

wind went by. Little warm winds passed over my face, coming from nowhere. I had often met these welcome little gusts as I was returning home from Hazel School, which stood on the wheat land above, and I had imagined them to be the contribution of some kindly hollow which absorbed in the daytime more sunshine than it needed, but held it until nightfall and then released it to comfort some tired man or woman coming home from work. Everything was the same as it used to be, the sky, the clouds, the sounds, the tawny grass in the coulee dripping and bending, and yet nothing was the same. For my stomach was sick, and I saw no beauty anywhere. I was lonely as a lost dog, and felt cheated, too, for Wes had gone to Winnipeg that day without me. We had counted on this trip to the city, on my birthday, and now I could not go. How could anyone travel with a stomach like mine? We had planned to stay at the Leland Hotel, and go to the Bijou Theatre at night to see a play. I loved to see a play and had seen but few . . . how I had looked forward to being in our seats early, not to miss that dazzling moment when the lights go down in the pit, conversation ceases, and the crimson velvet portieres are folded back by invisible hands, and then slowly and noiselessly the curtain rises on the scene of enchantment!

And I had planned to wear my nice blue dress, trimmed with passementerie and have my hair done at a hairdressers. But here I was in a tweed skirt and jersey, my old coat and dusty shoes, sitting huddled in misery on the shady side of a cold grey stone, sorrier for myself than I had ever been before. Then I grew resentful, not because I was going to have a baby, and not because I was afraid of pain or minded the prospect of losing my lead pencil figure either. I weighed an even hundred pounds. No one can raise a family without putting on some flesh, and anyway, older women looked better when