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A Gentle Hint

like that is not to be disregarded. If horses don't get plenty of good fodder they'll kick with something more than their heels. A poorly kept animal runs down and decreases in value. Carnefac Stock Food is in general use from one end of Canada to the other, and in no case has it failed to give satisfaction to both horse and its owner.

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MISSION BRIDGE OVER ELBOW RIVER, CALGARY.

three dozen Indians eager for our scalps."

"Let's keep our ignorance to ourselves old chap, we needn't let these folks see that we didn't know the first thing about the country we are coming to."

"I wish the Colonial office could come to Canada" said Teddy excitedly, "Here old lady" to a newspaper vendor "give us one of those rags will you."

"Like this country eh" asked the old woman as she paid Teddy out his change "rather queer after the old country eh?"

"How do you know I come from the Old Country?" asked Teddy.

"Lor, bless him! you've got it writ all over you, from the top o' your hat to the sole of your boots," giggled the old woman.

"George" said Teddy "are we really so conspicuous?" gazing on the half dozen smiling loafers who seemed suddenly to have been inspired with the desire to buy the paper from this particular vendor.

George took his friend's arm and they wended their way back to the hotel.

What they said to each other over dinner is not of special note, but Teddy forebore to comment on the number of small dishes which the waiter arranged around his plate and which caused him manifest discomfort, while George tried bravely to keep conversation off national topics and not to look at his vis-a-vis who shovelled his food into his mouth with his knife and buttered his bread with the same implement which had done duty for fish and meat alike.

For the next few days the young men explored Canada from the C. P. R. express with occasional strolls on the platforms of such stations as the train waited at. It was a bright warm afternoon when they at last reached Calgary and Teddy had to be suppressed when he saw several Indians galloping about on their bronchos.

"They look fine" he observed as they wended their way to the hotel, "but apparently they are peaceful. We shan't have much use for our revolvers in a civilized place like this!" he commented with a shade of regret in his voice. George smiled as he remembered his fathers' parting injunction and thought how little dear old conservative England knew about her vast domains and the pioneer work already done in them by her children.

Having secured their mails they sat down to enjoy news and food at the well spread table of the — hotel.

"I say George," said Teddy at last, "leave off looking out for legacies and death notices and listen to me! How long do you suppose this beast had been perambulating terra firma before he came to the table!"

"I don't know, is it very tough?" said George looking up with a smile.

"Tough! why you have'n't touched yours! Either the creature was suffering from Anno Domini in acute form, or the cook has fried his boots by mistake."

George returned to the perusal of his paper while the waiter explained to the irate Teddy that the muscles of the cattle became somewhat hard owing to the great distances they often roam. But George's thoughts were at the time far away in old England as he read the following notice.

"At St. Peter's — on the 31st inst. — Sir Nicholas Bull of Hay Towers, to Ophelia, widow of the late Dr. Manners, of Ivy Lodge.

Had he not heard that Sir Nicholas had been his rival for Kate's hand; and now her foolish, pretty, weak-minded mother had actually married him! How would this effect Kate? George wondered in vain; he was vaguely relieved that Kate was not the bride; perhaps! — but no, she would of course go and live with her mother and Sir Nicholas, and marry somebody rich and forget all about him.

He would try to forget her and throw himself heart and soul into this wild but fascinating western life.

The next day they interviewed their lawyer and banker. Yes, they were assured, the ranch was a fine one and the title deeds all in good form. George Rayson was the possessor of 1,500 acres of fine land some 30 miles from town with 100 head of cattle on it and a shack.

"What's the shack for?" queried Teddy, and was informed by the smiling lawyer that such was the name given to the "castle" which they would probably inhabit. Then followed the business details and some well means words of caution and information accompanied by a note of introduction to the owner of the next ranch, a certain Captain Hunt, who, the lawyer informed them, was a successful rancher and a very nice man and who would doubtless be of use in advising them should they need it.

After two days spent in shopping and looking around, the two young men rode out to take up the life which should be congenial to every descendant of England's landed gentry and which has proved so in many