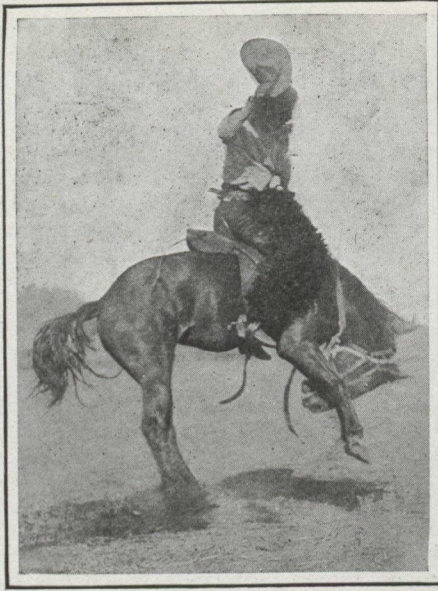


place to the brave hero of old—the missionary, behind whom followed, mounted, all that could be gathered together of the original mounted police of 1874. Nine of them there were—grizzled veterans every one, and it may be of interest here to say that, all told, only nineteen are left to answer the roll call of '74. With them came one of the original waggons that rolled into the province in the days before it had become even a province, its great wheels creaking as it lumbered past. Several cow camps which have entirely disappeared were represented, and behind them, the old-time stage coaches, then the ropers and riders, and following, the industrial parade, which tells the story of the development of the West from beginning to end.

That afternoon, and on every afternoon during the week, there was a performance of thrilling interest. Fancy and trick riding by cowboys and cowgirls, steer-roping, relay races and all sorts of exhibitions of plainsmen's skill. The steers are particularly fast, and while each day has broken the records of the previous one, the world's figures of 19 seconds, held by J. Ellison Carroll, of Erick, Okla., has not yet been bettered.

The cowgirls' relay race caused great excitement, which was forgotten in the thrill of broncho busting. It has proved the wildest exhibition of each day, bringing the



"Let 'er buck."

great crowd to its feet to cheer the wonderful work of the participants. While six cowboys have been "piled" in this contest, the girls have come through successfully, and have shown greater skill in handling the horses.

Since the creation of man, the world has worshipped heroes, and civilization has not so inoculated the stock but that it loves things barbaric; when these are blended with the skill necessary to throw a slight rope among a herd of cattle, rope the steer you wish, and bring him ignominiously to the ground; stick on a bucking broncho, when his wits are brought to bear against yours in fair fight, and all without the brutality that characterized man's first attempts at hero worship, we have something that puts to rout the gladiatorial contests, and the tilting of the knights of old.

These cowmen and cowboys were warm-hearted, generous and sympathetic in the old days. They are so still. An incident proves this. Jose Lemar, a well-known cowboy, was recently killed in trying out an outlawed horse. The cowboys got up a special performance which netted \$2,000 for the little widow. Miss Goldie St. Clair, champion woman broncho buster of the world, mounted and rode the vicious outlaw which killed poor Lemar.

The old days are gone, but their glories and their lessons are not forgotten.

# When the Worm Turned

*And How a Sharper for a Moment Forgot His Cunning*

By JUSTIN H. DIGBY

IT looked as though Clarence Regan had promoted his last enterprise, the old-time interest with which men had harkened to his schemes was gone and suspicion had taken its place—if he had a finger in the pie, it was a thing to leave alone! Having lived for the past ten years as the beneficiary of several broad-minded gentlemen, who had rather less of a desire to benefit Regan personally than to add expansively to their already healthy incomes, having known no difficulty in gathering the hundreds where tens would have done, Regan exemplified to a nicety the theory that one can live on nothing per annum—that is, nothing of one's own. Other persons had, unwittingly, supplied his extravagant wants, and from long experience in floating companies he had learned to skim quietly a modicum of froth from the tops of the rolling swells which always accompany a newly-launched project. But these same broad-minded gentlemen having grown weary of a certain unfailing turn in Regan's affairs, withdrew their remaining funds from his control, and he faced the necessity of acquiring real money of his own at once or, ignominiously, going under.

Financially he was down and out!

His cheque book had no vertebrae, a typhoid germ could have covered all the space required by his savings in the Sperryville National Bank, and if steam boats had been selling at two cents a dozen he could not have rented a gang plank!

Dishonesty wasn't the trouble; no promoters are dishonest. Some of them have judgment and some of them have bad judgment—that's the only difference, and for months Regan's judgment had only been "near" good!

There was the City Reservoir site. Didn't he organize a company of Sperryville philanthropists and buy property right—but unfortunately not left—around Beaver Dam, acting upon a hunch that the noble corporation of Sperryville must have those same acres for its own? And didn't the autumn election and the Civic Reform League put a crick in the scheme so that the city bought, instead of the land which was right, that which was left, thereby leaving the promoter and promoted with a wide expanse of real estate which was worth about one-fiftieth of what they paid for it?

Then did the philanthropic citizens of the Beaver Dam Land Company thank Regan and say that the deal was of no consequence—they would try something else? They did not. They called him names which are to be found only in the family Bible and cut him on the street.

And there was the unhappy case of the Excelsior Copper Mine. Did not Regan let his dearest friends into this sure thing with the sole idea of improving their monthly credit? Did he want to sink their odoriferous lucre? Far be it from him! What happened? Didn't the copper—which certainly had been in the mine—peter through some artery in the earth's complicated strata, leaving the veins as dry as a prohibition town on Inspector's Day?

Was Regan responsible? Had the company any right to use Mark Twain's famous words and describe the Excelsior as "a hole in the ground owned by a liar"?

There were Oil Fields, and Peat Bogs and Water

Power Companies and Railway schemes, but all these enterprises, after floating dizzily for a few weeks, staggered and went to the bottom like a piece of rotten, water-logged timber, and Regan's clientele grew thinner and thinner. He found himself at last unable to float a company with gas bags in Sperryville, and he had not the currency—much less the credit, with which to get out.

Regan lived as a promoter should—in the third finest house in the town, and his gardens, both flower and vegetable, were always pointed out to strangers next in sequence to the new jail and the brewery. He walked back and forth on a hot summer afternoon between rows of nodding plants and wondered anxiously what or whom he could do. Had Clarence Regan been a woman he would have likened himself to a bird fluttering against Circumstance; being merely a man he called his friends bad names and sought for new worlds to conquer.

A cloud of dust drew his attention from his prospects for the moment and he looked up to see his boyhood friend, Jim MacLennan, drive slowly by. Then, and only then, did the sun of inspiration and hope break through the promoter's storm-swept sky, and he smiled tentatively as he looked a full blown rose square in the face without seeing it.

"The very man! THE very man!" he muttered over and over again, positively.

He appeared at his perfectly appointed dinner table in so radiant a mood that Hester, his wife, inwardly thanked her ruling star—which happened to be Scorpio—that she had married a man who could so easily make money, and thereby bring so much happiness into his home—for Regan's happiness was always gauged by the amount of money he had made. And this little silent acknowledgment was followed by the determination to buy a new gown, the colour scheme of which would startle the less progressive Sperryvillians. Albeit, because Mrs. Regan was a clever woman, as befits the wife of a promoter, she indulged in these various side trackings of thought the while she smiled intelligently at her husband's remarks, without having heard what he said.

ON the stroke of nine Regan presented himself at MacLennan's rooms. They were cheerless and dingy compared with his own luxurious home, but he remembered the day when they had seemed all that a man desired.

MacLennan looked up sharply; he took no trouble to conceal his surprise. The visitor advanced with that winning cordiality which had been all through life one of his greatest assets and bridged, in a measure, the span of years.

"It seems like old times to be here, Mac," he exclaimed almost wistfully.

The other shook hands limply and waited, standing, for Regan to state his business.

"May a fellow sit down?"

"Pray do," acquiesced the host, tonelessly.

Without appearing to notice any lack of cordiality, the promoter took the nearest chair and looked dreamily around the room for a moment.

"Eleven years have not changed things here,

Mac," he said. "The moths have made no visible inroads upon the old Navajo blanket, over which we used to scrap on cold nights. The Cherry Sisters still simmer and smirk out of the frame I won at the Thanksgiving raffle—and then sold to you because I was hard up. And, by the gods, I had nearly forgotten the cabinet of Chinese junk we collected thinking we were connoisseurs of the first water! Nothing broken? Lord, Lord, what days! Will you smoke?" he broke off suddenly, offering MacLennan one of the very choice cigars the philanthropic public had until recently enabled him to buy. MacLennan took the weed mechanically. He knew that his visitor had no business there, he knew that he should, for his own self respect, kick him out. But Mac was a lonely man, he had few friends and no one had ever been to him what Clarence Regan was before—

"I WANT to bring back those days, Mac," said Regan, in his deep, caressing voice. "I want you to see every one of 'em—those days when we 'bach-ed it' together, and when you used to hold out that strong, unwavering hand of yours to drag me from unpleasant depths into which I had a fatal habit of falling, because, Mac—because I've come to you, old boy, when I haven't another soul under God's heaven to help me! I need you, Mac, just as I did in the other days—and I am here to ask you to forget the ugly part of the past and remember only our friendship. Hear me? I am down and out!"

MacLennan reasoned clearly enough even while falling under the spell of Regan's charm; he knew of a surety that years might have passed and they would have gone on as strangers if Clarence had not wanted something of him. But because he was lonely, because he had missed some one to be fond of, and because he knew of no other way to fill up the gap the years had made, he listened.

"What have you done?" he asked, slowly.

"I have done nothing!" Regan assured him, bitterly, although secretly relieved that Mac had not repulsed him. "I've lost my grip on the public for the moment, that's all! I've played fair in every deal I ever tackled—where money was concerned," he added hastily, "but bad luck has pursued me until the men have lost faith in me and I can't interest any one in anything!"

"Which means—" prompted Mac grimly.

"Exactly the same thing that it did in the old days—that I must have money or go under! It has cost me something to come to you, Mac, knowing how you must feel toward me—don't think I have not been desperate these last few weeks, harried, tortured by a suspense in which hope played a bitterly ironical part. I don't owe much, but if I can't get hold of some ready money—I shall soon owe every one, and then my business career will end forever. In my line one must look prosperous, must keep out of debt, even small ones—in order to succeed, and a few thousands would tide me over until some of my deals materialize. Then these financial cowards will regain confidence and all will go on as before. Will you tide me over this rough spot—Jim—for the sake of the old days?"

"For the sake of the old days!" There was the