

## Seeds of Pine

One day, this lake shore will be a hive of industry, for deep in her loins Mother Earth had hatched her riches of coal and fire-clay, and, mayhap, more minerals that are precious. Once, in drilling here, our men came upon black sand with a showing of gold, but it "petered out," after a couple of inches. It was with great difficulty they were persuaded to go on with the drilling instead of going to town to file on claims.

Already there are several towns along this lake-front—that is to say, towns consisting of three or four tents or houses. In the earlier days of the North each settlement was commenced with a fort, now it is begun with a railway station. The next building to be erected is the station agent's house, which is quickly followed by a restaurant, and a general store with a post-office. This is the axis from which the homesteaders radiate into the surrounding country, and, presto! before you know it, there is a bank, an implement shop, a church, a hotel, and the other conveniences of modern civilization including mortgages.

Already you may see trails like long black welts across the land—trails that appear to fare forth without any preconceived plan and to hold a lure in their far reaches for happy-go-idlers like you and me. There is no telling what we might find on them a goodish way off. The only straight trails made in this North land are made by the engineers, and as you look down the lines you may readily see that they lead into the sky. I like greatly the unthanked, unknown engineers who beat out these paths for the people who are to