

ture from expressive signs made. This spot was one of the most interesting we had stopped at during the day, and it was with regret that we heard the whistle for a new start. Night soon enveloped us after leaving Maple Creek, and when we awoke the following morning we found ourselves near Lathom, 750 miles west of Winnipeg. At Crowfoot Crossing, a short distance from this, a settler rode over to the train while it stopped for a few minutes to take water. We interviewed him, and found he had settled upon a place a short distance from the track, and had been exceedingly successful in his farm operations so far. But his highest hopes were built upon the discovery on his farm of an excellent seam of coal 10 feet thick. He was very anxious to have us visit it, but circumstances would not permit. Several sons—I think four—are with him, and thus separated miles from any other white settlers they are the pioneers in this vast tract of untilled soil. The influence of the Bow river, which comes near the track here, is easily perceived. The pasture is excellent and appeared as if vast herds might be easily maintained upon it.

GLEICHEN—A SPLENDID C. P. R. FARM.

Breakfast was taken at Gleichen, where the last experimental farm is located. In fact a better term would be model farm, for the surroundings were such as presented a most attractive appearance to the observer. Splendid roots were growing, fine fields of waving grain ripening, and nature decidedly affirmed by prolific results the fertility of the soil at Gleichen. At this place on a clear day the traveller gets the first view of the Rockies about 100 miles away. But the weather was unfavorable for us. It was now overcast, bright sunshine had accompanied us for two days, but gloomy forebodings concerning the weather for tenting seemed near. Six hours and we would be in Calgary, in the vicinity of which we hoped to tent. We were scarcely out from the last station when rain poured down and little of the country was seen. However, it was observed to be rolling, and clothed in rich green. The thick, bunchy buffalo grass was common, and we readily perceived that we were in the great pasturing district of the Bow River, a region well adapted for extensive ranches.

APPROACHING CALGARY.

As we neared Calgary my friends could not refrain from expressing their surprise at the magnitude of the country. Two days and a half steaming away, and yet only nearing the foothills of the mountains. "What a region, and what room for a vast population!" were remarked. Calgary was reached about 2 p.m., and it was raining heavily. Still no hope for tenting. We landed and sought an hotel for the night, with the expectation of seeing better surroundings next day. We were told that it had been raining nearly every day for weeks, and we knew it was only a few days since the bridge over the river was swept away and much damage done to the track beyond. The rain continued all afternoon, and it did seem as if the valley might be submerged before many hours. With difficulty I called upon a number of friends near the hotel. They tried to fan my faded hopes by saying "it was exceptional to see such rain in Calgary—that this was a peculiar experience, and that the rain would continue but a short time." At the hotel the quarters were somewhat contracted. The wind blew with terrific force, and whistled through the light fabric erected as a shelter to weary tourists for the west. Yet, after all, there was something romantic in the storm; and we all enjoyed listening to the battering rain and whistling wind, which indicated a terrific night without. Morning came, and still rain, but more drizzling. The sky appeared to be clearing in the direction of the mountains (invisible), and we were inclined to prognosticate fair weather. Notwithstanding the rain we started off to search a suitable spot for the tent. To tent we came, and tent we would if the weather was at all reasonable. Three miles beyond Calgary, on the banks of the Bow River, not far from a point honored with the name of Shagganappy, we selected our ground.

At this place a couple of bachelors, whom we at once judged to be honest men, had "squatted" and built a "shack"—a small log house. They had under