

the tar (lukewarm) is poured over the body of the wretch. Two feather pillows are then emptied upon him and stuck to the tar. A rail is brought, the man is set upon it, and with unearthly yells and shouts, the miserable wretch is borne off and dumped into the mud of a slew hardby. There, later, the little Indian girl finds him, and with loving hands leads him to her home in camp.

The following day, Dayton sets out in his car upon a quest (the recovery of Minette's children) which he believes as sacred as any ever entrusted to a man. Minette is at the gate to see him off, and as he bids her goodbye, he fancies he sees in the girl's face far more than mere gratitude.

One of the curiosities of the Alberta climate is the blizzard that seems to come every September just after the harvesting. Sometimes it is light, just a flurry, but very often it is blinding and severe. Its ~~run~~ <sup>run</sup> lasts more than a day or two, when a season of beautiful weather follows that lasts clear till Xmas

The babies have found a never failing source of fun playing among the stacks and hay stacks. They toddle off from one field to another. Out of a sunny sky, suddenly, like a black hand a cloud darts over the horizon. A moment later flakes begin to fly. The children chase the flakes, thinking them butterflies. Farther and farther they go, and thicker and thicker comes the snow. Now the wind turns to savage dimensions, and a miniature hurricane arused. Soon a whirling blizzard is sweeping across the land. By its sheer force it blows the babies along the field, and laughing as if it wvre a game, the two