

every day, and judging by the extent of my own bill, I should say he was on the direct road to make money. He was a wholesome young fellow, in spite of his slang and his conceit, and no doubt he will make good.

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### **A Tidy Set of Bones**

Nine miles north of Regina and we strike the Hill Crest farm, famous for its Clydesdale horses and its wheat. We stop for a moment to see some new importations, and find the owner is away. In his stead is a Scotch stud groom, newly imported, with the mares. We walk through the paddock, lush with brome, and have a look at the foals, nine in number, shaggy and leggy, as Clydesdale colts are wont to be, but giving manifest promise of quality and beauty later on. We enquire about some native-bred foals, but the newly arrived Scot assures us that "Oh, aye, they're vera weel. Maybe in time Canada'll produce Clydesdales." This is somewhat crushing, and we refrain from further enquiry, but venture later to admire the foals from the imported mares—stately creatures, who stand about and look at us with soft eyes, docile enough as long as we keep our hands off the foals, but approaching with rather a menacing air the moment a hand is laid on one of them. After listening to our words of admiration for some time in absolute silence, the Scotchman informs us, "Oh, aye, they hae a tidy set o' banes." This is such a damning with faint praise that we are rendered speechless. Not so, however, the sturdy four-year-old whom we have taken with us, and who is demanding a ride. He looks at the Scot and says, "What's banes?" He receives no answer to this query, but, as a great concession, is lifted to the back of one foal, and, while the stud groom keeps an eye on the mother of the thus burdened youngster, the foal is led up and down, much to the delight of the small boy, and much to the surprise of the said foal.

Off again, through the Travorga district and down through the beautiful Lumsden Valley. Here, to save time, we take the small stream at high speed, rushing up the banks on the further side, the water splashing in all directions, much to the edification of our small boy, who demands, at every succeeding