

of what he had been saying, Sylvanus turned to Bushman, and said, "These women have been abusing me because I can't give them more for their butter and eggs than they are worth in the outside market."

"Tut, tut, Sylvanus," said John, "surely you would not quarrel with good customers about a few cents."

Both parties seemed mollified, and there was no more contention about prices. But after the women were gone the poetic spirit came upon Mr. Yardstick, and he got off the following, and posted it up where everybody might see it:—

"The women they came with their eggs and their butter.

And will not be contented until they are sold :

But sometimes they set me all into a flutter.

When they get out of temper and turn to and scold.

"I hate to be scolded—I don't know who likes it.

It is worse than a whipping the little ones say :

E'en a dog will get angry if anyone strikes it,

So I loose my temper and ugly things say.

"But still I am prospering, and traffic gets better

As people grow richer and abler to pay :

My tongue in the future I will keep in a fetter,

And try to grow pleasanter every day."

It is now five years since John Bushman cut the first tree on his place. During these years many changes have taken place. And we have seen the early settlers overcome one difficulty after another, so that now the necessities of life and some of its luxuries are within their reach.

While it would be pleasant to keep in the company of such a fine lot of people as those are in and about