

of the Commission that will undoubtedly be appointed in the new future he said "You should & I hope you will be one of them." - It is a pleasure to me to find that he thinks so well of me, I was sensible to accept one invitation to his house.

In afternoon went to see A. McDonald, carpenter, re moving the observatory re, but he was not at home. Next I called on G. H. who afterwards had dinner with me. In the evening J. Drape, A. McDonald & R. Shaw called on me re observatory & pier, after talking the matter over we looked over the ground, to inspect the position for the observatory. I then called on Mr. Mr. Kessler & bid them adieu.

Tuesday 10
frost five, mild

It was pleasant to start on my journey west - Handbooks or such a fine mild spring morning. - Outside of Winnipeg the prairie was still covered with snow but as we approached Portage la Prairie scarcely any was visible while when Brandon was reached a cold wind blew and it was still winter, sleighs being in requisition. As travelling companions I found an old acquaintance Lawrence Ketchum, now Commissioner of the N.W. Mounted Police and Dr. D. M. Eackman with both of whom especially the latter I had interesting chats.

Wednesday 11
pleasant

Morning found us through the Côteau and in a different climate again, mild & no more snow save that seen in the distant Cypress Hills. At Maple Creek Dr. M. Eackman left us, here Indians always meet the train & offer pairs of polished buffalo heads (1 dollar a pair) to the travellers. I am sure we whites can not conceive of the grief that now embraces the Indian heart, for he certainly has a heart & feels as we do, for within the short space of 15 years, his pursuits his life, his very life has so radically changed. In the time of the usefulness of railways, telegraphs, factories and all machinery taken away from us, and now were seeing them as toys or curios to some strange ^{overpowering} native whose character was totally antagonistic to ours, then we would

have somewhat of a parallel to the Indian. Medicine Hat is undoubtedly the wildest place in Canada east of the Rocky Mts. There people are gardening. - Yesterday we passed off the South Saskatchewan. On the train are Mr. & Mrs. E. Matthews the managers of the new C.P.R. hotel at Vancouver; they are lovely men, occupy the state room and are in consequence most of the time invisible. I made their acquaintance, also of Mr. Sta. Pater, who has charge of the C.P.R. Glacier Hotel.

Thursday 12
moon. fine
then raining

When we awoke we were at Canmore, the air was mild & to my surprise there was no snow on the ground. Here we learned of an accident ahead; we proceeded until the second crossing of the Bow was reached, where the Atlantic Express was nearly precipitated to the cold waters below; a new bridge is being erected & through mischance the locomotive & express car were derailed & stood diagonally across the bridge; it was a bad mess, yet a most fortunate accident.

Passengers & baggage were mutually transferred & we proceeded with their Sleepers. - At Hefphen the summit, of course snow was lying; 10 miles beyond at Field we got dinner in the new C.P.R. hotel. We had not proceeded far when we were stopped by a small snow slide, but which was soon shoveled away by the section hands. Mr. & Mrs. Matthews for a time viewed the grand scenery with me, ^{standing} at the end of the sleeper but they soon retired to their state room to eat and wash and do - what mortals - not to become enthusiastic when viewing mountains for the first time. To me it was more interesting than ever - here I camped - there I crouched in the wash beside the rock wall to let a train pass, the C.P.T. on the telegraph poles were welcome signs of my great labors, every rock & corner & turn had its story to tell as I hurried by. Although I enjoy the awe of the cañon of the Lower Gwapta (Kicking Horse)