

so exaggerate that one does not recognize the place,—the village of Banff is 4,500 feet above the sea-line. All the surroundings of forest and glade and mountain dispose one to repose,—they all whisper “rest.” It really is one of the most charming resorts in all the Dominion.

But Buffalo, whose streets we have not trodden for six months, is beckoning us, and in obedience to the call, onward and downward we still go, till, among the last of the foot-hills we reach the bright little town Calgary, the most important we have seen since we left Vancouver. It is situated on a hill-girt plateau overlooked by the white peaks of the Rockies, and in turn it looks down upon the grassy plains eastward. It is the center of traffic for great ranches, the entrepot for supplies for the lumber and mining districts in the mountains, has a station for the mounted police of the province, and a post of the all-grasping Hudson’s Bay Company.

Here we part company with our tired mogul, and under the lead of a trim and fresh-looking racer, we soon arrive at the head waters of the Saskatchewan and look out upon prairies which, for compass, have no equal in North America;—bounded for fifteen hundred miles on the west by the Rockies, and stretching eastward a thousand.

The provinces bordering on the foot-hills, and reaching northward into the basin of the Mackenzie, are grazing-grounds for the countless beesves and horses that are destined to make the Dominion master in the markets, while to the east and south, the provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan, Assiniboia, and Manitoba, are vast wheat fields, each a rival of our own Dakota.

Regina is soon reached, the capital of Assiniboia, and the point for the distribution of supplies for the provinces north and south; and here also, is another station for mounted police who are often judge, jury, and sheriff on horseback, and hold in check the restive Indians, some of whom had a share in the Riel rebellion. Day and night we skim over the flowery prairies,