

live here in a lordly way. Admirable horsemen, with abundant leisure and unlimited opportunities for sport, their intense love for this country is no matter of wonder, nor is it surprising that every day brings more young men of the best class to join in this free and joyous life. All along the base of the mountains clear streams come down to the plain at frequent intervals; coal crops out on the water courses, and there is timber in plenty throughout the foot-hills. The soil is rich and deep, game is abundant, and the climate is matchless. What more can one desire?

Leaving Calgary and going westward again, following up the valley of the Bow, the gradually increasing river terraces and the rounded grassy foot-hills, on which innumerable horses, cattle, and sheep are feeding, shut out the mountains for an hour or two. Suddenly we come upon them grand and stern and close at hand. For more than six hundred miles and until we reach the Pacific they will be constantly with us. We enter an almost hidden portal, and find ourselves in a valley between two great mountain ranges. At every turn of the valley, which is an alternation of precipitous gorges and wide parks, a new picture presents itself — seen in all its completeness from the observation car now attached to the rear of the train. The beautiful river now roars through a narrow defile, now spreads out into a placid lake, reflecting the forests, cliffs, and snowy summits. Serrated peaks, and vast pyramids of rock with curiously contorted and folded strata, are followed by gigantic castellated masses, down whose sides cascades fall thousands of feet. The marvellous clearness of the air brings out the minutest detail of this Titanic sculpture. Through the gorges we catch glimpses of glaciers and other strange and rare sights, and now and then of wild goats and mountain sheep, grazing on the cliffs far above us near the snow-line. The mountains would be oppressive in their grandeur, their solemnity, and their solitude, but for an occasional mining town or a sportsman's tent, which give a human interest to the scene.

Three hours after leaving Calgary we pass the famous anthracite mines near the base of Cascade Mountain, and soon after stop at the station at Banff, already famous for its hot and sulphurous springs, which possess wonderful curative powers, and which have already attracted thousands of people, many of them from great distances. The district for miles about has been reserved by the Canadian Government as a national park, and much has already been done to add to its natural beauty, or, rather, to make its beauties accessible; for in this supremely beautiful place the hands of man can add but little. Everybody stops here for a day or two at least, and we should do likewise. We will find luxurious quarters in a large and handsomely appointed hotel, perched on a hill overlooking the beautiful valley of Bow River. The river comes down from its glacier sources at the west, plunges over a precipice beneath the hotel balconies, and, stretching away through the deep, forested valley, disappears among the distant mountains at the east. Half a dozen ranges of magnificent snow-tipped mountains centre here, each differing from the others in form and color; and the converging valleys separating them afford matchless views in all directions. Well-made carriage roads and bridle paths lead to the different springs and wind about among the mountains everywhere.

Resuming our journey, we are soon reminded by the increasing nearness of the fields