

Farmers then plough, fallow their land
Ready for the next spring's seeding;
The gardener lays his hoe to rest,
After a summer's tedious weeding.

Again we take the flying car,
Through Portage, Brandon, wild stations far;
Rivers and mountains cannot bar,
For through the rockies runs the C. P. R.

Soon we reach the mountain foothills—
A striking contrast from rolling fields—
Where piercing winds and icy chills
Are guarded off by nature's shields.

There on a broad and ruddy plain,
In a spacious scenery valley;
Surrounded in by verdant hills
Calgary lies—the valley city.

'Long the horizon, far and clear
The mighty mountain range appear;
Vast mountain peaks snow caps bear,
Are far away, tho' seem so near.

Upon the hills around that town
Ranchers keep their hardy stock;
'Tis there "Alberta beef" is found,
Where the foreign markets flock.

They say down on the eastern plains,
Cattle will pine, pant with heaves;
Send them west away from rains,
Where meadows bloom with mountain breeze.