a corner block measuring 50 feet wide by 100 feet deep
fronting two streets. He gave less than £100 for it, held
on for a short while, and when a man came along and
offered £4,400 for it he refused. Another lucky purchaser
paid £1,200 for a plot and ultimately parted with it for
£2,800. In one case a plot for which £1,200 was paid
was sold twice within seven days, the second time realis-
ing £2,000. These transactions, it must be remembered,
have taken place within a town which is not yet five
years old, and where no jostling has occurred yet for elbow
room. One Englishman, I was informed, had startled
the community by his audacity. He had strolled into
the town, sized up the situation, and had then departed
as unostentatiously as he had arrived, after having bought
up lots to the tune of £20,000. It seemed an insane
manner of dealing even in booming land, but he had not
shaken the dust from his feet by more than twelve hours
when some of his property was commanding sufficient to
show a profit of 14 per cent., and was still going up.
Though it is the man who buys under the hammer who
stands the chance of clearing up the largest profits on
land sale transactions, yet to-day, if plots are purchased
carefully, the investor can rely for a certainty upon a
profit varying from 25 to 1,000 per cent., and that within
a very short time.

Property rises and falls in a new Canadian town more
startlingly than a thermometer plunged alternately into
ice and boiling water. It takes a new community some
time to settle down. To be plumped from a far-off country
into a town like Prince Rupert in the moulding stage, is
akin to buying a house when but the bare walls have been
raised. There is only the carcase and its general lay-out
to assist you in judging. Prince Rupert is only just enter-
ing on the masonry stage. When I was there it had no
streets in the civilised sense of the word. They were
there, it is true, in the form of timber side-walks and
staging on stilts, over which all traffic passed. And a