

The Canadian Rockies

time, the sallow grass and prickly cactus and pallid sage brush and purplish anemones around us now were so exactly like those an hour ago or a day ago. Even the animals did not change. The gopher, in khaki, beside his hole in the morning, was the counterpart of the gopher beside his hole in the evening. It seemed as if nothing ever could change. That the world should ever stand up on end, instead of flowing out endlessly east and west and north and south for the sleepy train to pound its way across, seemed incredible after three days of westward travel.

Toward evening of the third day, however, a faint jagged rim rose above the general level on the south-west, pale blue and delicate white against the yellow sky, with shapes clean cut and fine, and one's heart leaped, for there at last were the mountains.

The dome of sky already arched up a little more to give them room, and there were three dimensions of space instead of two. One began to look up again instead of down or straight ahead.

Then came Calgary, in its basin, beside Bow and Elbow Rivers, with blue-green mountain water instead of the muddy prairie fluid. Last year the old Calgary was east of the Elbow, but the almighty railway had put its station in a more spacious part of the valley, a mile or two west; and the submissive city packed itself on sleighs or carts, crossed the Elbow, and replanted itself near the station as a row of straggling log houses and tents. Some of the mansions had the curved roofs of

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