

took the championship at a great U.S. fair. Even if you killed an animal of that size and used him merely for beef, he'd be worth more per pound than the \$50. you suggest".

When I speak of visitors, of course, I am not referring to the winter. Then we had no guests. But during the fishing and game season we always had house guests, and many uninvited guests camping down by the river, after the trout and the small game—partridge, prairie chicken, pheasant and mallard duck on the ponds. I have had young does spring directly in front of my horse, and I've seen wonderful antlers gleaming through the trees. But I never told at the rancho about this, because I didn't want the lovely things killed on our place. The Indians brought us all kinds of venison, moose, wild sheep, goat &c. and somehow then I liked to pretend that the wild stuff in our own woods had come down there for sanctuary. Of course, the men saw them themselves, but anyway I wasn't going to contribute to the knowledge of their presence.

I would not leave the impression that winters in Alberta are necessarily all cold and that snowstorms are the general rule. The climate is unusual, inasmuch as often in a spell of cold that sent the thermometer down to 30 to even 45 degrees below zero, suddenly out of the mountains would come a great wind. They called it a "Chinook", and its origin was said to be from the Japanese current. This wind would be almost hot. Inside of a few hours, we would witness the miracle of all the snows evaporated, streams running, weather as balmy as a June day, and sometimes this weather would last for weeks.

However, there came the inevitable day when I made up my mind that I needed a change. I was "fed up" on ranch life. I liked people better than cattle. I had an inner feeling that I was spoiled for life again in a big city, but at least I told myself I wanted to get a taste of it again. No doubt, as all my neighbors insisted, I would be going back