

the most meagre proportions existed. It was the crudest form of a village, only the most urgently needed of buildings were scattered about in it; and in vain one looked for a church of any description. The station-house was of wood, painted the usual brown, to protect it from the weather, and in it he had a room, in which he lived the solitary life of a bachelor, taking his meals at one of the nearest houses. There was not much to be done, travellers were few and far between, occasionally a man looking for cattle to buy, or a lumberman passing to the lakes beyond, in search of timber. The beauty of the lakes was as yet almost unknown, and the summer tourist had not penetrated so far inland, owing to the recent date of the building of the railroad.

At first his time was occupied in making himself thoroughly familiar with his work, and in arranging his simple things in the most home-like way, endeavouring to take the bare look from the walls with a few pictures and other little things, which he