

again after our holiday time. We have a lot of hay to draw home from the prairie, and then the wood for next year's burning has to be cut in the bush eight miles away, drawn home, and cut up into stove lengths and piled up to get dry. Big Ben was in town yesterday, and sold fifteen hundred bushels of oats; the price has gone up, and they are worth thirty cents a bushel, so that will mean some more trips to town, and pretty cold trips too, for it has grown much colder since Christmas Day, and last night the thermometer registered 40 degrees below zero. The little fiction in the emigration pamphlets about not "feeling" the cold in the West, owing to the dryness of the atmosphere, does not, as they say here, "pan out" in reality. One does not suffer from it, with plenty of good food and suitable clothing, but you certainly feel it, or freeze, and then you feel it when you thaw out.

Your loving son,

TOM LESTER.