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The Trail Back Home

(H. L. Paugh)

Late in the afternoon we set forth with Weyburn as our destination. It rained a great deal of the time but not heavily. Just as it was clearing we came upon a truck, loaded with oil. It was stopped on the road. We investigated and found that the highway was flooded for at least half a mile. Two cars were already floundering in its depths. The occupants of these two cars were scheduled to provide the music at a dance that night. The first car passed the flooded area without mishap, but the second skidded into the ditch. The water was now almost up to the top wire of the fence on the low ground. The first car returned to aid number two, pulled it out backwards, turned in the water and ran into the ditch. There it stayed. We could see the men wading around in water past their knees. But all efforts were futile.

Meanwhile traffic was piling up at both ends of the flooded area. The rain had ceased. The highway superintendent and his men came to the rescue. The water had washed out the railroad and was pouring through in two places. The section men could be seen hurrying along with their red flags. The water having found an outlet was slowly lowering on the grade but the deep ditches could not be seen, all other roads not being gravelled were rendered impassable by the rain. The superintendent fearing the grade would be washed out hurried the traffic along. One of the men did his best to pilot the cars across. He stood upon the running board. Just as they thought the danger passed the car skidded into the ditch. Down into that icy water he went. There were cars on both sides of the ditch now, and these served as a guide to those following. At last all were safely over. The superintendent took the women and children off the stranded cars and drove them into town. He sent a derrick out to rescue the unfortunate cars. Perhaps the musicians got there that night after all. The section men filled a hundred bags with sand and placed them in the washout under the railroad track to form a foundation on which to build a structure strong

enough for the train to pass over. When we reached the town we learned there had been a terrible hail storm accompanied by heavy wind and a cloud burst. It was the worst storm that had ever been seen in that country. Hundreds of windows were broken in the town of Weyburn, and car tops were torn to pieces by the hail and wind. The storm swept the country from Weyburn to Regina while we were on the road between these two places. But owing to it having taken a more direct route than we did, we were all unconscious of its fury. It was not until we reached town that we learned of our narrow escape from the hurricane.

It rained steadily all that night and the next day till noon. We spent the day in town hoping it would be better travelling later on and water lay everywhere. A big truck was down in the mud on a side street. The idle of the town gathered to give advice and after a strenuous effort the vehicle was raised. That night the rain came on again and the water was still flooding the grade.

Next morning we continued our journey in a steady down pour. It never ceased all day. This is the dried out area of Southern Saskatchewan. They have not had a crop for three years and the people were rejoicing in the rain even if it did come with a vengeance. That day at noon we reached Port. The boundary between Canada and United States passes through the town. Numerous signs warned travellers not to go on without first stopping at the immigration office. We stopped at both the Canadian and American offices where a number of papers had to be made out and signed before we were given permission to proceed. But the rain did not halt at the line neither did they offer any objection to its passing although it had been raining four days.

We were now in North Dakota but no startling change met our gaze as we looked upon the land of the star spangled banner. If it had not been for the two impressive buildings on the corner we would have thought we were still in our native land. Our course continued south as far as Minot. As we journeyed on it became apparent that we were travelling in an older country, though still on the prairie. The groves that dotted the country side were larger both in extent and in the size of the trees. Large trees that told of decades of growth replaced the slender saplings of tender years. But the buildings on the youthful Canadian prairies compared favorably with those of the older settlements. All day long we continued through the rain that never ceased for an

instant. We could no longer see through the car windows as the ceaseless splashing of muddy water had rendered them opaque. Car greeted car with a muddy deluge and fortunate was the traveller who had his windows closed. As we rounded the turn in the road we caught sight of a shining surface. Water, we groaned, thinking of our former experience. But the expected splash never came. We had struck pavement. With lighter hearts we sped into the city of Minot where we spent the night.

(To Be Continued)

Peter's Discovery

(By F. H. MacArthur)

Peter Quinn sang a lively little tune as he went about the chores at his uncle's barn that fine June morning. It had only been one week since he had left the city orphanage, where most of his life had been spent, but already he was feeling at home in his new surroundings.

This beautiful June morning was unfolding new wonders and attractions. Voices from the road reached him as he crossed the barnyard. "The new boy from the orphanage; don't know his name yet." He caught no more of the conversation and he laughed as he watched the group of boys and girls going along the road.

"It's Saturday; must be a picnic of some kind," he thought. "I guess they are wondering what sort of a chap I am. Well, I guess I'll get acquainted with them later. I was lucky to be in such a good place. This farming sure is a great job. I wonder—surely it can't be something I dreamed when I was a small boy; it never seemed like a dream. Still, I suppose I'll never know, and it's no use thinking about it, but I can't help it." Peter, like a man, had his moments of thought since he arrived at the farm of his uncle. Dim fragments of memories which he could not collect, haunted him. He remembered his parents vaguely, but beyond the fact that they had been killed in a railway accident, in a distant part of the country, he knew nothing about them. He glanced across the fields on his way to the house. "Summer is a great time in the country."

During the meal hour it was more silent than usual. "Not feeling lonesome, are you Peter?" Mrs. Smith said, smiling. "You will soon get acquainted with the young folks around here. I just heard that the boys and girls have gone to a camp party today."

Peter flushed. "No, I'm not one bit lonesome, and I wouldn't go back to the Home for anything. I was just wondering if I lived on a farm when I was a baby. I've always wondered if I would like the country. Now I know that it's the best place on earth."

"No, you never lived on a farm," said Mrs. Smith. "The people of the orphanage took you from the

city. If you keep on the way you started I think you'll make good on the farm, no matter where you lived." Mrs. Smith left the table to answer a phone call. "Yes," she said to the neighbour who had called. "We'll try and get the word out. I think Peter will enjoy going. I'll send a note."

"You'll have a chance to meet some of the boys and girls of Morrell this afternoon, Peter," she told him. "There's a message for Jim McDonald, who is at the picnic to come in and meet the evening train. Peter can find the camp alright, can't he George?"

"Can't miss it," said Mr. Smith. "It's about one mile. Follow the road till you come to the first left turn and the track will lead you right to the place. Might as well stay a while and have some fun. They'll all be glad to have you and you'll see how they do things out there."

Peter was overjoyed as he started on his errand. "Wonder what sort of a picnic it is," he thought. "I'll feel pretty queer among that crowd, but I know I'll soon catch on to things. Anyway I won't be a bit lonesome when there are so many to play with."

As he made his way along the road which wound up hill and down through a wooded lot, something about the scenery struck him as being familiar. "It almost seems as if I had been over this road before," he mused, "but of course I never was. How beautiful everything looks. Wish the boys and girls in the Home were here to enjoy it!"

As he came to the place where the road forked off to the left, a house and dilapidated barn drew his attention. A queer old man was plucking daisies in the field near by and the odd antics of the fellow made Peter laugh out loud.

Laughter and shouts from the camp reached him before he sighted the crowd. "A merry party, all right," he thought. "Glad they let me deliver the message."

"Must be the new boy," said someone as Peter came into view. He received a royal welcome from the boys and girls; and they seemed pleased to have him with them. "Well, I'll have to go home early," said Jim McDonald when Peter handed him the note. "Won't you tell us your name, boy?"

"Peter Quinn," Mr. Hart, who had just arrived, nodded pleasantly. "Quinn! Well, that's not such a bad name after all. Any relation of Michael Quinn who was killed in a train wreck about twelve years ago?"

"That was my father's name," said Peter, "and all I know about it is that he was killed in a train wreck when I was only a baby."

"How old are you now?" asked the man. "Thirteen, they told me at the Home."

"I believe you must be the son," said Mr. Hart. "You certainly resemble the Quinns."

"If you are there is a fine big property about a mile down the road which belongs to you by right. Anyway, no one has ever claimed it. We'll have to investigate the matter."

"We're going to have a candy pull," said Joe Fisher, a boy about Peter's age. "It's great fun, come on."

Peter was soon one of the group and having a wonderful time. When he got home, he informed his uncle and aunt, (as he believed them to be) of the great time he had.

Then he told them about the story the man had told him concerning his parents and the unclaimed property.

The Smiths were surprised. However, they recalled the Quinn property though they had lived in the neighborhood but a few years. "We'll have the matter looked into right away. If it belongs to you, and you can establish your claim, it will be a fine thing indeed. We all hope it is true. We are not your real uncle and aunt after all; but we felt you would be more satisfied to stay here if you didn't know the difference."

There was some difficulty in establishing Peter's claim; but in the end everything worked out satisfactorily, and he was one of the happiest boys on earth.

"Wonderful how it happened," he used to say afterward. "If the Smiths hadn't taken me from the Home I'd never have known a thing about it. But I guess things like that don't just happen, they're planned."

Spain's Famous Elastic After-Luncheon Hour

The new regime in Spain has made the afternoon siesta apply so widely that even the tobacco shops now close for two hours in the middle of the day.

Madrid in the after-luncheon hour is like the famous "Deserted Village," for the hour is the most elastic in Europe, lasting never less than two hours and more often three or four.

Most business houses open between 9 a. m. and 10 a. m., and close down for at least three hours in summer, generally from 1:30 p. m. to 4:30 p. m. But Spain being what it is, that does not mean that the employees get back at 4:30. They generally arrive about 4:40 and give themselves a few minutes to get really going. And closing time comes at 8 p. m.

Food stores open from 8:30 a. m. to 1:30 p. m. and then take four hours for luncheon and the afternoon siesta. They re-open at 5:30 p. m. and close at 8:30 p. m. Government employees, who make

up a large part of Madrid's population, have their working hours arranged so that the habit of taking an afternoon nap is not interfered with. Officially they are supposed to work from 8 a. m. to 2 p. m. but in the Ministry of Finance, the strictest of all, the hours are 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. The Ministry of Agriculture's hours are from 10 to 2.

In many other offices the general run of employees begin their working hours about 11 a. m. They usually start with a leisurely perusal of the morning newspaper.

Towards 1:30 p. m. they begin looking for their hats and preparing for the luncheon appetizer. The rest of the day is free, except in a very limited number of cases.

Many Government employees, after having done their day's "work" from 11 to 1:30, go to outside jobs during the late hours of the day. A large percentage of newspaper employees are in Government offices in the mornings.

Life in Madrid is virtually at a standstill from 1:30 p. m. to 4:30 p. m., so there is plenty of time for everybody to go home to lunch, have a siesta, linger over a drink and a cup of coffee in a cafe, and still be back in time for work. From noon to 3 p. m. is, in fact, known as "midday."

And, in Spain, there is always another day tomorrow.

And in Spain, there is always another day tomorrow.

ODD HOUSEHOLD IS REVEALED

RACINE, Wis., July 20—A young mother, her two children, her former husband and his fiancée are members of what is probably Racine's most unusual household.

Mrs. Linda Beegle, 27, today told how she obtained a divorce June 22 that her husband might be free to wed again. Jay Beegle, 32, a


machinist, remained at the home so the money he paid for room and board would augment the \$30 a month he paid alimony.

Miss Lydia Weber, 22, the fiancée, was invited to enter the household when she lost her job. The two children are Doris, eight and Richard six.

"We all live together—but why not?" Mrs. Beegle asked. "My ex-husband's alimony is not much to live on. So he pays the board and room. We are friends—not such good friends, I'm afraid, because it takes longer for one's pride to die than for love to die."

The wedding will be as soon as the state law allows, next June 22 Miss Weber said.

"Perhaps the best contribution a nation can make to world rehabilitation is to put its own house in order."—Bainbridge Colby.



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Lb.	21c
COOKED HAM	38c
Lb.	38c
Canadian	18c
CHEESE, Lb.	18c
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2 Lbs.	25c
CREAMERY BUTTER	24c
Per Lb.	24c
KRAFT CHEESE	25c
Lb.	25c

FRUITS	
PINEAPPLES	19c
Each	19c
GRAPEFRUIT	25c
3 for	25c
APPLES	41c
Dozen	41c
ORANGES	39c
Dozen	39c
TOMATOES	23c
Lb.	23c
HEAD LETTUCE	8c
Each	8c
CAULIFLOWER	10c
Head	10c
CABBAGE	10c
Head	10c
NEW BEETS	25c
3 Bunches	25c
NEW CARROTS	25c
2 Bunches	25c
BANANAS	17c
2 Lbs.	17c

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