

## Winter in Canada

Hockey, of course, is the Canadian national sport and doesn't need much introduction anywhere on the American continent to-day. For speed, it has baseball and football beaten back to the kindergarten, and the man who can watch a match—even his first match, between teams he doesn't know—without becoming a graduate fan, well, he's getting old, that's all, he's getting old!

Very different is Quebec from Victoria, that never could be like any other city in Canada if she tried—and be sure she wouldn't, the haughty beauty, descended from the Army and the Navy and the Japan Current. Victoria doesn't hold out gay red-mitted hands from a bob-sleigh. Victoria brings the Rolls-Royce to dignified anchor by a glossy hedge and suggests that you go for a January spin. For the capital of British Columbia, Northerner as she is, has no use for snow at all, but keeps summer singing on the windowsill all winter long, with golf and motoring and swimming and cricket and tennis and fishing and canoeing to give the fickle little wildling something to sing about. And yet, withal, there's a clear tingle in the air, a pulse that the Southland never knew, as though the grey-eyed North with her chin in her hands were staring over blue mountains at her strange foster child.

And now for the conclusion of the whole matter—for nobody wastes all these pink adjectives and good photographs just for the sake of adding to the high cost of printing.

The conclusion is that if you know Canada when the fly is on the trout-stream and the canoe slides through white water in the spring, you know only one side of a very complex personality. If you know Canada when the snows trickle off Mount Sir Donald's white head into the summer-warm Selkirk Valleys, when the furtive birds of the high hills and the wise brown-grey marmots hold mysterious converse with the solitary trampler who prefers walking to golf in the clouds—you know more.

If you know Canada when the leaves turn and the moose crashes through wet underbrush and swims the mist-drenched lake in the chill autumn mornings—when the nuts drop in the woods, and the river of wheat creeps from the farthest limits of the Peace River country, to cascade into the Great Lakes fleets to feed the world—and navigation closes, and Superior mutters against the grey rocks of Thunder Bay—you've seen a bit, son, you've seen a bit.

But if you want to know Canada playing, Canada with her eyes alight and her feet dancing, putting her whole fierce joyous Gallic-Scotch-English unreadable soul into having a good time—

Catch her in furs, looking over her muff at you—laughing!