

On the Way to the Rockies

C.P.R. box cars, and the thousand inhabitants sheltered themselves from the weather in all possible ways, many under roofs of prairie sod.

The citizens were out in full force to see the semi-weekly train arrive: Blood Indians in bright blankets and with dark faces daubed with yellow or vermilion, cowboys in "shaps" and buckskin suits on lively broncos, spruce mounted policemen cantering up in scarlet jackets, and all sorts and conditions of ordinary men, with even a few well-dressed women, in addition to the squaws with blankets over their coarse black hair.

Just what the city lived on was not clear to the stranger—not on its past, for it had none. Perhaps on its future; but there were "knockers" who doubted if it had a future. Most of the inhabitants, however, were normal western men, "boosters," who did not see how the city could help prospering with the mines of the mountains, the cattle of the foot-hills, and the grain-fields of the prairies pouring in their tribute.

I called on an old acquaintance, a prominent lawyer, who received me in his office, a ten-by-twelve tent with a bed screened off in the rear, and introduced me to eminent citizens, from whom I obtained much valuable information of an optimistic kind.

Writing now, twenty-eight years later, it must be admitted that the "boosters" were right, for Calgary has become a solid and prosperous city of fifty thousand people.

But my real interest was the mountains. I could