

in incidents which might otherwise have been regarded as *tragic*.

Winter had not yet broken, the thermometer still registered as much as 27 degrees of frost during our first week in Saskatoon, and the one inch boards which formed the walls of the building offered but little protection against the cold.

There is a large stove in the middle of the room, and many eager stokers piled on the wood during the first evening. By 23 o'clock the room was uncomfortably hot, and we went to sleep, to be wakened about two by the cold, the fire having burnt itself out. The next evening an energetic stoker in trying to put on more wood than the stove would hold knocked down the stove pipe, which descended on some of the party beneath, and covered them with charcoal and ashes. Our experience of the third evening was the climax. The piping had been replaced so well that the end had been pushed right into the chimney, and left no room for the smoke to get out. When the fire was lighted the room was filled with fume. The fire was extinguished, and the windows opened, and kept open all night, giving the majority of the party their first real experience of Canadian cold. We split up into separate crews which undertook to perform the domestic duties in turns. S. L. White volunteered to act as cook, with Coulthurst as assistant. Alderson said he was good at book-keeping, and tried to keep the accounts in order. Davidson undertook the difficult task of catering, and his deep voice might be heard every morning demanding 25 cents per man for the day's rations; and not a little amusement was occasioned by the attempts some