

farm consisted of a two-hundred-acre lot, a few acres of partially cleared land, the rest being bush. A primitive log house had been put up without so far even a chimney. That the young Scotch lad, however, saw nothing discouraging in the outlook of a pioneer farmer is clear from the fact that at this time he seriously contemplated buying a farm himself, and even went the length of examining one that happened to be for sale, and making inquiries as to possible terms of purchase. A sudden call to Hamilton on urgent business brought this project to an untimely end, fortunately for his adopted country. He might have made a successful farmer, but Canada would have lost perhaps her greatest engineer.

One little incident may appropriately close this phase of the young man's career, and the story cannot better be told than in his own words. 'I was anxious', he says, 'to find some way of helping my old schoolmaster, who, although he had no doubt found occasion to thrash me more than once, had endeared himself to me by many kindnesses. As his log house lacked a fireplace and chimney, I made up my mind to supply these defects. I had discovered that a quarry could be opened some little distance away, and with the aid of a pair of oxen and a sled or stone-boat, gradually managed to cut out and haul to the house sufficient stone for the purpose. Mr. Bethune's little girl, Isabella, a child of about three years, had become my stanch friend, and took great delight in driving back and forth behind the great lumbering oxen. Many interesting conversations we had, wee Easie and I, as we got out the stone and hauled it to the site of the chimney.

'One evening I remember her mother came to me worrying because the child was restless and feverish, and nothing would do but she must sleep in my bed. With many apologies Mrs. Bethune asked if she might be put there until she fell asleep. But when I saw her curly little head on the pillow I could not bear to have her disturbed, and when I turned in for the night the wee one cuddled down beside me contentedly, and so we remained until the next morning's sun summoned us to our pleasant labours at the quarry.

'One day a message came from Hamilton that Dr. Hutcheson,