

THE WAY—THE PLACE—THE PEOPLE

yer bow ter the durnest, forsakin'st hill, which ole Colonel Smith christined Sunshine-Shadder."

Once the stranger had, either on foot or in conveyance, followed the injunctions given and found himself around the turn and jogging down the zig-zag hill, his eye focused in one glance a hit-and-miss collection of habitations known to the interested as Sunshine-Shadder.

They appeared a mere handful as they clung to the hill or fringed its base, and although a few homes of fancy frame were wont to rear their heads at irregular intervals, the unabashed white-washed logs outnumbered the former and characterized the village by a helplessness pitifully infantine.

Its accession to village importance had been its one step in the line of progression, an accomplishment fraught with so little result that all other attempts to advance had dwindled into the insignificance of hopeless abandonment.

Old Colonel Smith, who had limped back from one of the early Canadian skirmishes minus a leg but plus a pension, had named the irregular acreage Sunshine-Shadder. From his home on the tree-topped hill he had given it this name as he watched the sinking sun cast its fantastic shadows over the hillside and valley where dwelt the new settlers into whose lives there were mingled the sunshine and shadow of a new home-land.

Tucked away in the interior their progress had been retarded from the beginning, and when the hope gradually faded that the bed of steel would reach