

blood and spilt liquor, lay the still body of the black-bearded Russian.

"Where's he hit?" inquired the hotelkeeper, and I turned him over, exposing a round blue hole in the middle of his forehead.

"Hmph! He'll be easy, then," was the nonchalant but enigmatical comment, and he led the way upstairs.

After supper, at his request, we picked up the dead Russian and carried him out by the back way. Plodding with our burden through the deep snow, the hotelkeeper led us to a clump of pine, close to the railroad tracks, a good half-mile away, where the line took a sharp curve.

"We always put 'em here, if we can!" he said, after directing us to lay the body between the rail, with the head on the steel. He explained that the train would come round the curve too quickly for the engineer to pull up in time, and when he did stop, all evidence as to how the man actually died, would be destroyed.

"It saves trouble, you see—and there's lots more Bohunks where he came from," he concluded with a careless shrug. "The verdict'll be another drunk got caught by the train."

And so it was!

—L.A.C. BURNSIDE.

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