

Through the Crow's Nest Pass.

"Preparing to. We're cleaning away the mouth."

"Are you going to remain?"

"Yes———!"

"And then the laughter and bantering of the populace around us made conversation an impossibility. Our train drew out from the station making its way among boulders as high and as long as the car and for two miles threading a path, a new path through that strange new soil—a degraded mountain top—we left Frank and its mirthful men and women as the darkness came down scarred Turtle Mountain.

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The Crow's Nest Pass Road has long stretches of beautiful country though so much that is wild can be seen as we go along. The town of Cranbrook that lies in the Valley between the Selkirks and the Rockies is beautiful for situation and has large suburban natural parks where tall clean trees lift themselves from a veritable lawn sod. Twelve hundred people live in Cranbrook and more are coming every day. The town is 2,964 feet above the sea level and very healthful. We saw the quiet tracts in the broad noon as the shadows of the trees fell across the grass and the coolness and freshness of them changed the hot and grimy car into another kind of place somehow. When nature is mild and kind you were a churl to ignore her. After leaving Frank we ran through the dark past McLeod, Lethbridge, past twenty thorps some little towns and half a hundred bridges. One hundred and ninety miles in all to Medicine Hat and I am back to the thread of a former letter.

