How's the road?"

He took off his straw hat and scratched his head.

"Well, that's the worst of it. It takes a month o' Sundays to get out'n in with the oxen, an' it's hell on wagons. I'll have a divil of a time gettin' in with this load. I carried the last meal an' stuff home on my back rather'n be bothered with the brutes. But"—cheerfully again—"Oh, it might be worse, it might be

"And how is Hannah?"