

they turned and the trees they planted made more for permanency and for real progress than the dickering of all the ephemeral speculators together.

At the height of this notorious boom, in the small army of home-seekers, came a man from "Old England," a skilled gardener, by name Frederick Salter, the elder. An indomitable worker, and having every faith in the rising West, he at once set about making a home here. From all the land around the City, he selected some hundred acres to the west and began to lay out a garden, growing vegetables and flowers to meet a demand which increased, little by little, as the years went by.

Salter's choice of location proves him to have been a man of shrewd judgment. It was a high ridge of garden land as good as could be found, sloping down to a fine wooded river bank. On the south-

