

know, and found no one who does know. What is called the "Chinook," a warm wind, comes into being somewhere north of Idaho or Montana, and sweeping to the north, tempers the climate and enables the rich soil of the Saskatchewan valley to produce luxuriant crops of splendid quantity as well as quality. In a two-hundred-mile drive through Alberta in company with Prof. Wm. Saunders, director-general of Canadian agriculture, the fields of wheat, barley, oats, and other grains, the wild flowers, berries, and nuts which we saw made it hard to realize that we were five hundred miles north of Idaho, on the same parallel of latitude with Hudson's bay.

Edmonton, the capital of this district, is reached by a branch of the Canadian Pacific railway, two hundred miles long, beginning at Calgary, on the main line,

kota, who were dissatisfied with the rigorous climate and drouths of that State, and were seeking new homes a thousand miles to the northwest. A man who in the east has been a mere unit among millions, unnoticed and unknown, feels flattered at the reception accorded him by the western people—people, for the immigration agent is not alone in extending cordial greeting to newcomers. When the main-line train disappeared beyond the western horizon, after dropping me down on that particular portion of the thousand miles of prairie known as Calgary, it was not thirty minutes before the local railway agent, the telegraph operator, the mayor of the town, and the other officials had introduced themselves to me and bid me welcome. There are only two trains a week on the branch road north to Edmonton; the time required to get there made not



NEAR CALGARY.

and running due north. Mr. R. S. Alexander, the Dominion government immigration agent, who meets newcomers at Calgary, is armed with bunches of grass seven feet long, with cabbages four feet in diameter, cucumbers three inches thick, and sundry other agricultural specimens which he exhibits as he takes possession of the prospector, escorts him northward, and fills his ear with stories of the country's wonderful fertility. On the day I journeyed north from Calgary, he had in tow thirty-seven farmers from Da-

unnatural the inference that nothing less than an intention to locate would prompt such a journey, and thus it was that all along the line I received a warm welcome.

For fifty miles north of Calgary the character of the country is similar to that one sees along the Canadian Pacific railway all the way to Manitoba—a rolling, treeless plain. In two hours, however, the train enters a country the soil of which retains a considerable amount of moisture; the grass is green, and one sees herds of cattle, and forests of white spruce and

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