

"freeze up" (the beginning of November), and were living cheaply out of their savings in the summer; the rest had been working on the railway or on farms, and were still making a precarious living by "bucking" wood or other casual jobs in town. They were as friendly and jolly a lot of fellows as I ever met, and I enjoyed the evening immensely. They were much more interesting than a lot of young fellows "at home," for they represented such a variety of experiences—several of them had been through the South African War, and two had been at sea, "before the mast," on merchant ships. Most of them came to Canada with the idea of homesteading, but very few intended to go farming now. Englishmen who have "followed a trade" in large towns do not seem able to stand the monotony and loneliness of Western farm life. We were all laughing and talking together when "the parson's" younger boy, my old friend, came to call us to dinner in the dining-room. Here we met Mrs. Jordan, an elder boy of my own age, a daughter a couple of years older, another daughter about fifteen, and two little girls (called by the rest Tallycoram and Buster, though I should imagine these names are not baptismal). Mrs. Jordan and the girls seemed to know all the "Pirates," and it was just like a big family party,