

cious woman alive could not invent more scandalous stories of her neighbors than you hear about a horse ring, when competition is keen and blood is running high. Just admire a certain horse, and you will be told: "Oh, yes, he's lookin' fine. He ought to; he's had a bottle of whisky and a dose of strychnine just before he went into the ring. He's feelin' mighty good." Or from the other side you learn that still another horse, the property of the man, no doubt, who told you the last story, is suffering from side bones, or has a bog spavin—in fact, is heir to every unsoundness possible to horseflesh. Yet at the close of the judging the owners of these classes will shake hands with and congratulate each other on the wisdom of the judges, and each will depreciate his own horse while he praises that of the other; and no high society dame could do this in more dulcet tones. A horse ring is a good place in which to study human nature.

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Concerning Rattlesnakes

We had been motoring all afternoon over a rather rough trail in Southern Alberta, not far from Medicine Hat, when, suddenly, remarking the absence of gophers, which in other districts had been almost a plague, I was casually told that the rattlesnakes kept them down. My companion was an old-timer who dearly loves to jolly the newcomer, and I thought for a moment he had forgotten I was an old-timer too, and was in western parlance "giving me a yarn," for it so happened I had never seen a rattler and did not know they were to be found in southern Alberta. Nothing further was said, but a mile or two further on we passed the bodies of three snakes dangling over a wire fence where the cowboys had hung them, and I learned that in that particular section and near the river they were found quite frequently.

Even the innocent and timid garter snake has terrors for me, and to find that there were actually snakes in what had always seemed a snakeless land was not pleasant, and made more of an impression on my mind than I was aware of at the moment.

That night, after a very hard day, fifty miles or more of motoring followed by some hours of tramp-