THE WEEKEY ONTARIO. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1920.

Roughing II In (Continued from Prec

of them believed that end of the world." "What syamp is that "Ob, the great Cavan are just two miles from tell you that the horses good rest, and ourselves ner, by the time we are Ah! Mrs. Moodie, if even hat way in summer, you something about cordur was 'most jolted to deat was 'most joited to deal I thought it would have i notion to have insured m fore I left C-----. I real that they would have out of my head before w anceuvring over the bi "How will my crocke in the next sleigh?" qu the road is as you desc afraid that I shall not bri plate to Douro." "Oh! the snow is a gr —it makes all rough plac But with regard to this have something to tell y ten years ago, no one had the other side of it, and cattle strayed into it, and prey to the wolves and vere seldom recovered. "An old Scotch emigran located himself on this sid often lost his beasts that mined during the summer try and explore the place, there were any end to i takes an axe on his shoul bag of provisions for a wee getting a flask of whiske ie starts all alone, and tel that if he never returne little John must try and ca farm without him; but h termined to see the en swamp, even if it led to world. He fell upon a f tract which he followed all and towards night he four in the heart of a tangled of bushes, and himself hall with the mosquitoes and h He was more than tempte in and return . home by and return . home by

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