

fiercely rushing river, in the Calgary district, within view of the lovely, delicate outlines of the snow-covered Rocky Mountains. A violent flood was sending down hundreds of logs, which some unlucky lumberman had lost by the breaking of his *boom* higher up. A boom is a raft reaching across a river, to stop the logs which are cut and committed to the stream. The boom is placed at that point in the river where it may be convenient to land and use the logs: but if it breaks, the logs are swirled along, and are lost to the owner; and it becomes a stroke of good luck for any settler, further down the river, who can catch them, as was now being done by Phil Hart with the aid of his friend and partner, Jim Seaton.

A fine, tall fellow was Phil, and his dark, somewhat Jewish face, flushed with the exertion of hauling the heavy logs on to the bank, showed in singular contrast to the pale, delicate features of Seaton, who never looked hot, or tired, or excited. Nevertheless, he *felt* tired enough, and both were chilled with standing long in the water, so that it was a joyous response that went up from their lips to a loud shout which sounded presently from the bank. A burly, well-built man, with fair, curly hair, was riding at full speed towards them,