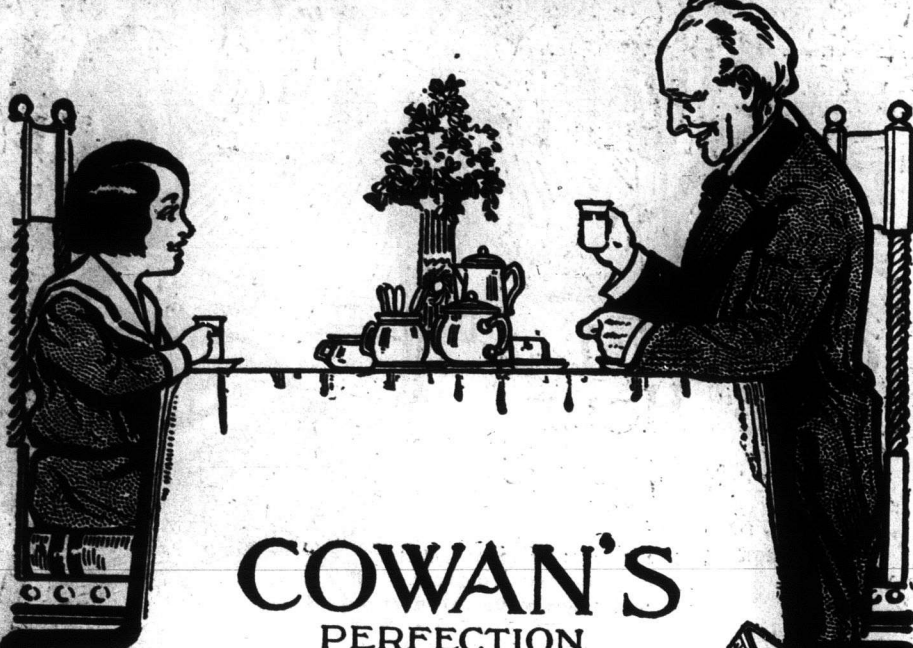


It Puts You in Good Spirits

COWAN'S
PERFECTION
COCOAMAPLE
LEAF
LABEL

The day starts right side up when you enjoy your breakfast. Cowan's cocoa fortifies your body for the work of the day. It starts you off with a bright outlook. First, because it is so delicious—but more because it is so invigorating and so easily digested.

10c TINS—½ LB.—AND 1 LB. TINS.

AT ALL GROCERS

THE COWAN COMPANY, LIMITED - TORONTO CANADA



241

Many Doctors Eat



Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES
Every Morning

streams. No! here they would remain as long as possible, the farming outfit must go.

The grain growers, working and waiting in fancied security, gave little heed to ranchers and cattle. They had not seen either for days. Since the grain matured, the cowboys had taken the cattle further down stream; they had been more friendly of late, and had visited their shacks earlier in the season. Bert McDougall, the noted broncho rider, had been a frequent visitor at the Cameron homestead, the dark-eyed Stella being the supposed attraction. She had ridden with him to the Fair in town. Oft scanning the horizon for signs of approaching storms, all unconscious of one brewing for their ruin midst prairie roses and summer sunshine, they gloated over their treasure, the golden grain.

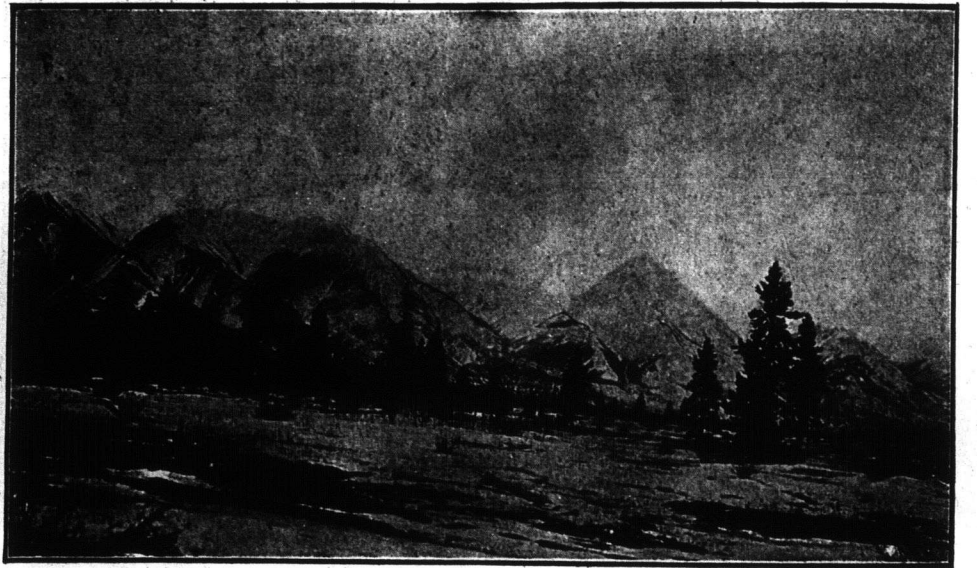
One moonless night, when the crops were about ready for cutting, something dreadful happened. Awakened at night by the now familiar sound, the thud, thud, thud of many cattle, they rushed out to find their fences down and homesteads invaded by the largest herd they had ever seen. From both sides of the creek they came, at head-long speed, a stampede, tearing through the settlement as though mad with fear. Not a rancher, not a cowboy was to be seen. What were wire fencing, shouting men, lighted torches, and firing of guns to stampeding cattle? Onward they rushed, caring for naught, the bewildered and

The winter following the stampede was unusually severe. Storm succeeded storm; snow fell to unprecedented depths, blown into high drifts by blizzards which swept o'er the plains with relentless fury.

The settlement, ill prepared for this state of affairs, suffered keenly; and the ranchers, in trying to preserve and protect their cattle, had many adventures and narrow escapes from death by exposure. Day by day the animals became thinner, weaker and less able to find food for themselves.

In February the ranchers appealed to the farmers. "Would they sell their straw stacks to save their starving cattle?" One or two responded, and sold their stacks at fabulous prices; but the majority, controlled by the younger element, utterly refused to comply with the request.

Another period of snow, blizzard and zero weather sent a second deputation which fared worse than the first, no straw could they get. The farmers were obdurate to a man. A chinook came to their relief. The ranchers hailed the balmy wind and almost summer-like temperature with hilarious delight. In a few hours there was running water, bare grass and feed in plenty, the cattle were saved. Their joy was of short duration, another twenty-four hours saw the prairies wrapped in a sheet of ice and frozen snow, through which the animals in their weak state



The first really high peaks in the Rockies going west on the new C.N.R. transcontinental.

enraged farmers saw their treasured grain a trampled mass, more utterly ruined than in previous years. Only a few escaped. To them the little settlement owed its existence in the succeeding months. An investigation followed, at which both farmers and ranchers attended, but nothing came of it. Something had frightened the cattle which caused the stampede—there was nothing uncommon in that. They had made for the old fort at the creek regardless of homesteads. They regretted the incident of course, but could not be responsible for stampeding cattle—thus testified the ranchers. No one told of the camp-fire conclaves, or the rounding up of the vast herd. The ruined farmers, wrathful and unsatisfied, appealed, through the press, for protection. In town they had their sympathizers, so had the ranchers.

Their legislative representative assured each, also through the press, the matter should receive his most careful consideration, and there it ended. Henceforth there were no dealings between farmers and ranchers. The former were seen no more at the round-ups, nor did the riders of the plains receive glances from bright eyes, or merry words of greeting. Bert McDougall tried in vain to re-establish friendly relations between himself and the Camerons. The boys avoided him, and Stella met him with flashing and scornful eyes.

If the settlers prayed for vengeance they had reason to think their petition granted. Before many moons came their great opportunity to "do good to them who spitefully use you," or get even. During the winter season the cattle remained out on the open prairie, no feed being stacked. They foraged for themselves, scraping the rich bunch grass from under the soft, not overly deep, snow, seeking the coulees in inclement weather and welcoming the chinooks occurring at frequent intervals, when the snow would altogether disappear, till the next downfall.

could not break. Many perished, the plains were strewn with carcasses and the blizzards re-appeared with unabated force. Again the settlement was besieged and, in spite of bribes and threats, met with a flat refusal. The older farmers, led by Mr. Cameron, would have sold; the cattle were suffering and they needed the money. The women folks had been won over long since, the moaning and starving cattle had pleaded their own cause. The dejected cowboys, riding their lean and dispirited ponies, were objects of pity. Stella, from her little kitchen window, watched the finely marked pinto, bearing the once dashing broncho rider, slowly over the plains on his way to town, or back to their shacks and cattle.

"It is a shame, an unholy conspiracy," she cried, her dark eyes flashing ominously. "We don't need the stacks and we do need the money. How can you hear the poor brutes and withhold what will keep life in them?"

"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," her brother replied. "It must be a fight to the finish; the prairie is wide, but not large enough for us both. If the ranchers win out, then we must pull up stakes and go." This view was general throughout the settlement. Bob Cameron, Stella's youngest and favorite brother, did not share this opinion. He had a great admiration for ranchers, cowboys and cattle. Ranching was more to his liking than farming. "Some day," he thought, "he would roam the prairies with his herd. Pity the stampede had occurred to spoil the affair between Stella and that broncho rider, he might have been useful to further his ranching ambitions."

At the close of a cold day, Stella, returning from chicken feeding, noticed a solitary rancher loping along the icy trail, looking neither to the right or left, nor slackening speed till the ice-bound ford was reached. Dropping her feed can in amazement, she perceived her one-