

keep the poor brutes warm, for I'm not one of those that believe in having my cows and horses standing shivering in the cold wind, though I've seen plenty of such farmers in my time. Snow came the next day, and snow kept on coming, unusual deep it was and quite a job to break the road out through to the front, however it fixed the bad place in the swale better 'n I could, and I soon had a good track made by hauling out some saw logs to the mill, for Dennis was going to cut on shares that winter, and I wanted a lot of lumber to put up a barn next summer after planting time.

The logs I cut for the crossway rolled down into the road once or twice, and I had to lift 'em out of the way with a handspike afore I could haul my logs by. Another thing I noticed, I don't rightly know why, but there was an uncommon lot of wolves about that winter, and I noticed tracks all round our place after every fresh snow.

It got on to be near Christmas and got colder all the time, and when Christmas-day come I do believe it was 40° below zero, though we hadn't any thermometer in them times, and had to guess at it. We'd arranged to start in the morning and make a day of it, and they'd invited another family that had moved in since, and we expected to have a good time. So we made a good start after I'd fed the cow, the two heifers, the old sow, and the geese and chickens. I shut 'em all up tight afore I left and then I laid some wood for a fire in the cook-stove, for I don't think there's anything more miserable than to come in late on a regular cold night and have to go hunting wood and kindling to make a fire. I laid it all ready for a match and lifted Em'ly and the baby into the sled where I had a lot of straw and a buffalo robe, besides two sheepskins to keep 'em warm. They was wrapped up to that extent they looked like a big mummy



"I'D TOSS UP FOR IT TO BEGIN."

Now I never was afraid of wolves, for bigger cowards I never see. I caught one in a trap that fall, and he just crouched down and turned his head away. I couldn't get him to look at me when I went to shoot him; and many a time I've heard 'em howling when I've been coming home late at night, but never felt a bit of fear, and one time I come slap on four of them when I was out looking for a good tree for shingles. I had nothing but an axe with me, but they made off without stopping to snarl at me. Well, this winter they were more plentiful and bolder than ever I knew 'em. They used to take the bones and bacon rinds that we threw out in the back yard, and they'd howl of an evening, sometimes you'd think they were all starving. My wife Em'ly got so frightened that I had to come home by daylight every day or else I thought she'd go crazy. She'd got it into her head that they were after the baby.

cuddling a little 'un, the horses didn't care to stand still any longer so off we went, and as the road was good and the snow hard, we soon covered the two miles, the only trouble was we were nearly thrown over by some of those logs that had slidden into the road at the swale. Well, we got there all right, and had a first-class time, and about as good a Christmas dinner as ever I eat. It was a sucking pig, stuffed and roasted, followed by a Christmas pudding, and I must say that Mary was a good cook. The visitors, that is, the new come visitors, were Dutch people, and a good sort of people they are, good-tempered and hard working, they make good settlers and first rate farmers. There's only one thing I have against 'em, they're too apt to kill the women with hard work, they work 'em like horses. Many a time I've seen that same woman, Soucy Snider, logging with a handspike like a man. She's dead now, poor woman, and he's a rich old man