

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
 River. 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. Peter, 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
 hand 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 & fern had its
 story to tell as I hurried by. Although I enjoy the awe
 of the cañon of the Lower Gwapta (Kicking Horse)

April

a sigh of relief involuntary invests one when the valley of the Columbia is reached and all appears deeper gone. Having 15-20 minutes at Donald I called on J. Davie - Chief Dispatcher who was glad to see me. - It was about night when we reached Rogers Pass & before passing thro' snow sheds, there are 54 altogether = 6 ^{miles} 200 yds, nearly all of which are in the Selkites. - As mud slides are beginning to make themselves conspicuous the road-master accompanied our train. - At Glacier we partook of a good supper in the cosy dining room of the C.P.R. hotel, erected for tourists in the vicinity & facing the great Glacier. Here we learned that our progress was doubtful on account of a mud slide near Twin Butte, yet it was considered best to proceed & in case there might come down, we proceeded but a fresh one beyond Illecillewaet stopped us, we wanted to return to the last station, but it was too late, a huge stump had slid down; dynamite displaced the last, & a tarpaulin channelling all water the other two. - During our stay here we had the sad diversion of a drunk and miscreant woman boarding the train, who for two hours kept the sleeper & first class car awake.

Mr. A. G. M. Spague lawyer from Donald came onto the train at Glacier & we chatted together till bed time; Ambrose the C.P.R. auditor was with us also.

Friday 13
fine
after-rainy

After crossing the Gold range, every trace of winter was left behind and the budding green hillsides greeted our view enhanced by the placid waters of Shuswap Lake & the Loch Thompson. Looking at the hills rising lamelike, with their graceful lines & dotted parklike with yellow pine a fellow passenger said "There should be a law passed before we take another meal that it be a crime equivalent to murder if one limb of those trees be cut." - The sentiment he wished