

rich from the abundant yield of the virgin soil, and his ever-increasing droves of cattle grew fat and fine in the grassy sea which surrounded his homestead. All went well until his life of arduous toil brought on an attack of rheumatic fever, which had left him a bedridden old man. Everything now depended upon the energy of his sole surviving sister, who had shared his fortunes.

Aunt Miriam retained a more affectionate remembrance of Wilfred's father, who had been her playmate. When the letter arrived announcing his death she was plunged in despondency. The letter had been sent from place to place, and was nine months after date before it reached Acland's Hut, on the verge of the lonely prairie between the Qu'appelle and South Saskatchewan rivers. The letter was written by a Mr. Cromer, who promised to take care of the child the late Mr. Acland had left, until he heard from the uncle he was addressing.

The brother and sister at Acland's Hut at once started the most capable man on their farm to purchase their winter stores and fetch the orphan child. Aunt Miriam looked back to the old letters to ascertain its age. In one of them the father rejoiced over the birth of a son; in another he spoke of a little daughter, named after herself; a third, which lamented the death of his wife, told also of the loss of a child—which, it did not say. Aunt Miriam, with a natural partiality for her namesake, decided,