

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.