

remember that Gyp is the cleverest bird dog in Alberta; and if you want Wallace to love you, don't forget that Biddy is the prettiest horse in Edmonton.) M. A. C. and her Uncle Talmage also became great friends, and he usually took her with him in the machine when he had occasion to go up-town on business. Talmage has a somewhat discriminating eye in the matter of women's hats, and he happened not to like the hat which little Margaret was wearing. He said teasingly to her one day, "Where did you get that hat?" Not to be discovered at a loss for a reply, she rolled her eyes, drew her brows together, and answered, much to the delight of the assembled family, and greatly to her mother's embarrassment,—"I dess mother found it—in a hotel!"

The ten days at Edmonton were full of new experiences for us. The boys were very busy installing a new steam shovel which it was important should be put into operation immediately if they were to take advantage of a certain contract for gravel on which they had an option. I spent a good deal of time watching the erection of the gin-pole and the installation and testing of the steam engine. I think the men on the job looked on me as a sort of encumbrance at first; but after I had climbed a forty-foot ladder in order to get a picture of the machine which screens the gravel, their regard for me appeared to alter perceptibly, and we became good friends. It was all highly interesting to me. For up to this time how was I to know that a gin-pole was not a pole with which to stir gin? Or that a steam-shovel was not an implement with which to shovel steam? I was present when the test of the pole and engine was made, and the first shovel-full of gravel hoisted from the river-bed. That was a most exciting moment, when the engine snorted, the cable pulled taut, the pole stood erect and strong, and the great shovel came into view above the surface of the water, up, and up, and up until she finally paused one breathless instant above the hopper, then neatly discharged her contents, and settled back for another trip. I had snapped three pictures during the operation, and in between times had caught glimpses of Wallace's face, and as I saw the look of satisfaction deepen thereon, and knew what it meant to him and Talmage, I could have shouted for joy. I wanted to throw my arms around somebody and give three cheers, but as there was no one conveniently handy except "Dinny," one of the men, who I happened to know was a married man, and withal somewhat bashful, I restrained myself and merely indulged in another snap-shot!