The AUTOMOBILE

A HOME-MADE BOX FOR THE FLIVVER.

Owners of flivver roadsters often want to carry more than the turtleback will hold, but do not like to spoil the trim appearance of the car with the delivery box. That problem has been solved by an ingenious motorist.

The turtleback was removed from the deck of the car by loosening the four bolts which hold it in place. Then a box was built which covers the deck, without compelling the removal of the spare time carrier. This box has an outside width of thirty-eight inches, a bottom length of thirty-nine and one-half inches (which leaves an inch space between the end board and the tire-holder), and a top length of forty-one inches, with a depth of twelve inches.

To make a place for tools and packages, to be kept under lock, two cleats were screwed up and down on each side of the box, about a foot from the front end. These were set one inch apart and an inch-thick board the same width as the depth of the box was slipped into the groove between the cleats and fastened with screws. A twelve-inch board hinged to a narrow strip running across the front end of the box then gives a cover for the tool-box and a seat behind when needed. A hasp and padlock protect the contents from meddlers and sneak thieves.

If you ever need more room, the hinged cover can be held up by a cord or other device, the board forming the front of the tool-box can be removed, and the space occupied by the combined tool-box and seat increases the carrying capacity.

Since the box is wider than the deck of the car it is necessary to notch the lower edges of the side boards for the mudguard braces, and a strip one inch wide is nailed lengthwise on the bottom of the box on each side, fitting closely to the edges of the deck, to prevent side-slip. Screen-door hooks at the front end and at the rear of the box on each side were used to hold the box on, but they were soon found to be unnecessary, because the notches fitting over the braces effectually hold the box in place, even on the roughest roads.

The box is light and can easily be lifted up and slid back to allow access to the battery or can be lifted off by one person and the tonneau turtleback replaced in a moment, but when well painted this home-made box, costing only the price of the lumber and a few nails and screws and the lock, makes so presentable an appearance and is daily so useful that it is seldom removed.

THE CASCARA BARK INDUSTRY OF CANADA

BRITISH COLUMBIA SOLE SOURCE OF SUPPLY.

Attention Directed to the Importance of This Product as a Means of Revenue.

[illegible] Canada has [illegible] cascara every day, and [illegible] British Columbia has [illegible] reserve. The [illegible] manufacturing plant in [illegible] the development [illegible] with the passing [illegible] years and a complete ex[illegible] elsewhere.

Grow Largely on Coast Area.

[illegible] is generally found [illegible] red alder, giant cedar [illegible] in practically all of [illegible] of British Columbia west [illegible] as the "coast [illegible] found at its [illegible] greatest abundance, par[illegible] in the Fraser Valley from the Fraser Canyon to the Pacific Ocean and in the greater part of Vancouver Island, as well as on many other islands and the mainland. The supplies in the province are extensive, but it has not been possible to make any thing like an accurate survey.

The industry in British Columbia has unfortunately been seriously endangered. Little attention has been paid to the method of collection, or proper methods of conservation, and all issues would be met by being taken over by some large organization which would stabilize the industry, educate gatherers as to the value of the industry, and point out the wisdom of adopting measures of conservation, as well as manufacture the product in Canada. It is stated that trees on the Pacific coast of the United States yield an average of ten pounds of dried bark per tree, and that in British Columbia the average is much higher. As much as 200 pounds is reported to have been collected from a single tree. Collectors, according to the same report, can make $4.00 to $7.00 per day in season, and the price of the product has varied from three to thirteen cents per pound, fluctuating unduly owing to the unorganized marketing.

Legislative Protection Necessary.

For fifteen years the collection of the cascara bark in British Columbia has been almost exclusively confined to the Indians and Japanese, whose methods of exploitation are sometimes open to criticism from the standpoint of the future of the industry. The greater part of the product has in the past been shipped to Japan and the United States, and the portion manufactured in Canada, if any, has been infinitesimal. In the last year for which figures are available, the Port of Vancouver shipped 62,388 pounds of cascara bark valued at $6,233.

The cascara trees of British Columbia hold the possibility of an industry which might mean millions of dollars annually to the people of British Columbia and great profit to those who will engage intelligently in exploitation and the establishment of manufacturing. It is strange that such ignorance should have persisted on the potential values of this tree, that the practice has actually been permitted in the past and still is, of allowing Japanese and other settlers to destroy the entire tree in order to obtain a single crop of the precious bark, but happily the cascara resources of British Columbia are attracting greater attention, which should result in effective protection by legislation to prevent such wastage in the future.

A Slam at Dad.

The daughter of a certain strict-principled old deacon had attended a dance the previous night, much against her father's wishes. When she appeared for breakfast the next morning he greeted her with the

"Good morning, daughter of Satan."

The maiden respectfully replied:

"Good morning, father."

Grace—"That hair looks suspicious."
Bea—"It's not. That girl has a suspicious hair on her head."

The Treasure of Dupleix.

A daring man—he must be daring in order to succeed—may some day find the treasure of Dupleix—gold, silver and precious stones. Packed in the hull of the Primrose, it lies close to a reef in the Bay of Islands on the west coast of Newfoundland.

In the middle years of the eighteenth century Dupleix, who was then the French governor of Pondicherry, in India, piled up a vast fortune by fitting out privateers to prey upon British merchantmen. So great was his plunder that he feared to send it home to France lest Louis XV. should lay hands upon it; for the royal ears had heard that when English ships were scarce Dupleix was quite willing to accept treasure from those of other nations, even of his own. The governor therefore conceived the idea of sending his booty to Canada, where he had a brother in the royal service who would hold it in trust for him.

He shipped his treasure to Quebec, hidden in a cargo of general merchandise in the Primrose, a captured British vessel. She made the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence in the fall of 1759, and there her commander learned to his consternation that Quebec had fallen into the hands of the English only a month before, and that he was likely to meet a British warship at any moment. Being short of water and provisions, he dared not put to sea; so he took a French fisherman aboard as pilot and stood away for the Bay of Islands, where there was a French settlement. He had barely reached the spot when a heavy gale came on and in the dark of night drove his ship high upon a reef. She foundered almost immediately, and only three of the company reached shore.

There the Primrose lies to-day in comparatively shallow soundings. Who will find her and, braving the icy water, take the treasure from between her ancient ribs?

How We Got Quinine.

Quinine is obtained from the powdered bark of the cinchona tree.

Early in the seventeenth century the Countess Chinchon and her husband went to live at Lima, in Peru, the Count having been appointed Viceroy. In one of the provinces grew a tree the bark of which was said to cure fever. The Governor of the province, hearing some years later that the Countess had contracted the dread disease sent her a parcel of the bark.

It cured her, and later, on returning to Spain, she took with her quantities of the drug. In spite of prejudice its use became popular. The trees from which it was obtained were gradually being used up, and the drug became expensive.

In 1860 Sir Clements Markham organized an expedition to Peru to collect plants of the cinchona with the idea of introducing their culture into India, where it was thought they would grow well, and where the use of the drug would be beneficial in view of the climatic conditions being so conducive to fever.

Although the plants died on the way to India, the seeds survived, and now there are flourishing plantations in Burma and Ceylon; while more recently the tree has been cultivated with success in Jamaica and South Africa.

Sounds That Way.

He—"Ah, there's no place like home, after all."

She—"What! Has something disagreeable happened at the club?"

The Story of the First Cup of Tea

By Daniel Riche

Translated by William L. McPherson

In the far-off days, when the Emperor Si-On-Va ruled over the Happy Isles a strange malady made its appearance in the capital and soon spread to the most distant regions, paralyzing trade in the cities and agriculture in the country.

The sonorous bronze bells on the pagodas, struck ceaselessly by their hammers of brass, tried to frighten off the scourge. Their eyes heavy, their bodies inert, their limbs relaxed, the people succumbed to sleep.

Now, on the confines of the country, at the foot of snow-capped mountains, lived the dainty and slender Oucca, whose face had the satiny sheen of orchids and whose body has the suppleness of the willow. Every sunrise brought her a day of happiness and her songs of gratitude delighted the heart of her husband.

One morning, a beautiful balmy morning, when the flowers of the apple trees seemed to weep with ecstasy, Oucca, clapping her little hands, called her dear Takiti to come and share with her the mixture of milk and honey which smoked in the painted porcelain pot. To the young wife's indignation her husband turned a deaf ear for the first time. She ran on tiptoe into the room, where the delinquent lay asleep. Kneeling at the edge of the mat, she shook him, pushed him and even ventured to pinch him. But he only half opened his eyes and said in a weak voice that he wished to be left alone and to sleep.

Pouting, the dainty child awaited the end of what she believed to be a mere caprice. Alas! the last petal of the apple blossoms flew away and Takiti still refused to leave his couch. With a great effort he ate some food which she prepared, and took a puff at his pipe. Then he fell back in an invincible sleep.

The young wife's patience reached its limit. She put on her kimono of saffron silk to protect herself against the storms. Her neck encircled with an amber necklace, to which was attached as an amulet the claw of a tiger, her high headdress supported by jade pins, to conjure away evil influences, she repaired to an aged woman, a witch-like healer, whose renown had come to her tiny, pearly ears.

"Ancient and venerable mother," Oucca said, bowing to the ground, "have pity on me. My husband can do nothing but sleep."

"That shows," answered the old woman, "that he has a tranquil conscience."

"It may be so, honored mother. But I did not marry Takiti that he should sleep."

"Would you wish him to never wake again?"

"Oh, no!" cried the visitor, with sincere alarm. "I love the man who married me. Only I would like to see him once more tender and attentive, as he was in the days after our wedding."

The healer muttered some unintelligible words, showed three broken teeth in a sardonic smile, and taking the suppliant's frail wrist in her crooked fingers, pointed to the shrubbery which covered her cabin.

"Pluck some!" she ordered. "Pick plenty of these white flowers and lace-like leaves. The plant was sent to me long ago from a country so far off that the bearer charged to deliver it to me forgot his message on the way. He could only boast of its efficacy without specifying its virtue. Does it give life? Does it bring death? Make a test. Fate will decide."

Reassured, Oucca prepared the drink. The boiling water poured on the leaves already dry took on a rusty tint and a strong perfume mounted in the steam. With throbbing heart and feverish hands she presented the first cup to the sleeper. Without even thanking her or moving his eyelids, Takiti drank off the liquid at one gulp and fell back exhausted.

This fatal act accomplished, Oucca hesitated no longer. Tears of regret at leaving life dropping from her almond eyes, she drank the contents of the second cup.

But to her great surprise the hour glass marked the passing of the hours and the poison did not take effect. On the contrary, an unsuspected sense of physical agility irradiated her body, and a strange clarity came into her thoughts. Oucca renewed this experience several times, and, oh! marvellous sorcery, when dawn came the sleeper turned over, stretched, yawned, opened his eyes and, sitting up on the mat, announced that all the stupor from which he had suffered was gone.

Was it the sorceress's doing? Or Oucca's? When it is a matter of women's tongues what expert can decide whether a young one or an old one is more diligent in spreading news? Rumors of the miraculous cure reached the emperor's palace. An edict ordered general use of the beneficent remedy. The habit once formed, no one wished to do without the odorous drink. Thus the act of a loving young wife established the custom of absorbing the divine infusion of tea leaves, the enemy of sleep.

"I suppose you have written Santa Claus and told him what you need?"

"No. He knows what I need. I've written and told him what I want."

In Judicial Language.

A judge was crossing to Ireland from Holyhead one stormy night, when he knocked against a lawyer suffering severely from sea-sickness.

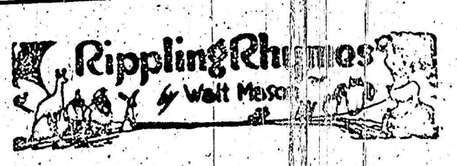
"Can I do anything for you?" inquired the judge.

"Yes," gasped the sufferer; "will your Lordship overrule this motion?"

Still Same Age.

When mother introduced Dorothy to the caller she said, "My little girl was five years old yesterday."

"And I'm five years old to-day, too," said Dorothy.



POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

I used to have a haughty bearing, with [illegible] pride my bosom burned, when to the village bank repair[illegible] with grunts and kopecks I had earned. I wished that all who [illegible] ght behold me would think me an important lad, and I believe [illegible] had enrolled me among the pillars of the grad. But oft[illegible] I plowed my acres or swung the ax or plied the flail, I won[illegible] why all kinds of fakers were always camping on my tra[illegible] The agents for gold bricks were ever pursuing me from cr[illegible] byre, and making frenzied, fierce endeavor to sell me junk [illegible] don't desire. And so I asked my gentle pastor, a man of wisd[illegible] deep and wide, why closer than a mustard plaster the fak[illegible] trotted to my side. "There's nothing like a humble bearing," the parson said, "for lodging grief; you journey forth, orn[illegible] wearing the gawds and feathers of a chief. To all the th[illegible] you're advertising that you are loaded down with kale; a[illegible] it then, my friend, surprising, that fakers camp upon your [illegible] New meekly to the bank I toddle, and I'm not bothered [illegible] no agent springs the latest model in stoves for burning [illegible] now.

Then Pandemonium Reigned.

"It is one of the early days of the fall term. Through open windows blaze the yellow and crimson glories of the maples of the campus; the air is sparkling with vigility. My father is sitting at the side of his desk, with a class book in his left hand and a lead pencil in his right." Thus Mr. Carroll Perry in A Professor of Life draws the picture of the famous economist Arthur Latham Perry. Before him sat his class.

"Gentlemen, this is the root of the matter; here is the whole thing in a nutshell. Buying and selling is exchange of values." The professor rose from his chair and walked to the front of the platform, warming to his work. "And what constitutes the basis of value. Nothing is the basis of value, nothing ever was the basis of value, nothing ever can be the basis of value, save human effort—that is, labor. It is labor that gives life to buying and selling; it is labor that creates profitable exchange. And what is involved in exchange? Let me tell you. In all exchange whatsoever we observe two desires, two efforts, two satisfactions. That is the meaning of buying and selling; and a market for products means products in market. That is the one and only road to prosperity. I ask, is there any other way of obtaining wealth?"

"Yes, sir!" shouted a pupil from the middle of the hall.

"Rise and state your case, Mr. Blank."

Blank rose and declared, "I might marry a very rich wife!"

Father sat down, threw back his head, slapped his right knee and exploded with laughter. The class howled with delight. Each man nudged his neighbor and said, "Bully for Blank! He's got on to Pert!"

The professor rose from his chair again, and with a twinkle in his blue eyes he declared, "Even in that case, my dear Blank, the principle remains unchanged, for you would be bought, and she would be sold."

Then pandemonium reigned.

A TUG OF WAR WITH A CROCODILE

Crocodiles are extraordinary [illegible] who have had dealings with them [illegible] almost incredible. As an example we [illegible] from the World Magazine [illegible] extract from an article by L. Cass[illegible]

One afternoon the column halted [illegible] the river as usual and prepared [illegible] camp. When the men had [illegible] ground and set the pickets [illegible] out to get their food and rest [illegible] tain, [illegible] having his empty water [illegible] to the river to fill [illegible]

At the spot the bank was [illegible] four feet high and rose straight [illegible] curved in a sharp bend, and [illegible] close to shore was shallow [illegible] was no current near the bank [illegible] a few yards out the deep and [illegible] stream [illegible] like a [illegible]

The [illegible] built on the [illegible] lower [illegible] the bottle by the [illegible] turned [illegible] to speak [illegible] had [illegible] the company [illegible] near [illegible] a dozen [illegible] holding [illegible] close [illegible]

Suddenly [illegible] at the spot [illegible] derably [illegible] came a man [illegible] and [illegible] a [illegible] being [illegible] crocodile [illegible] snapped at the [illegible] ours [illegible] and hand. The [illegible] closed [illegible] and [illegible] a [illegible] other [illegible] down in the [illegible]

As [illegible] the [illegible] gasped [illegible] Stand [illegible] tation [illegible] three [illegible] Stand [illegible] trust [illegible] capa[illegible] [illegible] and stay [illegible] away [illegible] the [illegible] water [illegible] the [illegible] into [illegible]

The [illegible] man with [illegible] the crocodile's mouth was [illegible] to struggle and [illegible] be pulled [illegible] his way and [illegible] grim [illegible] of war. The [illegible] suddenly [illegible] from a [illegible] him [illegible] jumping into [illegible] at the [illegible] water at a [illegible] so [illegible] followed his example [illegible] ermen [illegible] thought of aiming [illegible] and [illegible] shots had no [illegible] old crocodile's life is in [illegible] but to keep in the three [illegible] and [illegible] the shoulders.

The [illegible] and strength [illegible] brute was too much for the [illegible] forts of the men. In vain [illegible] their heels into the yielding [illegible] pulled with all their might. Slowly [illegible] remorselessly, the [illegible] drawn farther out; the [illegible] to him were dragged with [illegible]

The Englishman seemed [illegible] The crocodile was swimming [illegible] forward [illegible] but [illegible] fast [illegible] the [illegible]

Then a [illegible] happened [illegible] seemed that nothing could [illegible] the strong current [illegible] [illegible] with full force and [illegible] away and by a marvelous [illegible] the officer's hand was [illegible] the bank.

The [illegible] tooth of a [illegible] had not [illegible] [illegible] had been [illegible] [illegible] able to attend to [illegible] When [illegible] the feelings had [illegible] terrible [illegible] [illegible] nothing. It was as [illegible] to a railway [illegible] slowly dragging me [illegible] water painlessly but irresistibly [illegible] drawing me was so [illegible] was no question of [illegible] I simply [illegible] No, I felt no [illegible]

Difficult to Comprehend.

Father was trying to explain [illegible] to little Harry, [illegible] sure that he understood. After [illegible] it is no great [illegible]

"[illegible] are now only in [illegible] when you have gone [illegible] will learn all about [illegible]

"Maybe so," said Harry with [illegible] "The teacher [illegible] facts of eighth grade [illegible] understand [illegible]

He Was No Joshua.

Edward was very angry [illegible] sister. After [illegible] to settle [illegible] between them again and [illegible] the Bible injunction [illegible] to the case.

"Now, Edward," she said, [illegible] "the boy kept trying the patience [illegible] are you going to let them [illegible] upon your wrath?"

Edward squirmed a little [illegible] up into her pleading face [illegible] "Well, how can I stop it?"

The only way to bear troubles is to convert them into blessings.

Prince of Wales Becomes Canadian Farmer

By Roderick Macleod.

When it was announced that the Prince of Wales had bought a farm in Canada, lots of plain folks asked: "Will it be a real farm, or a show place?" The prince answered: "I am going to make this a practical ranch that will be of value to the surrounding country." And he's doing it. I personally visited the ranch to find out.

Farming and ranching are not new occupations for the British royal family. For upward of a century they have operated farms and exhibited results of their skill at the country fairs and exhibitions all over the United Kingdom. The royal farms at Windsor and in other parts of Britain have been a Mecca for agriculturists and stockmen from all parts of the world. They used to be model farms, show places.

But time brings many changes. The royal farms in England to-day are practical farms—profit-making establishments devoted to the testing and practice of the most advanced scientific theories, especially as applied to local problems. They are accounted farms where the humblest chicken in the run has to make eggs or make stew.

You remember that the Prince of Wales passed through Canada and the United States on his world tour in 1919. It was on this visit, as a guest on a ranch in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, sixty miles southwest of Calgary, that the idea occurred to him to get a place of his own where he might occasionally quit being the prince of the great British Empire and become a regular rancher and study at first-hand the problems of the overseas Britisher engaged in the somewhat speculative outdoor sport of stock-raising.

The month was September. The prince had taken a day off from the wearisome task of being feted. Like his father, and especially his namesake grandfather, the jovial Edward VII., he is a good deal more fond of outdoor life and hunting than receiving the applause of the multitude, so he expressed a wish to take a few shots at the prairie chicken. He elected to tramp, to the astonishment of his host, a dyed-in-the-wool stockman, who had heard of the practice of walking but had never tried it himself. So it fell to Dr. W. L. Carlyle, at that time superintendent of the Bar U Ranch, to be the royal guide. Topping a little rise, the prince pointed, and said: "I would like to own a ranch here."

Two weeks later, on his return trip, he wired Dr. Carlyle, and the Bedingfield ranch was purchased. It is located in township 17, range 3, west of the 5th meridian, about twenty-five miles southwest of the town of High River. The place comprises 1,600 acres of deeded land and about 2,400 acres of pasturage leased from the Dominion Government. It is a good grass country, on limy, sandstone formation, being on the first uplift of the Rocky Mountains, at an altitude of about 3,700 feet.

It has been a good ranching district for the last forty years. The general character of the stock raised has been good, but not distinguished, with the exception of the produce of the Bar U Ranch, which directly adjoins the prince's place. Here George Lane has in the last thirty-five years built up one of the largest herds of purebred Percherons in the world. Apart from the Bar U, show place par excellence, but with the advent of the prince, followed shortly by the Earl of Minto, who purchased the Two Dot Ranch at Nanton, it seems not unlikely that this part of the great Province of Alberta will become the home of a number of model farms and stock-raising establishments.

Dr. W. L. Carlyle, who superintends the E. P. ranch, as the prince's ranch has been named, was born and reared on a stock farm in eastern Ontario, graduated from Ontario Agricultural College in the early nineties, afterwards putting in fifteen years on the staffs of agricultural colleges in the United States. Then he spent a year in Europe, visiting the principal horse breeding establishments and military remount depots of several Continental governments. Returning from Europe, he became dean of agriculture and director of the experimental station at the University of Idaho and left that progressive Western state to assume management of the Bar U Percheron Horse and Cattle Ranch. Then the Prince of Wales came upon the scene, and Dr. Carlyle thus came to oversee the destinies of a royal family of Shropshire sheep, Dartmoor ponies, Shorthorn cattle, and blooded racing stock, which he hand-picked in various parts of the British Islands.

From every angle it would seem that the Prince of Wales made a fortunate choice in Dr. Carlyle. Agriculture in Alberta is still in many respects in the pioneer stage. Had a mellowed agriculturalist from the staff of the royal farms in Britain been sent to do this work, he would have been at the "learning" stage for a long time, for Alberta, like every new country, had problems peculiar to itself. Dr.

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

Carlyle is a pioneer—one of the builders of agriculture in the West, who has seen thousands of square miles of what was considered worthless country produce in a manner to make the Old World marvel.

Dr. Carlyle went to Great Britain, believing that he could bring back representatives of the choicest breeds therein, and acclimate them to the highlands of Alberta without loss of type or quality.

The imported Shorthorns number twenty-seven (twenty-five cows and two bulls), all from the prince's farms in Great Britain. The bulls were especially classy. Both are two-year-olds. Climsland Broadhooks is Cornish bred of Scottish ancestry, and needs no card of introduction to British breeders. The other, Golden Demonstrator, was bred in the north of Scotland. All the herd are in top condition. Alberta suits them. Already there are sixteen calves, and others coming along. The parent herd will not likely be exhibited, as the prince prefers to show only native stock, but hereafter the royal Shorthorns will doubtless command attention at the western Canada fairs.

Sixty-five Shropshire sheep were imported, selected largely from the Duke of Westminster's flocks at Eaton Hall, Cheshire. They have thriven amazingly. They are a big, strong type with heavy fleece. Several rams have been sold to Alberta flockmasters, the results of which will be seen in the next few seasons. These imported Shropshires were exhibited at most of the western Canada fairs this year, and have pretty well swept the boards.

The Prince of Wales operates four farms in England, in the counties of Cornwall and Devon, in the immediate vicinity of Dartmoor, that mist-enveloped table land that has formed a setting for so many English novels. From early childhood the prince has had an affectionate interest in the diminutive wild ponies that roam the moorland, and suggested that it would be interesting to see what effect the Alberta environment would have on the species, so the doctor brought over a band of eleven with him. The only loss in all of the imported livestock was with these little fellows. Two died, both by accident. One was struck by lightning, and the other died in foaling. If the champagne atmosphere of Alberta has any deleterious effect on these shaggy boys of the fog, it certainly is not apparent to the eye. They are as fat as butter and as woolly as toy lambs, their coats having become markedly heavier as a result of the cold climate. The imported ponies average about twelve hands high, are stockily built on short legs, and weigh about 750 pounds. The second generation promises to be larger in frame, but a season or two must pass before physical changes can be definitely gauged.

I asked Dr. Carlyle what use these ponies will be put to.

"We have no definite plan," he said, "they are excellent for children's saddle or harness ponies—strong, hardy, and good-tempered. They might be described by Punch's celebrated advertisement of bull pups: 'will eat anything, very fond of children.' We introduced them to Canada as an experiment, and have satisfied ourselves that they will thrive here, either running wild or under subjection. I exhibited these ponies last year at the Calgary fair just as a try-out, without any dressing up. The stallion took the championship, and the mares the first, second, and third prizes."

The fourth experiment in stock-raising being tried out is in blooded stock. Three mares with track reputations were shipped to Alberta, and are being bred to a local imported stallion. In this case the change of climate did not seem to work so well. They failed quite a bit at first, but are coming back. This experiment with racing stock is being watched closely by the sporting fraternity, for one of the marked features of both horses and cattle bred in these foothills is the unusually large lung development as a result of the intensely dry climate. This was commented upon freely by the livestock journals of Britain and France during the war, on the occasion of a test made on the relative value of the horse or mechanical power for artillery work. A herd of Percherons bred on the Bar U Ranch figured in the test, and called forth exclamations of astonishment from the British and French draft-horse breeders at their surprisingly long wind. So it is possible that the E. P. Ranch may produce a type of fast horse equal in other respects, but of greater lung capacity.

In so far as cultivation is concerned, 50 acres were sown last season, sufficient to raise feed for the stock—oats, sunflowers, turnips, and some tame hay. The acreage is being extended this season, for when it was found that a strip of about 100 acres may be easily irrigated from the Highwood River, it was decided to extend the experiments to irrigation problems.

Sunflowers have the centre of the stage in Southern Alberta at this time, largely on account of the pioneer work done on the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's experimental farms. Dr. Carlyle is a firm believer in this new feed here, and had just completed the construction and filling of a silo at the time of my visit. The E. P. Ranch marks about the limit of latitude and altitude, up to the present, where the sunflower has been grown commercially. Despite the recent rapid growth of the silo in Alberta, they are still few and far between.