

in more cases than not was able to dispose of it to the soldiers. Certainly no one but a soldeier would have bought the Swenstrom place of evil repute.

Jake took his time about arising in the morning. There were few chores to do. He had whittled his days down to an almost scientific minimum of labor. Prior to the war Jake had been an excellent farm hand, whose services were in demand by all the farmers of the district. Since his return his aversion to work had lost him more than one friend, and earned him such terms as "worthless," "lazy", and "goodfornothing." Howbeit, Jake had returned with a vast leathing for exertion or labor of any sort or kind. He had one great desire -- to lie out in the sun with his dogs and arise only when it was necessary to eat. Occasionally he suffered from moods of activity when he chopped wood, broke a bit of land, put in a crop of oats, and even cut some hay. Rather than milk the cow, with which the aforesaid grateful government had provided him, Jake had ~~preferred~~ preferred to "tickæ the tin" -- an Alberta expression for using canned milk. He subsisted to a large extent upon game and the woods supplied him with ample food for both himself and his dogs.

Jake had a rheumatic left knee that was an infallible weather prophet. He could tell by the kind and extent of his twinges exactly what the weather was due to be like on the following day.

It so happened that on the night when half the country