

land to sell for myself or anybody else. I have no axe to grind in that form.

Naturally, we all like plenty of neighbors. There is room in this world for every one. Billions of acres are waiting for man to till. In Ponsonby, where I am staying, about 60 or 70 miles or less from Montreal, there are upwards of 300 vacant lots, 100 acres each, at about 50 cents an acre. What cheaper land do you want? There are hundreds of merchants and mechanics in Montreal who have their summer lots of 100 acres there, where they rusticate, plant fruit trees, etc., not knowing the day they may decide to settle down from the worry of city business. There are, too, to my knowledge, many men in this neighborhood who could get their \$15 a week if they went to the city, but they won't move from here. I know many who have come back from Manitoba with the last \$200 or \$300 saved from the wreck, but who are as well off to-day as princes or lords. One old man has fifty sheep; he gets one or two lambs a year from each, worth \$4 in their season. What more does he want? He has no trouble with them. They feed themselves, and if they need a little care from him he does not grudge it. They are grateful creatures,—more so than cousins or nephews, nieces or aunts, or friend generally.

You break up your home, go thousands of miles away, and you are not able to come back. There is an old saying and a true one, "Never reach your arm out farther than you can draw it in again." Of course, the farthest away hills look always the greenest; but bread and butter first, poetry next. It would cost you more to take your organ to the west than you would buy a farm near Montreal for. You can go and come yourself, leave the family till you see the way to reach your arm out full length; never lift one foot till you have fastened the other. Ho, for Ponsonby; plenty of room, as they say in the street cars: "Room for one more; push up there!"

Just you start for Montebello, on the C. P. R. It is about sixty miles from Montreal, and it is a quaint little village. Start, say, two, four, or six of you together. Take with you some biscuits and canned food, a drinking cup, and some small change. Start from Montebello, and walk or drive about eighteen or twenty miles through primeval forest, skirt lakes, cross streams, hills and valleys. You will find it the prettiest walk you ever had. Soon the rail will be within six miles; it