

farmers who live in that unequalled wheat district. By 12 o'clock we were all back to the hotels eating luncheon, and by 1 o'clock were off for Brandon, soon exchanging the flat for the rolling prairie. Here we had another drive, and after dinner in the dining car, we wandered about enjoying the beauties of this picturesque town and the music of its excellent band. The citizens were out to spend the long twilight with us, and every other man drove a horse and trap and wore a smile and a look of active content.

On the morning of Tuesday (13th) we pulled into Regina, and after a few minutes were taken up the branch railway to Wasnagan, a station marked only by two huge elevators. Here we were met by a score more farmers' traps and driven across the rolling prairie. Coming back we were laden with wild roses and other prairie flowers, and memories of shacks, back setting, breaking, original prairie, broad acres of wheat, and comfortable farm buildings. We got back to Regina by eleven, and were then driven over to Government House in mounted police and other wagons. The secretary presented us to His Honor and Madame Forget, after which we had coffee and a very strong brand of sherry. I believe His Honor discovered later that the maid had opened whiskey instead of wine. But the error did not lessen our appreciation for the hospitable French Canadian couple who paid us the highest honor in their power. From Government House to the barracks was not a long reach, but there was plenty of room between the two establishments for a pasture field for the old ox that Governor Royal drove before his water cart. The old chap browsed away and took no notice of the brains and pride paraded before him. The mounted police received us with honors. They showed us Riel's cell showing us two so as to save time, the real cell being at the blind end of a corridor and difficult to get at. They would have sold us some of the rope, but said they had disposed of five miles of it already. From there back to the town hall for a few words and then on to Calgary.

Coming into Calgary next day (16th) we had our first glimpse of the foothills, our first glance at the Bow River, and our first view of one of the most picturesquely situated towns in Canada.

That evening we came up the mountains to Banff, in time for a short dance at the N.W.M.P. post. But the next day was one of the banner days of the trip. A dip in the tepid sulphur bath, a drive half-way up Tunnel Mountain, a walk about the hotel and a view of the falls made everybody ready for luncheon.

In the afternoon it was the same programme over again with variations. Those of us who were from Ontario simply revelled in the grandeur of the mountains all about us, the beauty of the small but rushing torrents, the warm sun-kissed valley within sight of the snow capped peaks, and the well served and strikingly situated C.P.R. hotel, where we finished up with a dinner and a dance.

To Laggan we went next day, all tired and lame. Some went to Lake Louise, while others stayed in the cars and wrote letters. Late in the afternoon we crossed the Great Divide, saw the waters descending Pacificward, and at last felt that we were making progress. At Field, seventeen miles from Laggan, we had the meal of the trip—an enticing and cleverly served dinner, which would beat anything in the Toronto or Montreal hotels. After a few songs and a short dance we all went to bed, with the exception of the boys of car Quebec. They were exceptions in nearly everything—the only outsider who could get their money being a red-faced chap from Dundas.

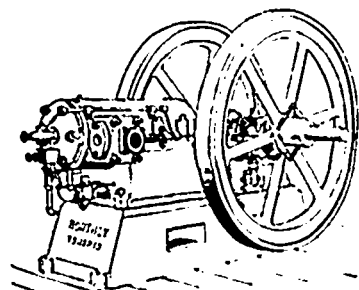
The Glacier was the attraction next day. We saw it after a rough tramp of over two miles, we stood in the fissures in the ice, we came out and looked up again to where it touched the sky, we picked up a stone and went away to think over the glacial theory again. H. S. Scott wrote some fool-saying on a piece of paper and planted it amongst the rollers. This is the inscription he wrote. "All intelligent people read The Globe." And somebody ventured to wager a dollar bill that he hadn't read it himself for several days.

We had our pictures taken with the glacier in the background, and then set out for Vancouver. We dined at Revelstoke, breakfasted at North Bend, serviced under Dr. Goodspeed in car Quebec, and reached Vancouver at 1.40 p.m., 20 minutes ahead of time.

The four days (20-24th), we spent in Vancouver, Victoria and New Westminster were very pleasant, albeit we had a cold, blue Monday. The Quadra took us over to Victoria, where we saw the prettiest residential city in Canada, west of Toronto. The Quadra took us up to Esquimalt to see fortifications which could not be seen, and the Warspite which was seen and inspected with the assistance of the gentlemanly little middies. Here, I may remark in parentheses, that Messrs. Dingman, Cooper and Macdonald were seen emerging from the Admiral's cabin with rather damp-looking moustaches. The two latter were rather unconcerned, but the president looked very guilty. Next day the Quadra took us back to the mainland, up the Fraser river and

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