

to his neighbor's wagon, for Bill was a sociable soul, and craved the moral support that a kindred spirit like Dad Peters could and would freely give in this perplexing time, and the country north of the Peace had its grievances, too, in this year of our Lord nineteen hundred and nineteen, inasmuch as the hand of the law was laid heavily upon them.

Without preamble, the discussion began—

"I may be wrong," said Dad Peters, slowly, as he