

CANADIAN CAMP LIFE

thickly-wooded country, where only a few farms had been cleared for miles, and several of these had been abandoned. One, we noticed, was fenced with nicely planed pickets, and had a park-like carriage gate, with a small one on either side for pedestrians. But brush and young trees were growing up over garden and path, and a large barn was falling to decay. There were even the remains of a chicken yard.

'Isn't it strange there's no house here, daddy?'

'Well, it would be, only don't you see it has been burned down; these are the charred ruins. His driving seat gave him the advantage of me, and, standing up, I caught sight of some blackened underpinning.

'I wonder if he's waiting for "another remittance from home"?''

'Likely; he would do better to go out to the fishing; this is the "big year," and he could easily earn six to eight hundred dollars during the season.'

'I can't help wondering if some of those dudish, white-handed farmers wouldn't be better