

that stuck in my memory will give a taste of its quality. The ingenuous dreamer proposed a method of dealing with the crops needed to supply food that struck me as unique. He proposed that when seeding-time came round, "joyous bands" would go out from the cities and put in the crops. Having some experience of the drudgery of farm work that phrase impressed me. Similar bands would go out at harvest-time and garner the grain. Mr. Oliver was so dazed that he did n't say a word. He passed over the document and waited for my opinion. I had nothing to say. And yet neither of us is without a certain command of language.

The cumulative effect of this contact with the new altruism was that, when I started for home from Winnipeg, I reminded myself of the soul of Stephen Leacock's Melpomenus Jones, which escaped from its earthly tenement "like a hunted cat over the back-yard fence." I hoped devoutly that my kindly friend of the prairie freight would not succeed