
FIFTY-SECOND WEEK.

CRANBROOK.

They dropped it down on a little plain between the Selkirks and Rockies. A busy little Western town with a full equipment of churches and stores and halls and saloons—and men and women, good and bad—Canucks and English, Scotch and Irish, Chinese and Indian, Hindoos and Italian, and Government officials. There are schools, as up-to-date as L.C.C.; and children, and wild ducks, and bears, deer and goats, and game laws. And a great panorama of mountains, castles of snow that blush in the sunset—most wonderful castles that always change and always abide. And there are forests, endless, impenetrable forests of pine and larch and tamarac. They clothe all the foothills and run high up into the mountains. And in the very silent places, where very lonely people come there are hoards of gold and silver, copper and lead. So altogether Cranbrook has a place in the Sun (and plenty of sun there is—for the climate is the finest in the world), and its folks are happy as any, and as optimistic as mosquitoes.



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