

before the bone was set. This unfortunate accident confined father to the house for several weeks, and also prevented him from assisting or taking an active part in hastening forward to completion the new house, which was intended so soon to become our future home in the woods, and it was quite late in the fall when we could remove, and not having any experience of what a Canadian winter meant, insisted upon removing his family at that late season of the year out to a half-finished house in the woods, for my father, owing to the accident, was forced to depend entirely upon hired help in the erection of the house, and the work was not always done in a proper or substantial way. For example, a log house required to have a part or two or three of the bottom logs cut out at one end of the building and the space built up with stone and mortar to form a back wall for a fire place, and this new house had one of very large dimensions built up with this material, which had become frozen. But when there was a large fire built up against it in order to warm the cold house the very first night, just as soon as the frost thawed out of the mud plaster the whole of the back wall fell down, which made an open space large enough to admit the prowling wolves which were prowling all around the house, as if just looking for some place to get in. My mother would sometimes speak of the first night spent in her new home in the woods, when she lay all night quaking with fear and shivering with cold, expecting every moment to hear the wolves enter and devour her little children. So