

tle to scatter, or drift, are absent; therefore it is not imperative to work on so wide a scale. Thus it is that there are many fall round-ups. In fact some ranchers prefer to undertake the gathering of their cattle alone. As a rule, however, owners of a small number of head elect to send their men with one of the big "outfits" in their district. These cowboys board with the ranch owning the cook tent and "grub" waggon, work the range with the rest, and the owner of the brand they represent foots the bill. After the fall round-up spring calves are weaned, late calves branded and driven into pasture with their dams to be fed during severe weather. The balance of the bunch, not yet fit for beef, are turned loose upon the range to "rustle" till spring.

Beef round-ups, *i.e.* the gathering of fat cattle for the markets of the world, may take place at any time which would suit the convenience of the buyers, although the fall of the year naturally finds the steers at their top weight and condition, and it is then that the bulk of the shipping is done.

This then is the outline, albeit a most meagre one, of the general plan employed in the handling of vast herds of cattle upon the open plains. And now, in order to particularize, and bring the country and the round-up closer to the readers of this magazine, I will give a description of a personal visit to a big ranch, together with a few sketches of the work of the far-famed, yet much misunderstood, cow puncher.

It was my first visit to my old home after many year's absence. Fish Creek! Pine Creek! Okotoks! had all been duly yelled by the "brakey" as the train from Calgary to McLeod rumbled southward. At each stop some members of the bronzed crowd of cattle men that filled the car had dropped off, with a parting joke at somebody's expense. Many I knew, many were utter strangers to me, and many faces I thought familiar yet did not smile. Time makes strange changes and boys

will grow to be men. From the car windows could be caught an occasional glimpse of the McLeod trail, over which, in the days long past, the mottled bull teams used to labour complainingly as they hauled up stores from the south. There was the bluff on the divide between Pine Creek and Okotoks, past which the old trail ran, and where I, as a slip of a boy, had killed my first big dog badger. There was the scrub on the long yellow slope where the chicken shooting used to be so good. Sam Livingstone's land; Fish Creek, where John Glen lived—old "which-what" we called him; Sandy Watson's stopping place on Pine Creek. Round the bend to the east of the station at Okotoks was the spot where "Mac" hung out, just by the old ford, and dispensed pork and potatoes and bad Scotch (accents, not whisky) to the travellers to and from the south. All gone. Planted with a text over them these rough old friends. Only all along the horizon where the foothills rolled purpling into the west, the great Rockies reared their silvered pinacles unchanged.

High River!

I grabbed my camera and sketch book and stepped on to the crowded platform. It was all bustle and hand-shaking and piled up saddles and ranch truck of every description. "Round-up" was in the air; but where, oh where was the "Major." Let all readers of this magazine know that the "Major" is Fred Stimson, Esq., an old time cattle man and supreme boss of the Bar U outfit, to whom I was indebted for an "invite" to "come along and do as you — please." Ah, there he was, large as life, and looking not a day older. I pushed through the crowd towards him. He was extolling the healthful properties of the country to a "pilgrim." The following drifted to me in his own special drawl:

"Y-e-s-s, this is a healthy-y country-y. When I was you-n-g twelve Montreal doctaws examined me-e, and they sai-d-d: 'Stimson-n you have only a portion-n of one lung-g remaining-g, hardly enough to catch your wind-d