"Well, what of it? I like kide I have nt any of my own and am darned lucky to have a ready made family. I won't be taking any chances".

besides his arguments I had to listen to the pleas of the three children, all stoutly for him and working in his interess. Indeed my little girl was a long time firmly convinced that my husband married me because of my children.

Anyway, he won out!

That was eight years ago. I packed all my trunks and my children, gathered all my worldly possessions, and going aboard train, I left behind me the hectic city of New York where for fifteen or sixxteen years I had lived and worked.

We went straight out to the Northwest ——Calgary Alberts.

My his band had been a shipping man—that is to say, he was one of the owners of and managing director of one of the largest of the lighterage firms of New York.

With and finished on the farm". To use a joshing term of his own "We had come from Youth and finished on the farm".

Island axarcxince because as far back as the family records could go.

Now he was transplanting himself, with me and my three children, to "the last of the big lands", which is a term commonly app ied to Alberta. He was not going out, however as a tenderfoot. He knew something of farming having been "raised" on a farm, and with a couple f hundred thousand dollars, parth comparitive youth, magnificent health, and a brain considerably above the average, to say nothing of a distinct executive gift, he had every reason to believe that he would make a success of ranching—bring to it perhaps business rational business sense which is do deplorably absent from the present day methods of the average farmer.

First of all we bought a 640 acre grain arm about 15 miles from

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