immene

its interior was all fire. The sky would be as still and clear blue as a summe see. A stillness pervaded over all—the brooding hush of the ended day.

The country seed to me like the vast extended stilled to milent

proper. Come the great harvest. Men, two and two, following the binder binders, spring describe fields the their wings whiching around. The rising and bending stockers, stacking the sheaves together. It was like a vast canvasts — a masterpiece that no human hand could ever hope to copy.

that no matter what the grain sees first pf all. It was a living, vital, m thing that must be garnered before the encroaching hand of the fall frost of the limit the must be garnered before the encroaching hand of the fall frost of the limit the might to bight it.

The men had colossal appetites. I've seen men eat eight eggs, bacon, perridge, potatoes, rolls and coffee for breakfast. And he was no exception. The cook made a pie applece for the men at harvest time. Its all very well for food specialists to insist we sat too much. I'd like to put one of these specialists on a plow or set him to stocking in an Alberta harvest field. I'll wager he'd eat like a horse when he came to table. Ip use an expression of the ranching country, the men "packed down" their food. They would say: "Well that'll stay with me till next time". They are food that "stuck". They were like growing boys, always hungry and never full.