

two men they knew of. He was cunning and resourceful too, and more would be heard of him.

Of Moke the police brought some news. He was at Lumsden, doing such work as he was able to do, when he could get it, and living quietly and peaceably alone, in a small wooden hut, on the outskirts of the town.

"Tell him," said Jim Brown, "that whenever he likes to come to Kellson's I shall be glad to see him."

"No use," replied one of the officers, "he won't come, I am sure, yet awhile, anyway. He does his work, saying no more than he is compelled to do by way of question or answer to living creature. He goes nowhere, talks to nobody, and looks like a man who is always brooding over something."

"Poor chap!" said Jim Brown, and changed the subject.

Once more the days went by and nothing happened to disturb the evenness of the settlers' lives. Jake Blunt soon ceased to be talked about, or much thought of. In the spring, Jack intended to take up his land, and Charlie and Sam were going to be his helpers for a time. One of the outlying young settlers was returning to the old country, he being one of the few who are not steadfast in their ambitions or sufficiently persevering to make good settlers. He wanted to be relieved of his land without any fuss with the authorities, and he asked no more than a few pounds for his homestead.

"He's unfort'net to have well-to-do relations," said Jim Brown, "and he's not ashamed to go back to 'em. He'll be well out of the country. We don't want his breed here."

Business matters were opened and Jack met the dissatisfied farmer at Danby's homestead, where everything was settled but the formal proceedings of transfer, neither of the parties having any difficulties to advance.

Guy Westerton was the disposer's name. He was about twenty-five years of age, good looking and educated,