

IN THE QU'APPELLE VALLEY

the prairies for nine hundred miles between Winnipeg and Regina, runs almost due east and west. While driving or riding on the seemingly unending trail, the edge of the valley is suddenly attained; there is no warning, owing to the undulations of the prairies thereabout. Surprise and delight wrestle for the mastery. Adown the steep slopes are beautiful trees and rich undergrowth, while far below in a verdant bed a gentle river gleams like a twisted silver ribbon. The far west of Canada in spring! I wish I could express it worthily. Sitting alone in the "bluffs," which is a prairie word for the little poplar woods that dot the vast expanse, being also applied to the more imposing timbers of the valley, one feels a passionate desire to paint a vivid word-picture of the pleasure experienced. The wood-smells, the wood-noises, and the deep suggestion in the air of coming summer joys, of things that are being born, permeate the senses. One thrills as