

There is an optimism in the air out here that makes the blood run warm and hopes run high. Once imbued with the itching spirit of the plains you cannot live anywhere else. An old Scotchman, who has lived for twenty years and waxed wealthy on his ranch near Calgary, went to Scotland for a visit this summer. He intended to remain a year; he was on his way back to the ranch in ten days after landing, and was not happy an hour until he caught sight of the familiar Rockies again. You cannot duplicate the climate, the air, the almost illimitable prairie, and the inspiring background of snow-clad steeped mountains that make Alberta so much beloved by all her people. There is a fascination about these Rockies that holds you bound while in their presence and grips your memory as long as memory is yours.

#### GRANDEUR OF THE ROCKIES.

You see them first when about one hundred miles to the east. As you approach, they seem to grow up out of the earth, until they loom up into the sky from the north horizon to the south like some huge saw with upturned, jagged, whitened edge cutting into the blue dome of heaven itself. They are ever changing yet immovable. They glisten under the moon, sparkle under the sun, and grow grey and cold and black in the twilight, but they stand the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. This solid immovability has a restful effect upon the happy mortal destined to live within the shadow of the mountains.

Perhaps it is because in these giant hills, the human heart finds at last that unchanging sincerity that is the yearning of all of us.

To come down from the mountains and get right down to facts, Alberta sold last year for export about \$2,000,000 worth of beef, to say nothing of sheep, horses, and farm products. The Albertans have the advantage of two great outside markets, one the Motherland, and the other

the boundary country of British Columbia. At the present moment there are 300,000 cattle, 125,000 sheep, and 50,000 horses growing fat within the borders of the territory, and there's room for millions more. Trainloads—not carloads—trainloads of fine fat cattle are daily leaving stations on the C.P.R., most of them booked right through to London or Liverpool, a run of 5,000 miles from the Canadian foothills to the dinner table of old John Bull. Better, cleaner beef there cannot be. Prices average \$40 per head on the cars, and the ranchers of Alberta are singing or thinking the Doxology all the day long.

#### HORSE RANCHING.

If the wisecracks who rule, or misrule, the Remount Department of the War Office in London would only establish ranches in Alberta, or better still if they would tell the Albertan horse-breeder exactly what they want, and guarantee to buy at paying prices, the British cavalry would, in a few years, be mounted on animals worthy of the name horses. This climate gives the horse lung power and staying power, the soil and hills suit his feet and strengthen his limbs, he has a hundred thousand square miles to gambol in, with the grass and water always at his nose, and, as he stays out in the open all the year around, he becomes hard as nails and full of spirit. Staying power is the prime essential of a soldier's horse, and your English-bred horse lacks that essential because he is reared in a mild, enervating climate. It takes a rigorous climate to make a stayer in horseflesh. Surely this is one of the obvious lessons of the war. Alberta would produce ideal cavalry mounts, if the home government would only give the territory half a chance. But, if Albertan horses were sent to England, it might perchance be necessary to send Albertan cowboys to mount them. Tommy Atkins looks well in spanking uniform and spurs, but it takes more than