

22 mile, though theres a sight a gophers runnin' loose this year".

"Gophers!" What are they?" asks the agitated Dick.

"Well, bo, gophers is a sort of a wild animal thats loose around the prairies. They're a sight o' trouble to the ranchers and---"

Dickie and Birdie are fantastically clambering aboard.

(The screen should show a gopher, which is the size of a small rat, and is in fact a rodent which thrives on the grain)

The two find a seat on the trunks, and the long, shaky torturing ride over the famous roads of Alberta, full of enormous bumps, slews and mudholes, slippery, ~~sandy~~, stoney and utterly uncared for (save the famous highways over the main trails) far and away excelling the celebrated Road to Dublin, is begun. "Misery loves company" it is said, and the two unhappy young people from New York are drawn together. Soon they slip down from the trunks to the floor of the wagon, and as the chill of the Alberta evening steadily deepens they snuggle up against each other. Meanwhile Buck has given two fat buns to the babies, and after ~~knack~~ munching on these, the children fall asleep. As they are on the spring seat, and well wrapped up in the sheep-skins, they are perfectly comfortable. Dickie and Birdie are so cramped with the chill, and the hard floor, and the bumping that when after three hours on the road the wagon pulls up at the ranch, they are hardly able to alight. Buck lifts the babies down and carries them into the house.

Instead of the splendid ~~of the splendid~~ ranchouse they had pictures, they find themselves in a ~~humble~~ homesteader's