

table littered and his shelves filled with every kind of literature from the peremptory municipal telegram asking impossible things to the individual complaint or the voluminous bundle of illustrated pamphlets, as big and beautiful as the Great Western outdoors; the atmosphere of the room kept at bronchially-trying fever pitch by lamp heat and cigar smoke, how those fellows stood it and got their work done is a marvel. Freddy Stewart we know is a Shetland pony—of some mettle, by the way—for strength, and Adair Younge does not waste his nerve force in either speech or chafing. But the trials of R. J. must have been many and he must have longed for a lodge in some vast wilderness, where labor wars and missed connections, rumors of lost bags or mislaid washing could never reach him more. But there he was, as debcnair on Sunday night as on the preceding Monday morning.

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Let us now look out of doors a little. The Executive had decided, when it was found that our heavy train was losing time, to spend Sunday amid the glories of Banff instead of only the fifteen hours, 5.30 Saturday to 6.30 Sunday, laid down in the itinerary. We had lost ground on the way from Calgary to Edmonton and Strathcona, it is true, but who would have missed seeing that extraordinary country and those two remarkable towns and that most striking river. Here was another instance where the actuality far surpassed anything our minds had conjured up from description. The exhibit of local products and manufactures at Strathcona was an eye-opener. It may be mentioned, *en passant*, that while the men of the party were off