

reason. I had three children! I wanted to go ~~the worst way possible~~ with him, but I could'nt myself to dump my troublesome progeny upon him. Many a time I went into minute details as to what it meant to have three wild, husky, noisy children in a house. I painted too, in black colors, all of my own defects. Did'nt make the slightest impression on him. All I got was:

"I'll take a chance on you, and as for the kids, I love them. Have'nt any of my own and its fine to have a ready made family".

Besides his arguments I had to listen to the pleas of my three children, all stoutly for him and working in his interests. Indeed my little girl was for a long time firmly convinced that my husband married me because he wanted my children. Also I was greatly ~~amused~~ <sup>mortified</sup> one day to overhear a blackmailing conversation between my youngest son, then aged about eight, and my prospective husband. Said Mike: "Gimme ten cents or I won't ask my mother to marry you today!"

Anyway, he won!

I packed all my goods and chattels, including my children, and going aboard train with my new husband, I left behind me the hectic City of New York where I had lived for fifteen odd years.

We went directly out to the Northwest. My husband had been a shipping man. That is to say, he was one of the owners of a large lighterage firm in New York. He had come from people who had "followed the sea in their youth and finished on the farm", but the farms they had finished on were on Long Island. He was transplanting himself, with me and my children, to the "last of the big lands", a term applied to Alberta in Northwestern Canada. He was not, however, going out as a tenderfoot, for he had been "raised" on a farm. With a couple of hundred thousand dollars, ~~competitive~~ youth, magnificent health, a clear brain, considerably above the average and a distinct executive ability, which had made him a success in his