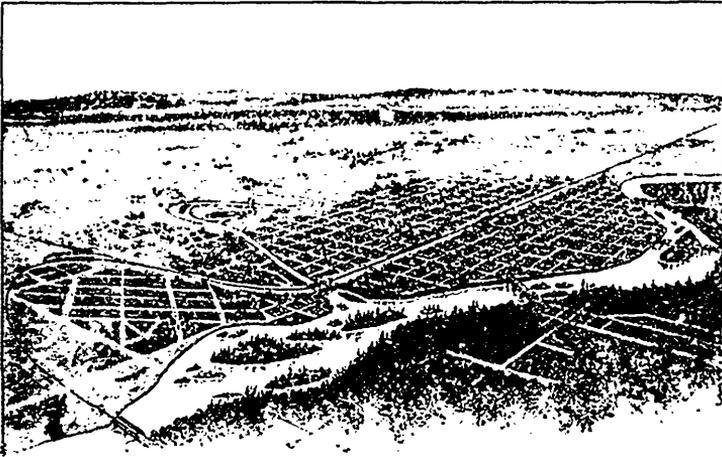


the deep, narrow trail of the buffalo through the prairie grass and flowers, and the hollows where the monsters have wallowed. There is a toss of a white-tufted tail, a stir of excitement among the passengers. Antelope! You see them in plenty now. Sportsmen drop off at every station.

The landscape is dotted with lakes, some salt, some alkaline, but mostly fresh, and their surfaces are blackened with waterfowl. There is a long white line of pelicans on the shores.

ing pipes and other like rude manufactures. The conical forms of their "tepees" are outlined against the sky.

We pass through Medicine Hat, the "Smokeless City," as it has been called, with its splendid supply of natural gas. Then begins one of the most attractive stretches of country in the world. We are in the region of the warm "Chinook winds." Cattle and horses graze at will all the year round in great herds. Here it is, in the spring and fall, that the cattle-



CALGARY, ALBERTA.

Flocks of wild geese, ducks, cranes, snipe, plover, curlew—this is the hunters' paradise. The ground is dotted with the holes made by the pretty little gophers. And we get an occasional glimpse of a coyote or prairie wolf.

Then for miles we near the purple line of the Cypress Hills. At Maple Creek we see the scarlet figures of the North-West Mounted Police keeping guard over an Indian encampment. At the station are the Indians and squaws themselves, in gay-colored blankets, dirty but picturesque, offer-

ings and the cowboys gather for their famous "round-ups."

At Crowfoot Station we caught our first glimpse of the Rockies. And now, hour after hour, we are rolling on toward the great barrier of white-capped mountains. Their snows and their glaciers glisten in the midsummer sun. All the way to the Pacific the mountains will be with us. It is this region that Whympfer described as "fifty or sixty Switzerlands rolled into one." From five to eight thousand feet the mountains lift their heads above the plain. We are