

CANADA WEST.

Up Edmonton Way—A Wild Western Member.

The Great Country for Mixed Farming—A Gazette Colony—Menonites and Oats—A Bridge Question—Hudson Bay Romance—The Fur Trade.

(No. 6.)

Vancouver, July 13.—Calgary is the most westerly town of any importance east of the Rocky Mountains on the C. P. R. line. The main line is crossed by a railway which runs north to Edmonton, 220 hundred miles, and south to McLeod half that distance. The cross road was built by an independent company, and is operated under lease by the Canadian Pacific. The company which built the road must have made a million dollars. It was bonded at \$20,000 a mile. A subsidy of \$30,000 a year for twenty years was assigned to the bondholders as a guarantee of interest so far as it went. It is said that the bonds were sold well, and the company stepped out with a handsome margin. The Canadian Pacific company got none of these gains and its perhaps obligation to build to make the road pay, and this, it doubtless does. The service given is not bad, but it should be, and the rates are very high. It costs five cents a mile, with no return fare reduction to travel on the Edmonton line, the whole cost being within a fraction of twenty dollars for the round trip. This is a little more than double what the rate would be anywhere east of Lake Superior. Freight rates are proportionately high, though they are gradually working down. The north and south Edmonton have together a population of some three or four thousand, and though all the trade with the posts in the far north and with the posts along the line is carried on by this route, only two trains a week are sent to Edmonton from Calgary. The people complain very bitterly about this. On the other hand, the railway people have their side of the story. In fact, this question of transportation and railway monopoly here is more a burning question in the west than any other topic. We will give a letter or two by itself after further hearing of the case from various local points and standpoints.

All the way from Fort Arthur we had the company of Mr. Oliver, member of parliament for Alberta. Mr. Oliver is the editor and proprietor of the Edmonton Bulletin, and is a rather extreme type of anti-monopolist. Perhaps he might be described as an independent liberal and has sometimes been classed as a patron. The government has had a sufficiently constant supply of anti-monopolist votes. He was elected as an independent liberal and has sometimes been classed as a patron. The government has had a sufficiently constant supply of anti-monopolist votes. He was elected as an independent liberal and has sometimes been classed as a patron.

Norwegian settlement at Olds. They are all well satisfied with the progress they have made. He himself does a little stroke of farming. Year before last his wheat failed to get ripe, though it grew so tall that he could not see his cow in it. In other years he fared better. He sowed with a drill five acres in oats, intending to use one and a half bushels to the acre. Through some mistake in setting the drill he only got 20 bushels of seed on the lot, and he was much disappointed. However, he harvested 546 bushels from the five acres. His neighbor did a little better, harvesting 1,785 bushels from a 20-acre lot, or 79 bushels to the acre. Until a year or two ago the market for oats was very good, but the gold mining districts of British Columbia now take all that is offered. The local price is in the neighborhood of 25 cents per bushel. It costs 35 cents per 100 pounds by car load to ship east to Ashcroft, which is the point of departure northward to the Cariboo country, and is between 600 and 700 miles from Edmonton. The former rate was 50 cents, or over 17 cents per bushel. This was the rate to the same place from the United States shipping points on the Pacific. The reduced fare has given the Alberta people a new market. Similar reductions have given them a small share in the Kootenay region, though they hold that the rates are still far too high for that trade. It is believed that the construction of the Great West Pacific railway will be a great thing for Alberta, unless the freight rates are kept too high.

Red Deer is a shifty appearing little village with a considerable mining country about it. Rev. Leonard Gaetz, well known in the maritime provinces, is the founder of this settlement. It was a little vacation job for him, as he had been obliged to retire from active ministerial work by reason of the loss of his voice. He has voice and health back now and is stationed at Brandon. But the Gaetz family, and the Smith family, who are related to them, seem to own a great part of the village. There are twelve families of Gaetz and Smiths here, so that it is quite a Nova Scotia colony. On some of the neighboring farms are many as 400 head of cattle are kept. Horses seem to fare better out doors in winter than horned cattle. As a rule they are allowed to run at large all the year around, even farther north than Edmonton, and many horses have never been stabled in their lives. There is a "livery" at Red Deer, but not a livery stable. The barber of the town comes from Picton, and is one of the few lawyers in the west. The Nova Scotia M. P. made this discovery. He can see a Picton man through a pair of stairs and a deal door. His "vision" is not limited like Sam Weller's.

The entrance to Edmonton is rather sensational. The town is supposed to be the terminus of the Edmonton railway. As a matter of fact, a large and rapid river, in a gulch two hundred feet deep, rushes toward Hudson Bay between Edmonton proper and the railway station. There is no bridge over the Saskatchewan at this point, or at any other for that matter. You may mount a hotel wagon if you will, and wind your way thence to the head of the valley. Then if the load is large, he will take the wagon and go, and walk down the hill, and a good look down the incline will induce you to comply, as we did. The four horses were a strong team pulling the load up hill, but the leaders were not worth a cent to help. By winking ways we at length reached the river bank, where there is a ferry. It is a self-acting affair, a flat boat, connected by a guy rope and bridge over the river. It is the same mechanism that is used in the ferries on the Upper St. John. On the north side there is a climb and at length we are in the town of "North Edmonton," as the people on the side of the river call it. The north side folk do not call their town North Edmonton. They do not admit that there is any other Edmonton, though a considerable town has grown up about the railway terminus.

Edmonton has some two or three thousand people or more. The town has several hotels, a sufficient number of excellent churches, a splendid school building, two newspapers, a well equipped fire department. The streets are lighted with electricity, and indeed they ought to be, for when we were there they were terribly muddy. Mud is not regarded in a western town as much of a blemish. It shows that the country round about is well watered. The soil in this country is rich looking black loam, which seems to be almost bottomless, and is wonderfully adhesive. Even the Red River valley does not appear to be richer. Driving about the place with Mr. Oliver, we saw on the bank of the river a dump where some neat farmer had carted the manure from his barn yard to get it out of the way. Perhaps some spot near Hudson Bay may get the benefit of this displaced fertilizer, which the Edmonton husbandman sends down stream.

The fertile belt extends very far north, say three or four hundred miles, with some breaks. It reaches west to the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains, and goes a long way east down the Saskatchewan. This is not in the regular wheat belt, though it will grow wheat, except that in low lands there is some danger from frost. But the residents claim that in all the west the Edmonton district is the paradise of the general farmer. For stock raising, dairying, growing grain and roots, and for all departments of farming together this is a choice place. Some farmers have not been successful even here, but not an unsuccessful farmer is everywhere. Yet the great majority of those who have taken up farms and worked them are exceedingly prosperous. And all of whom we met declared with one voice that Northern Alberta was the farmer's paradise. This, however, is what all western men say of the place where they live.

The most bitter complaint of the people on the north side of the river is the want of communication. They

want the railway to come across the river. If that fails they want a highway bridge. Now the construction of a railway, or a bridge without a railway, across the terrible gulch, would be a serious enterprise. Mr. Oliver says he knows how the work can be done at reasonable cost, by utilizing the terraces which are found on each side of the river low down toward the stream. One agreed to point out a gradual descent to one terrace from which the bridge could be built to the plateau on the other side. In parliament he had a device to work out this purpose. His plan was to refuse the company any extension of the character it has for the construction of the road southward, until it should make connection by bridge with Edmonton. The minister of railways did not sympathize with this proposition, nor apparently with any of Mr. Oliver's views. So the farmers bringing their produce from the north must cart it down a long hill and up the other to their small local mill, and for that there are two flour mills which grind for local consumption, but most of the grain that goes to them and most of the produce which is sent by the automatic ferry and the horse elevator.

A stranger might say that Edmonton should have been built on the south side of the river, and in connection with the railway. The weak point of that criticism is that Edmonton is a century or so older than the railway. It is perhaps an old settlement of the John, or Hallifax. We found it impossible to find out what time in the last century the fur trading companies established the first post here. The Old Northwest company which took up the business of the traders of the French and English on the Saskatchewan before the Hudson Bay people got so far across country. For generations the two companies worked side by side, fighting sometimes with arms, carrying on the peaceful work of exportation and resourceful rivalry. The old Hudson Bay post was down on a low terrace beside the stream. A high freshet suggested movement to a higher ground, and there on a plateau were constructed those wonderful establishments which the company placed at important stations. A line of companies enclosed with a high stockade, on which were many towers to give notice of danger. Within were a large group of buildings of heavy logs—stores and depots, offices and barracks, and in a corner close by the outer wall the powder magazine, without was the cemetery, and higher up the hill the residence of the master of the post. The "big house" was an institution in those days. The wayfarer who found himself within its walls, and spoke face to face with the chief factor had something to tell of all his life after.

Wonderful old men were some of these Hudson Bay chiefs. They kept traps here and elsewhere with twenty to fifty men about them, and in time to time they were the only traders, but rulers in these regions knew exactly the extent of their powers, especially after the absorption by the Hudson Bay Company of all the Indian companies. In all cases of doubt, the Indian chief of the big house got the benefit. Their canoe fleets went up and down the Saskatchewan and the other streams of the west, and from these streams the Hudson Bay people carried their goods to the plains. No one was to be as free from social restraint as their trade was from the ordinary business methods of today. There was little marriage or giving in marriage about their affairs. Some masters and some subordinate chiefs had Indian women for a life partner and kept her as a wife. Some were more fleeting in their loves. Most of the half-breed children which are found on these rivers today are the result of these relationships. Strong, clever, self-reliant men they are, having the blood in their veins of the adventurous Scotchmen who came over to help the Hudson Bay people, and the Hudson Bay men who came down to the Slave Lake, from the point where the Mackenzie Basin sets the Arctic circle. These half-breeds, with aristocratic names, come down to Edmonton with their furs, and in exchange for goods which they take north from Edmonton. The day we were there two of these traders sold their stock on one for \$12,000, and the other for \$15,000, and were sending supplies for the next trip north. These men speak English, French and Cree with equal facility.

The manner of these sales is curious. The whole stock is placed in a sort of sample room and purchasers are invited to examine the lot. The merchant who has first chance goes in with his assistants. They shut themselves up with the goods. They open every bale, examine every skin, assess them and decide upon the value. This inspection may take a long time. One collection brought in last week contained 1,300 muskrat skins alone, and these consignments include altogether tens of thousands of skins. When the inspection is over the bidder names the furs all up again so that the next man shall not know how he has assessed the goods. Other prospective buyers then inspect. Finally when all are done, each writes his offer on a slip of paper and hands it to the seller, who by the custom of the trade is bound to accept the highest offer, whether it be high or low.

At Edmonton there are two or three local firms which compete with each other and with the Hudson Bay Company for the purchase of these furs. Mr. John Macdougall was the successful bidder in the cases that came under our notice. We were informed that last year he captured a \$30,000 lot by a margin of only a few dollars over the Hudson Bay people. Mr. Macdougall carries, in addition to his ordinary business stock, a class of goods suitable to the Indian trade. Such as shawls, such spectacular articles of personal adornment as are found in a wholesale store here would find sale in St. John or Halifax. We got acquainted with Mr. Macdougall's firm by proxy while we were still far east. Miss Alice Macdougall, an interesting maiden of fifteen, returned from school at Toronto by our train. She was under the formal protection of Mr. Oliver, but most of us claimed a share in his duties. The Nova Scotia politician arrived at Edmonton determined to claim the father not only as a brother Scot, but as a Picton man. He left the town persuaded that not only Mr. Macdougall, but many other enterprising men there were quite good enough and successful enough to be maritime provincials. He left the town persuaded that not only Mr. Macdougall, but many other enterprising men there were quite good enough and successful enough to be maritime provincials.

(No. 7.)

Vancouver, July 15.—We were speaking of the old Hudson Bay men. It is to be hoped that they made themselves remembered by worthy deeds, for the company which they served with rare loyalty, has not allowed a memorial of them in the places where they died in the service. Those who died at this post are supposed to be buried in a spot near the corner of the old stockade. In some cases a stone was raised at the head of the grave, but most of these are broken up or removed. Factor and clerk canoe man and cook probably sleep side by side, and there perhaps lie the remains of some of the Indian maidens who were taken from over the sea. A few years more and the mounds that are left will have disappeared. For nature is a great leveler of man's works and man's monuments, as well as of man himself.

Some of the old factors desired a different residence place from this. There is a story, probably enough in its way, told of one of the occupants of the Big House. When he was dying he gave commandment concerning his bones. He wanted them to lie in the consecrated churchyard, and arranged for their transportation to the Hudson Bay. It was a long canoe journey to make with a heavy body, and the portages were hard. The survivors decided that the terms of the canoe journey would be better than a literal transfer of the bones to their old chief. Therefore they separated the flesh from the frame as speedily as possible. So lightened, the body was transported with more ease, for a space. But one day the body was troublesome. The canoe felt as though it were on a mine, and finally the one with the factor's bones in it was overturned. So they say that the day after the funeral, the bones of the stern old factor absorbed in the soil at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, while his frame will appear from the top of the great lakes which empty into Hudson Bay. It was the same chief who, on the morning of the tower of the fort, which commanded a view of the gates, where sentry was kept day and night, and who entertained himself by shooting at any watchman who seemed to be asleep at his post.

The Hudson Bay buildings by the river side are small affairs to what they used to be. The houses and warehouses should remain on the site, but while a mercantile business is carried on in a smart store a mile away in the midst of the village. One may still find the traces of the old traces of old times. The brass cannons are out of repair. The muskets are out-dated. But such as they are they remain and are useless. The Indian hunter of these parts still uses old fashioned equipments. He demands the Winchester rifle and everything of the most modern fashion. If he will not wash his face he knows how to keep his gun clean.

Edmonton and the North Saskatchewan valley is not simply an agricultural and fur country. It has wealth beneath the soil. The great number of streams contain coal, which every man may dig for himself if he will, though it can be bought cheap enough. The Saskatchewan, like Africa's sunny mountains, rolls down its golden sand. The bed of the river is practically composed of gold, which lies free among the gravel. Placer mining—which is simply digging sand and washing the gold out—has been carried on for a good many years in this primitive fashion. Each man operates for himself over so much of the bank as his license covers. He cradles the sand by hand and if he has a good plane, saves good pay. It would seem that this method of placer mining is likely over the two or three hundred miles of river. High freights impede operations, because the water then covers the bars where gold is found and it is difficult to reach these bars. But of late considerable investments have been made in dredges, and two or three were at Edmonton when we were there. A "clam-shell" dredge which was used for a few years, and has proved a failure. The gold bearing sand has a habit of spilling out as the dredge is bringing up its load. It is concluded that only the scoop dredge will serve the purpose.

In mining operations altho the refuse thrown away has included a certain "black sand." It was not supposed that this sand had any money in it. But now it is estimated that the sand thus thrown away is the most valuable material of all. We met a gentleman who is getting ready to operate among this sand. He is getting a dredge ready and is developing a process of separation by which he expects to extract the metal with despatch and profit. He showed us an analysis which was calculated to turn any head that is movable. It seems that this black sand exists in large quantities, affording great possibilities for the future. The same sand is found on the Fraser river, where for half a century gold washing has been going on. In all that period the black sand has been regarded as useless. The mining people we saw were all disposed to be incredulous about its value.

The presence of gold in the bed of the Saskatchewan attests its presence in the country round about. In fact gold is found in the soil about Edmonton, but not in quantities that make it possible to get it out with profit. The only difference between the river bed and the surrounding country appears to be in the fact that the river has washed the lighter earth away, leaving the gold sand in a concentrated form. The Saskatchewan has in short been carrying on a little hydraulic mining by itself for a few thousand years. In some places the stream has transferred operations after a period, for there are old river beds in which gold is found in paying quantities. The same phenomena are found in Quebec, where placer mining has been carried on to a considerable extent.

It is believed that gold bearing quartz will yet be found in large quantities on the Rocky Mountains near that Saskatchewan and farther north. The Peace and the Athabasca are both rich in gold, and the prospector is abroad looking for something richer. A few days before we reached Edmonton Mr. S. S. Taylor returned from a sojourn of several weeks among the hills. He had been moved to this trip by the stories of certain Indians who had brought down some rich looking specimens. Mr. Taylor is not very committed as to what he learned, but whether this means that the Indians' story will be false or that the gold is really there, or whether the crafty young man from Sussex does not want to give the snappy away cannot now be determined.

Mention of this Mr. Taylor leads up to the story of the New Brunswick colony at Edmonton. Mr. Taylor and his namesake and relative came to this place from Sussex, New Brunswick, a few years ago, soon after their arrival in the bar. They were soon enjoying a large and profitable practice. Edmonton had a boom then. Mr. Taylor made some happy investments, and was believed to be on the verge of fortune. But the boom was followed by a period of depression. The Taylor firm had still a large business, but Sydney was not satisfied with moderate success, and is pushing on to the Kootenay. He has been living in Nelson for some months, awaiting the termination of the period of residence which the laws of British Columbia require before a lawyer from another province may begin practice. Meanwhile, as has been observed, he has been looking out for some of the mountains as an occasion offers. His kinsman, H. Taylor, remains at Edmonton with a comfortable law practice. Mr. Gallagher, also a New Brunswick, is among the Edmonton lawyers. The leading physician in the place is Dr. Harrison, son of the chancellor of the university of New Brunswick. The dentist is Dr. Goodwin, whose home is in Bale Verte. These men are all doing well and appear to be well attached to the country.

And here and there we cross streams, all of which are pouring on with such force as to give us an impression of the speed with which we are rising to higher levels.

After this running along in sight of the great peaks, many of them bearing snow and ice, and in the early morning light looking, cold and grey, and unchanging, we somewhat suddenly turn in between the great walls. Now for the first time we have that experience which is to be repeated hour by hour and day by day while we remain in this enchanted country. On either side of us and apparently near at hand rise these cliffs in never-ending variety of form, and one finds that all the savage power of nature is closing around him with such force as may not be resisted. The high walls seem to overhang the track, and yet we are told that they are five or ten or twelve miles from us. At first this seems incredible and only experience, repeated day by day, does in the end make us grasp the greatness of the everlasting hills. To proceed to enumerate all the peaks that may be seen on the line by which the C. P. R. finds its way through the mountains would be impossible. Only the more striking and beautiful peaks have been named apparently, and in the course of the never to be forgotten experiences of the day on which the run from the eastern foot of the Rocky mountains to the coast of the western side of the Selkirk is made, one becomes simply overwhelmed with the sublimity, the grandeur, the beauty and the variety of mountain scenery.

Nowhere in the world is such a panorama afforded, and one never loses interest during the day, but at last when darkness descends it is welcome as a relief. While daylight lasts it is impossible to abstain from seeing, and rest is afforded only by the falling of the curtains of the night. Our very first acquaintance with hills was made at Fort Williams, when we saw Mr. McKay, and after learning that the great block was one thousand feet in height and that it was five miles distant, we began to learn those lessons as to the great hills, which we are still trying to master. On seeing Mount McKay we said it might be about one mile away. Our informant said it was three or four from where we were then. We supposed it to be three or four hundred feet high. He said it was 900. As we were evidently incredulous, he asked us if we saw what was seemingly a stone on the level bench running along the face of the mountain and about half way up its side. We saw nothing of the kind at and were then told that this was the Indians of the reservation near its foot who at times made pilgrimages to the top. After a short time spent in looking at the mountains which constitute the province of British Columbia one loses all confidence in his previously held opinions about height, distance and size. At first it is hard to believe what you are told by guide books or other sources. One says "this is the mountain" and you have to move upon and along the hills it is most difficult to grasp their immensity.

At Agassiz, in the coast range, the Dominion government has an experimental farm on the Fraser river. Just across the river rises Chim-lam, said to be 8,600 feet high. On the face of Chim-lam in a great ravine, about two-thirds the height of the mountain, lies a great snow drift. The sides of the upper parts of the ravine are apparently covered with gravel. Near the lower part these sloping sides are green, covered with verdure, as it might be moss or bushes. Just above the line of this verdure, which is a growth of hardwood trees some 30 or 40 feet high, stands a lonely tree, a British Columbia fir, 150 feet high. In the bright sunshine its giant shadow stretching away from its base down the slope seems a part of its height, and from the opposite side of the valley, standing on the slope of a mountain at a height of 1,800 feet, the tree and shadow seem like a short slightly curved line of black on the brownish slope of debris. From the farm buildings the appearance is much the same, and the mountain seems just about as high after you have climbed 1,500 feet up the side of the valley opposite to it.

Such facts as these gradually enable one to realize the true size and distance of the mountains and the width of the valleys, but it would appear as though one could never quite grasp the truth. At Banff, which is the great stopping place, you have fairly entered into the mountains, and the prospect of mountain scenery in great variety. There is there a C. P. R. hotel which is a very good house, commodious, splendidly kept, quiet and cool. A restful place, well supplied with veranda, and comfortable service tables, from each one of which some distinctive and characteristic view of mountain scenery can be had. There the mountains never leave you. At table you see through the windows a deliciously cool, green wall, relieved by tufts of greenery and by patches of variegated stone. That is the side of Tunnel Mountain, or of Mr. Bondel, some one of the more distant, but seeming to overtop your table. The selection of the site of the Banff hotel was happy. It combines nearly all the distinctive phases of mountain beauty and has besides a charming view looking down the valley of the Bow, and closed across at the lower end by a range of summits, under whose crest lies a great cornice of snow.

After leaving the Banff station, the train passes on, rising higher and higher, and following the valley of the Bow river, which gradually contracts, but is still wide enough to furnish a most varied panorama of fall and plain wooded slopes and grassy fields. Here the feet of the mountains are covered up by the lower hills and terraces, which grass grown, or wood clad, furnish the approach from the margin of the river. We are gradually rising, however, as good. We approached the summit of the pass, and the heart of the mountain. Along the sides of the valley as we progress, snow lies in white sparkling masses, all bright and clear as in its new-

fallen beauty of following a stream. Now we named after the C. P. R. Here a sheet of sparkle into which the stream flows. From Wapta to down the valley. This is by far the part of the trip with the river in waters have left track far behind hand rushing all the deep rocky head. The track side of the car brake set hard, a dated engine in and letting the its shoulders to the everlasting hills. It is magnificent all enjoy the serenity in the would be impossible. Only the more striking and beautiful peaks have been named apparently, and in the course of the never to be forgotten experiences of the day on which the run from the eastern foot of the Rocky mountains to the coast of the western side of the Selkirk is made, one becomes simply overwhelmed with the sublimity, the grandeur, the beauty and the variety of mountain scenery.

Descending the Stephen to whom Mr. Flood, who sits of the valley from which the fall to do so afternoon confidence when she was a small child, in order to see how who said on a horse riding friend said she saw a nothing of the kind or Indian as the track passed Stephen looking up snow, apparently from the front. I believe this more learn that a section of ice fell and crossed the front of a broad red cedar logs. green, grassy forest are dying. P. R. dining room spot, a contrast, and the ice field enough to be touched, flying down the back and not per to destruction. The driver we ride in the Klokking Horse the stream fills the track is cut of the gorge. For the stream and of has to burrow through projecting rocky bastions of sheer into the sky besides you the sand roots, torn in up into surgical crevices-mastered.

All this course about. You never come from, nor do the hills rise for hundreds of feet. As you turn this one side of the other, then the other, these lower hills are higher and more than before you themselves the most chilling and thrilling, and that a broken flowing the track, and by its jointed bed twisting cars and fearful forest to be a tragedy, and cool and steady with the train with a rider controls a the curb. We into the valley leave the view draw a long breath valley of the Colours on one hand, and much more green in you run for over the straggling Colours leaving the Colours the heart of the St.

(No. 8.)

Vancouver, July 16.—After Calgary we turn to the mountains. While on the long journey across the prairies and ranching lands one always finds that the mountains will be a welcome sight after many miles of monotonous level, and therefore one great interest on approaching Calgary lies in the knowledge that a sight of the mountains may be there secured. Our first glimpse of the mountains was therefore obtained, but it was not satisfying. Nothing but the positive assurance of a trusted friend would have made one believe that the distant outlines pointed to were meant but clouds. On the following day at sunset the great range was plainly in sight. It extended for some distance along the western horizon like a fine piece of jewelled flagstone work, and did not at all suggest at that view great ponderous masses of rock. On the other hand it seemed like a beautiful piece of mosaic peculiarly light and delicate in design, and sparkling with bright reflections from the lighter surfaces. The bed of the mountains was there, which fully revealed the sunlight were silvery, while the shade portions were of a warm and delicate brown inclining to pink. These colors and degrees of brightness were divided from one another by lines which, owing to the way of the higher cliffs, were straight and fell into a series of more or less acute triangles. The effect was exquisite but not awful.

On leaving Calgary we went on to the course of the Bow river, still high and furious, and not yet settled down from the excesses of the previous week, when it had swept away bridges and track. A rapid rushing, boiling, turbulent stream is the Bow. Its waters are loaded with mud, the waste of the hills, and are of a greenish tint. When running in flood the water is not so plainly seen as the mud which the river carries is of a greenish white color, but when allowed to clear by setting the green tint is plainly seen. It is characteristic of many of the rivers rising from the mountains, and is said to be due to the presence of mud deposited in the glacial period. Following the Bow the line rises rapidly and is soon well up on the foothills, which are great masses of water worn pebbles and gravel mixed with the common clay, all of which have apparently come from the wearing down of the great peaks. The hills along the Bow are of the same material, and are of bear grass, and in the lower levels the pastures are good. The whole is rich for grazing. As we run up these benches of gravel we find the mountains coming nearer and nearer, visible from both sides of the train, while the river pours beside the track,

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(No. 8.)

Vancouver, July 16.—After Calgary we turn to the mountains. While on the long journey across the prairies and ranching lands one always finds that the mountains will be a welcome sight after many miles of monotonous level, and therefore one great interest on approaching Calgary lies in the knowledge that a sight of the mountains may be there secured. Our first glimpse of the mountains was therefore obtained, but it was not satisfying. Nothing but the positive assurance of a trusted friend would have made one believe that the distant outlines pointed to were meant but clouds. On the following day at sunset the great range was plainly in sight. It extended for some distance along the western horizon like a fine piece of jewelled flagstone work, and did not at all suggest at that view great ponderous masses of rock. On the other hand it seemed like a beautiful piece of mosaic peculiarly light and delicate in design, and sparkling with bright reflections from the lighter surfaces. The bed of the mountains was there, which fully revealed the sunlight were silvery, while the shade portions were of a warm and delicate brown inclining to pink. These colors and degrees of brightness were divided from one another by lines which, owing to the way of the higher cliffs, were straight and fell into a series of more or less acute triangles. The effect was exquisite but not awful.

On leaving Calgary we went on to the course of the Bow river, still high and furious, and not yet settled down from the excesses of the previous week, when it had swept away bridges and track. A rapid rushing, boiling, turbulent stream is the Bow. Its waters are loaded with mud, the waste of the hills, and are of a greenish tint. When running in flood the water is not so plainly seen as the mud which the river carries is of a greenish white color, but when allowed to clear by setting the green tint is plainly seen. It is characteristic of many of the rivers rising from the mountains, and is said to be due to the presence of mud deposited in the glacial period. Following the Bow the line rises rapidly and is soon well up on the foothills, which are great masses of water worn pebbles and gravel mixed with the common clay, all of which have apparently come from the wearing down of the great peaks. The hills along the Bow are of the same material, and are of bear grass, and in the lower levels the pastures are good. The whole is rich for grazing. As we run up these benches of gravel we find the mountains coming nearer and nearer, visible from both sides of the train, while the river pours beside the track,