

IF MOTHER WOULD LISTEN.

If mother would listen to me, dears, She would frown that faded gown; She would sometimes take an hour's rest, And sometimes a trip to town.

BLOOD BROTHERS OF THE WILD.

Singing Wind, the Yellow-Knife squaw, stood like an outraged queen of the wild, venting her spirit upon the huge-limbed man who calmly smoked beside the fire.

So the woman waited, watching for the battle flame to flicker in those cold gray eyes. Her husband was a coward, but even the stolid musk-ox fought for possession of its mate.

ners upon the snow was now the only way to gauge the speed of the weary pack. Soon they would reach their last camp, and the soft-spoken giant would go out of Singing Wind's life; would probably go in silence, this strange man who was almost perfect, but who was afraid to fight.

Tenderly she lifted the man from the bloody snow and rolled him to the sled. Then the road song of the wolf-dog went ringing far through the Northern night.

Trial List for December Court. Prothonotary Roy Wilkinson has prepared the trial list for the December term of court which will convene on the 13th.

FARM NOTES. Many potatoes are to be dug, and in some districts hopes of saving the entire crop have been abandoned.