

then, having placed his affairs in the hands of lawyers, and having let the property to which he had proved his title, he returned to join his comrades. Up at the end of that valley Peter Strike, and Hank, and many another are now located. A railway draws its steel lines through the heart of the settlement, while a school is already building. That is the way with Canada, red tape has scarcely an existence; it is merely a bad memory imported from the old country. Yes, there is a school building, while the telephone is fitted to houses rapidly replacing the rough shacks. But that is not all. Electric light is generated by water power at the foot of the lake, while there is a lumber mill down south, and logs pay handsomely. Motors buzz, too, out on the fields, and acres of soil are ripped open and ploughed in as many hours as days were taken formerly with horse tackle. Joe himself is rather proud of the potatoes he grows on his holding, while he has hopes some day of beating all at the annual fruit show in Toronto. You may ask with reason, perhaps, whether he ever pines for London or a city. No, emphatically no! Joe is an open-air man, a jovial, hard-working, contented fellow, who loves the wilds of the Dominion, and who now and again sneaks off into the backwoods with his old chum Hank. But business is his main consideration. His purchases close to Peter Strike's old settlement have increased enormously in value, while elsewhere he is making money.

“Not as it matters much to a chap same as you,”