

that it is worth your while to look at him and make his acquaintance.

Our first glance at the man reveals to us several facts. First of all he is young; one might guess a year or two on the sunny side of thirty. In the second place he is by no means ill to look upon. He is of a fair height. There is a squareness of the shoulder and a roundness of the thorax that tell of muscular force, and a full development of the vital organs. If you were to look carefully at his hands you would see that there was a broadening at the finger-tips and a wrinkling of the knuckles indicating an acquaintance with severe manual labour. When you come to the face and head you will not be content with the first glance. You will desire a more extended study. For it is a very good face, a very wise face, a very strong face, a face that speaks of high ideals, careful thinking, and bold resolution. It matters little whether the eyes be blue or brown, whether the nose be straight or aquiline, whether the chin be protuberantly aggressive or squarely resolute, whether the brow have Gladstonian breadth or Tennysonian height, so long as our eyes tell us that we are looking upon a man, a genuine, downright man. But in the third place there is a certain air of unrest and dissatisfaction about him that sets us wondering, and makes us desirous to know a little more about him.

He was born in that section of country that lies near the base of the triangle that has for its sides the St. Lawrence River from St. Anne de Bellevue to Prescott, and the Ottawa River from the same St. Anne to the city of Ottawa. Parts of this district