



## Prevented—Stopped

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Uncle Adam amid the snows of Sauga-

mauk.

In this ignominous position, his heart bursting with shame and impotence, he was left lying while his two battered victims were lassoed and led away. Since it was plain that the King would not suffer them to live in his kingdom, even as humble subjects, they were to be removed to some more modest do-

not suffer them to live in his kingdom, even as humble subjects, they were to be removed to some more modest domain; for the King, whether he deserved it or not, was to have the best reserved for him.

It was little kingly he felt, the fettered giant, as he lay there panting on his side. The cows came up and gazed at him with a kind of placid scorn, till his furious snortings, and the undaunted rage that flamed in his eyes, made them draw back apprehensively. Then the men who had overthrown him returned. They dragged him unceremoniously up to the gate, slipped his bonds, and discreetly put themselves on the other side of the barrier before he could get to his feet. With a grunt he wheeled and faced them with such hate in his eyes that they thought he would once more hurl himself upon the bars. But he had learned his lesson. For a few moments he stood quivering. Then, as if recognizing at last a mastery too absolute even for him to challenge, he shook himself violently, turned away, and stalked off to join the herd.

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That evening, about sundown, it turned colder. Clouds gathered heavily, and there was the sense of coming snow in the air. A great wind, rising fitfully, drew down out of the north. Seeing no covert to his liking, the King led his little herd to the top of a naked knoll, where he could look about and choose a shelter. But that great wind out of the north, thrilling in his nostrils, got into his heart and made him forget out of the north, thrilling in his nostrils, got into his heart and made him forget what he had come for. Out across the alien gloom he stared, across the huddled, unknown masses of the dark, till he thought he saw the bald summit of Old Saugamauk rising out of its forests, till he thought he heard the wind roar in the saw tone tone the dead hypothesis. Old Saugamauk rising out of its forests, till he thought he heard the wind roar in the spruce tops, the dead branches clash and crack. The cows, for a time, huddled close to his massive flanks, expecting some new thing from his vast strength. Then, as the storm gathered, they remembered the shelter which man had provided for them, and the abundant forage it contained. One after the other they turned, and filed away slowly down the slopes, through the dim trees, towards the corner where they knew a gate would stand open for them, and then a door into a warm-smelling shed. The King, lost in his dream, did not notice their going. But suddenly, feeling himself alone, he started and looked about. The last of the yearlings, at its mother's heels, was just vanishing through the windy gloom. He hesitated, started to follow, then stopped abruptly. Let them go! They would return to him, probably. Turning back to his station on the knoll, he stood with his head held high, his nostrils drinking the cold, while the winter night closed in upon him, and the wind out of his own north rushed and roared solemnly in his face. rushed and roared solemnly in his face.

George Ham's Roses.—Speaking in Calgary at the luncheon to the C.W.P.C. the C.P.R. humourist—and George Ham is a most entertaining as well as able speaker—made reference to a bevy of beautiful roses brought from British Columbia for the occasion. But George didn't waste any Tennysonian eloquence over the mere roses. To him a rose is not meerly a rose, but an opportunity to rise to the occasion—in a genuine burst of Hamian humour.

"These," he said, waving a hand at the flowers, "are very lovely roses that came from British Columbia. But, honest now—what do you think of my bunch of flowers from Ontario?"

There was a pause when all the ladies wondered what might be his peroration; which was—"I think myself they're pretty fine—and between you and me, they're a hanged sight more expensive."

30 M

Her Recess.—Master of the House: "See here, Mary Ann, where's my dinner?" Slavey: "There ain't goin' to be no dinner, if you please, sir." "What's that! No dinner?" "No, sir. The missus came home from jail this afternoon, an' ate up hevrythink in th' 'ouse!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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