

until they come back in the spring. Then, of course, begins the same "business" which occupies the mind of the Australian squatter the year round—hunting and dispersing, or bringing in wild cattle—called in Australia "clean-skins," because of having no branding mark—rounding-up, branding, driving, marketing, and selling.

There is much less of wild frontier life in Canada than Australia. The Canadian north-west is given up to agriculture and cattle; and since the cattle-ranching is not nearly so developed as it is in the United States or Australia, the frontier population is smaller. In Australia there is added wool-growing and sugar-planting; and, since this is the staple production, bush life is on a much larger scale. Every little township in the heart of Australia is a rendezvous for the shepherd, the drover, the stock-rider, the sugar-cane worker, the squatter, and the planter. The shepherds and drovers are not always picturesque. A felt hat, wide in the brim, a shirt of blue or some neutral tint, a belt with a case-knife in it for killing sheep and cutting a meal, a loose jacket, and top boots, is the modest costume. As often as not laced boots and shoes are worn, the reason being that top boots, if they get wet, are difficult of use. The shepherd or drover is most picturesque when he is out on the plains, on, as it were, his native heath, among the myall, the mulga, the quondong, the stay-a-while, and the wattle trees; where he sits by his little fire on the banks of some creek, and with his billy of tea and his dog muses and drones and philosophises with a deal of pessimism. The shepherd and boundary-rider of Australia is reserved almost to taciturnity. He knows a verse or two, or perhaps a couple of dozen of verses, of Adam Lindsay Gordon, the horseman poet of Australia,