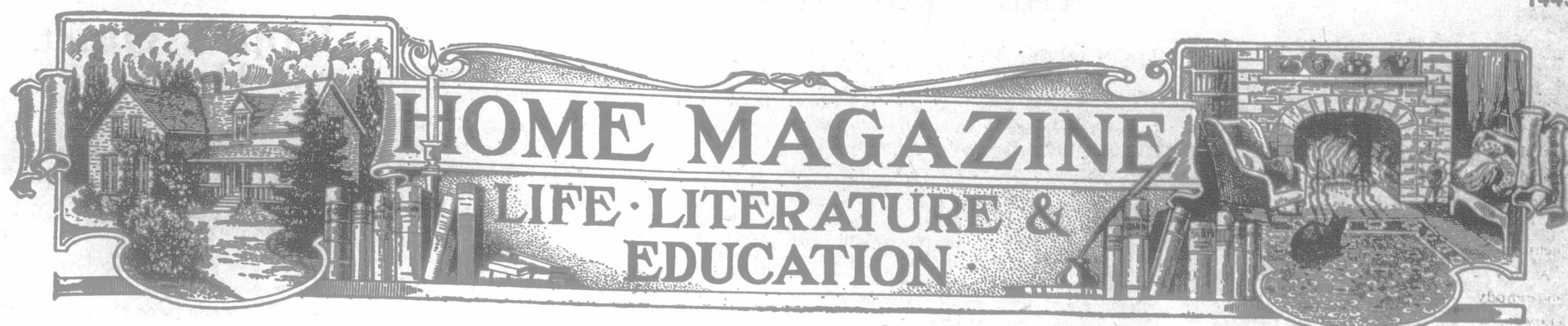




The Woodchopper.

By Robert Bridges, the new poet-laureate of England.

The hill pines were sighing,
O'ercast and chill was the day:
A mist in the valley lying
Blotted the pleasant May.

But deep in the glen's bosom
Summer slept in the fire
Of the odororous gorse-blossom
And the hot scent of the brier.

A ribald cuckoo clamored,
And out of the copse the stroke
Of the iron ax that hammered
The iron heart of the oak.

Anon a sound appalling,
As a hundred years of pride
Crashed, in the silence falling,
And the shadowy pine-trees sighed.

A Holiday in the Rockies.

(By "Dame Dibbins," Farmer's Advocate of Winnipeg.)

This is a holiday page, so I am going to tell you about the perfectly glorious holiday I have been having. You know (or you don't know, as the case may be) that the press women of Canada have a club of their own. Every three years we meet, elect officers, transact business and, having attended to duty with commendable dispatch, we give ourselves up to the delights of "junketing" in congenial company.

Ordinarily a long railway journey is wearisome, but put a crowd of jolly girls in by themselves and trust them to make time pass merrily. Could any day be long enough for boredom in the company of three carloads of Canadian women—press women at that?

The press, we are told, is a mighty force, and Canada has reason to be proud of the women who write that all may read. But, of course, press women are not all cut from the same piece of cloth, any more than any other women. I think one of the nicest things about humanity is its ceaseless variety. Every soul as it comes into the world gets its own little bundle of physical, mental and moral characteristics, and every single one is distinctive and peculiar to its owner. They may be similar, but they are never identical. Humanity can never be reduced to mathematical or scientific terms, and so the most absorbing study for men and women is, and always will be, men and women.

In our gay party we had more than one hundred women, some were old and some were young but all were youthful, some were serious-minded, some frivolous but all in holiday mood; some were "gettes" some were "gists" and some were "antis," so there was always something to talk about; artistic and practical, grave and gay, famous and to-be-famous, poet, author, reporter; truly an infinite variety well worth the knowing.

Nor could any women fail to appreciate the privilege of intimate association with such women as Nellie L. McClung, of the inimitable Irish humor and the kindly Irish heart; Jean Blewett, with the sunny smile; Isabel Ecclestone McKay, whose poetry embodies something of the spirit of the sea by which she lives; Agnes Machar, poet and historian, bent beneath the weight of honorable years, but youthful still in spirit; Mrs. Arthur Murphy, "Janey Canuck," who is to be our president for the next three years; E. Cora Lind, pioneer newspaper woman; Mrs. Francis Graham, leader in the "Homesteads for Women" movement—

but I must not take space to tell of them all. Every part of Canada was represented from Halifax to Victoria—and the girl from Halifax has gone on to dip her hands in the Pacific Ocean before returning to her home beside the Atlantic.

To the members of the Club the Triennial is an epoch-making event, but it may not so appear to the rest of the world. However, I know you will be interested in our doings outside of business hours. The festivities began in Winnipeg, when the delegates from the eastern provinces stopped off for half a day. We are very proud of our city, and she looked her prettiest that day and all our visitors were suitably im-

knew she had the best—just like husbands and babies!

Two rushing days of meetings, lunches, teas, receptions and automobile rides, and the train is once more ready for us. This time it is the G. T. P., and we are going up through the Yellowhead Pass to Tete Jaune Cache, or as the railroad men call it, Mile 53, B. C.

In the morning my eyes opened on their first glimpse of the mountains—those indescribable, awesome, wonderful mountains. The Yellowhead Pass is, for the most part, a fairly wide valley, the bed of the Fraser River, which foams and rushes beside the train.

How this trip grips the imagination! It is a new pathway for those steel

winds in and out, and peeps into all sorts of corners where no railroad could go. Now it wanders up the mountain side to enjoy the view, and anon strolls down to company with the river. Some day when I have time and money I am going to travel that delightful road. Will it be as delightful then?

We say we are among the first to travel here, yet more than one hundred years ago a man came up this pass and homesteaded in the mountains. Think of it! A homesteader who passed the fruitful plains and chose the lonely, barren mountains. His must have been a beauty loving soul and scornful of riches. Was there a Mrs. Homesteader, I wonder, and did she ever sicken of grandeur and long for the friendly plains?

There are other settlers up the valley now. Here and there are homelike log houses, nestling among the pines and sometimes there are children playing round the door. As we flash past one we catch a glimpse of a level space surrounded by a high wall of wire net. To some it is a tennis court, to others a chicken run, still others see in it a playground for the children, and discussion between the various factions waxed hot. (It was a tennis court.)

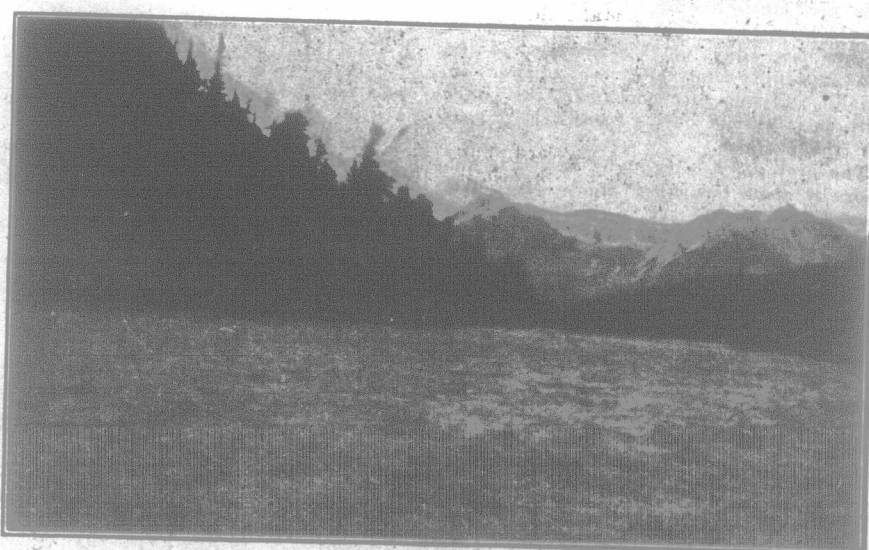
How can mere words describe the beauty of the mountains? From great masses of ethereal blue mist, gradually emerges a solid grey eminence capped with gleaming white and marked with flashing silver ribbons where the mountain streams come tumbling down in foaming cascades. We rush onward and the mountains meet us and close in around us. It is a perfect day and cloudless, save for a few fleecy bits of mist clinging to the topmost peaks. Above the wooded lower slopes rise the walls of granite, no longer grey but painted in wonderful colors. There are countless waterfalls cascading down the steep incline, each one more beautiful than the last. The mountains themselves present an ever-changing picture—an apparently solid wall becomes a series of serrated peaks, no two alike, and each one with an entirely different aspect from every point of view. Mount Robson is the most noted peak in this district, its height being over thirteen thousand feet.

We left Edmonton at 10 on Tuesday night, and reached Tete Jaune Cache at two on Wednesday afternoon, a journey of 300 miles. This may seem slow travelling, but we had made more than one stop to look at the scenery, and the latter part of the trip is on a steep up-grade—the return is made in much shorter time.

Tete Jaune Cache is a place of 600 souls—mostly masculine. The wonder is that our party of intelligent and prepossessing girls escaped to tell the tale! So far as we could learn there was only one proposal, but then we stopped less than an hour. From this point the through passenger takes to the river, and travels to Fort George by boat.

Returning we made a two-hour visit at Jasper Park. In this short time we could do no more than look at the distance and long to see the valley, but we did make the most of the time, walking by the river, which is wonderfully beautiful at this point, visiting the hospital, shopping in the "store" and calling at the "hotel." Jasper Park is an immense Government park, similar to the one at Banff, a perpetual playground, preserved for our use.

After another delightful day in Edmonton, the Canadian Pacific Railway once more took charge of the party, and next morning we reached Calgary, to be again almost overwhelmed by kindness. While there I met Dave McDougall, who led the procession to Calgary. Many years ago he journeyed westward to the



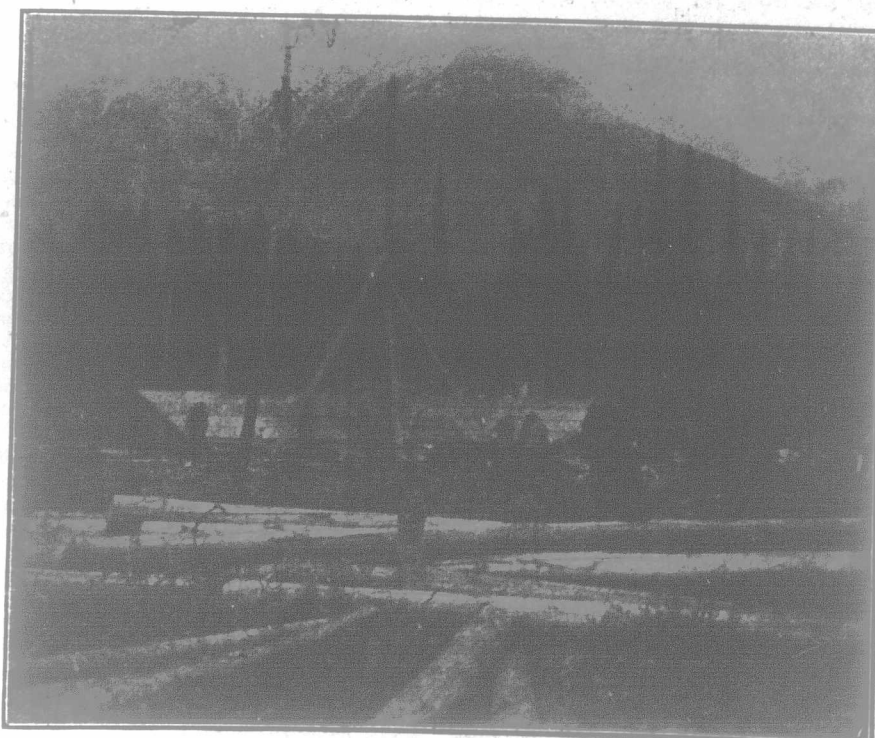
The Rivers are Rapid and Treacherous.

pressed, especially with the width of the streets and the the general effect of spaciousness.

A night, a day, another night and morning finds us in Edmonton. A beautiful city, built on a hill, surrounded by wooded hills and valleys, through which the Saskatchewan rushes on its winding course. There is a heartening friendliness in the welcome accorded to strangers in the newer places of the world, and the Press Club will not soon forget the way they were taken into Edmonton's homes. Indeed it was amusing to hear a little group discussing their homes and hostesses—each one

ribbons that bind the world together, and few eyes have yet beheld its glories. For age-long centuries the mountains have stood aloof and held men back. Now, man with his puny strength and wonderful brain, has found his way over and across and through them, scooping out a path here and building up a buttress so that the world and his wife may come here at their ease, watching the scenery through the windows of luxurious coaches.

Railway travel is comfortable and speedy, but running beside us through the valley there is a road that calls and beckons. A smooth and level road that



Scow Building on the Fraser River.