

trustee, he would see to my affairs. My aunt and cousins desired to be remembered to me.

Upon the whole it was a satisfactory letter, although I smiled on reading the message from my aunt and cousins. Well, the world had taught me that it was better at times to forget certain things.

That night Colin Dunbar and I had a long talk as to our future plans. Much as I loved the Old Country I recognised the truth of what my friend said—that at least a couple of years spent in the life I had taken such a fancy to would do me all the good in the world. At the end of that time I could take a trip home, and then circumstances would decide as to my future course of action. Colin Dunbar told me of his project to increase his stock and make the ranche one of the largest affairs of the kind in the province. It would be a good investment for any little money I might put into it. In two years he reckoned the value of property and stock would experience a great increase. Next day, he said, he was writing to my uncle concerning me, and promised to mention the matter. I ventured to express the hope that in the event of Cook, the foreman on the ranche, leaving, he—the rancher—might consider my friend Broncho Pete worthy of the position. Whereupon he said Cook was leaving, and he considered that Pete was indeed the best man for the position. When I afterwards told that rough diamond of my impending connection