

"Talk's cheap. But you've got to find some one with the cash to do it," said Jimmy.

"I can put my finger on the party, yes, that I can. It is a man from England, a new chum I guess, and he came up from Vancouver City with me, on the boat. I tried to sell him some of my lots, and of course I asked him top price, but I'll go and offer him this at a bargain. Come along, Jimmy, we'll go and hitch this business up without delay, and then out goes Rube, for we ain't going to have no squatters stealing building lots in this city while I'm surveyor, not if I know anything about it, that is." Simon swelled himself out as he spoke, for he was tremendously proud of his position as surveyor of the new young city, which was springing into being on the shores of the bay.

"Perhaps the fellow hasn't got any money," objected Jimmy, who was shy of facing strangers, unless they happened to be law-breakers, when he at once became as fearless as a lion.

"Oh, yes, he has, for I saw him handling a great roll of notes, on board the boat, besides he would not have come all this way to settle down, if he had not had a little cash to go on with," returned Simon, and then he dragged Jimmy off to see what they could do towards inducing the stranger to buy that particular lot, upon which it had pleased Reuben Shore to squat.

But there were so many building lots on sale in the city at that time that the new-comer was disposed to hesitate about purchasing a lot, which was being fairly thrust down his neck, and Simon Bulkley might have been unsuccessful after all in his endeavour to get a purchaser, if it had not been for