

look askance at the Canadians on their first appearance, but soon learn to respect and regard the men of true worth, who have the historic spirit or a kindred love for the oldtimes.

"DRAWING A LONG-BOW."

Longfellow, in the typical characters of his Hiawatha, could not omit "Iagoo, the great traveller, the great boaster." The frontier seems to develop the imagination and to create the romancer, whom commonplace people call the "frontier liar."

Whether it is the height of the mountains or their enormous mass that leads men to tell "big stories," we cannot say, but certainly the faculty grows on the mountains. What can be said of the "inventor" seen by the writer, who told of the rapidity with which the Chinook wind took off the snow. He was driving down the pass at full speed with his swiftest runners, but the Chinook was so close behind him that while the front "bobs" were on the snow the hinder were continuously on the bare ground from which the snow was being licked up. Here is his fish story:

"I was one day on one of the small lakes high up in the Rockies. It was winter, and the ice was clear as crystal on the lake. I rode my best broncho, and had my gun along loaded for bear.

"From one of my moccasins the red bordering had become loose and hung down, nearly touching the ice, dangling as I rode. I chanced to look down, and saw a great fish following me and making dashes at the red string which it saw from under the ice. I stopped, took my closest aim, fired, and sure enough broke through the ice and killed the fish. I dismounted, caught the monster and pulled him out, and that fish weighed seventy pounds."

This announcement was too great to believe, and his auditors refused to accept the story. But the mountain Iagoo could not be beaten. He remarked, "Well, possibly it did not weigh seventy pounds, but I assure you it had swallowed several large fish which with itself made up the seventy pounds." The curtain fell.

CANADIAN ENTERPRISE.

The writer's experiences in British Columbia and Alberta go back for twenty years and frequent visits made have shown a marvellous change in our two provinces of the far west. Ralph Connor, in his "Black Rock," "Sky Pilot," and "The Prospector," has represented the impact between the old times and the new Canadian forces which are remodelling and new forming the far west.

In the first contact, it seems as if the new civilization were getting the worst of the battle. The evil morals of the logging shanty, the roughness, profanity, and drunkenness of the miner's camp, the gambler, the whisky trader, the harlot, and the stopping place keeper, represent the monstrosities of this impact. But the recuperative forces of society assert themselves—the better elements combine, the sky pilot, or minister, comes in with his message, and the schoolmaster to train the young. The "Gomorrah" of two decades ago has been largely transformed into the law-abiding city or town of to-day.

Towns like Kamloops, Revelstoke, Nelson and Grand Forks are to-day reputable and pleasant places in which to live. Not that all the evil forces are gone, or have been subjugated, but the change to an observing visitor is remarkable.

Southern Alberta is transformed; Macleod has lost its picturesque terrorism, Lethbridge has law and order, while Calgary is no longer the playground