

about the roots, rocks, and ravines and in exactly how many years the Muskoka free grantee could retire on his fortune. Before night, I had got all my flock off my hands, except a married couple. The husband had been offered, when in Toronto, a good situation as a keeper in the Lunatic Asylum, but the omniscient little Cockney had drawn such a glowing picture of the wealth of Muskoka, that he joined this batch of immigrants. He was an intelligent man. He saw at once that some little money was needed, even on a free grant. He and his wife, in October, could not live on the future potatoes of the following autumn. He could not do hard manual work of any kind, and manual labour was the only thing to be had in Muskoka. His sole chance was to get back to Toronto, but he only had four dollars left. His wife felt the terrible position keenly and cried bitterly. I had no authority to give them a return pass at the Government's expense, but I did so out of my own pocket, and was unmercifully chaffed for my folly by friends. However after some months, I got all the money refunded by the man, who had got a situation in one of the asylums outside Toronto. While there were many splendid samples of the sturdy Englishman and Scotchman, there were some arrant humbugs also among the immigrants, whom I shall immortalize in the second edition. One of the latter class leaned over my garden fence in a threatening way

demanding a pass to another village (not many miles off) and holding up his child in his arms to emphasize his request. Whether the Englishman secretly punched the eyes of the fat baby, I don't know, but a loud squealing ensued, echoed by all the neighboring dogs, and he asked me whether I was going to let his child starve. I instinctively became suspicious and sternly refusing him the pass, told him that the interview was ended. When I saw him next, in a month or so, he owned a horse and various other matters inconsistent with starvation, and was conducting a thriving business. Another deceiver was a well dressed young Irishman, who came into the office with a very pompous stride, and sat down pulling an interminable library of memorandum books out of his breast pocket. He was, according to his own account, superciliously squirted out in jerky paragraphs, an Irish gentleman of means. He was vague as to locality, but said he was to be looked at as the pioneer and agent for a number of Irish gentlemen of position, fortune, and rank even he obliquely hinted. These magnates had sent him to spy out Muskoka—"Was there such a place as the Magnet-ewan?" he enquired, strongly accentuating the second e, after the manner of all Dudes. "There was such a place," I solemnly affirmed. "How far off?" I told him. "What preparations did I propose to make to convey him to it?" I owned that the question had not troubled me. If as he confessed pos-