

LETTER No. 12

THE HOE FARM,
MINNEDOSA,
January 27, 1912.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE been through my first blizzard, and live to tell the tale. It was certainly a most unpleasant experience; Big Ben was with me, or it might easily have ended in my being under a snow-drift out on the prairie, instead of sitting by a warm stove writing home to you.

The first two weeks of this month were bitterly cold, but beautifully fine, two things that often go together here—intense frost and a cloudless sky. Big Ben and myself made several trips to the bush, drawing home wood cut last winter, and which had been piled there to dry out. Then came a sudden change of weather; the wind veered from the north-west to the south-east, and we had two or three damp, raw days, which ended in a fresh fall of snow, and a rise in the thermometer.

The next morning, after the snowfall, the air was as soft and mild as if spring were coming. There was not a breath of wind, and the sun shining on the newly fallen snow made everything of such a