

mangles, turnips and potatoes. With the potatoes he expects to wipe out all the debt he has outstanding. Meantime he has increased his capital by a horse, pig, disc, cultivator, plough, etc., and he has erected a neat frame house.

There is, by the way, an interesting story connected with that house. Mr. Sutton worked in a nearby mill all one winter to earn the lumber required for the building of it. With no other tools than an axe, cross-cut saw and buck-saw the home was erected. Mr. Sutton climbed a nearby birch tree in order to put the purline-plate in place. But the work was accomplished and the finished home would do credit to a skilled builder. When I was at Mr. Sutton's place dusk was closing in, but he was busy roofing a barn. That is an illustration of how he and his wife have worked from the beginning, but, as a result, they are on their feet now, and, withal, they have preserved one of the strongest of English characteristics—a love of flowers. As we drove away, Mrs. Sutton presented my companion with one of the prettiest bouquets of sweet peas I have seen this year; and they were produced on soil that two years ago was covered with virgin forest.

The Edwards and Suttons are of the type of men that made Old Ontario. The Lord be thanked the breed still lives.