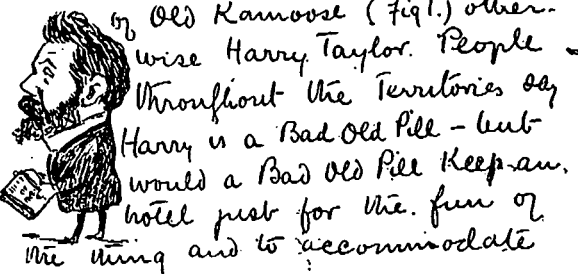


DIARY OF OUR MAN ABROAD.

Oct 18. Now for a drive of thirty miles across the rolling prairie to Fort Macleod. A magnificent morning, a spanking team and a light-rolling rig, with only three dogs by way of accompaniment. Great country for dogs, this, by the way. The average town or village here almost as bad as Toronto in that respect. If you have rivers to cross and no bridges, it is a good scheme to drive straight through the water.

This is what we do three or four times on the trail to the fort; the rapid current making it an interesting proceeding. It would be difficult to find a prettier in all the broad than this, through the great ranching re- West. As we of wild range Beefy looking their heads and and if perchance they are close to the trail, they stand in threatening array and make a move which looks dangerously like a contemplated assault upon our outfit. The old timer who is driving assures us, however, that it is only the dogs they are anxious to kill. Along in the afternoon (after a square meal at the half-way house at Kip, which was not forgotten then and it would be gross ingratitude look now) we drive up to the door of the Macleod Hotel - a ranch famous throughout all the land as the abiding place of Old Kamoose (fig 1.) other-wise Harry Taylor. People throughout the Territories say Harry is a Bad Old Pill - but would a Bad Old Pill Keep-an, hotel just for the fun of the thing and to accommodate



his fellow-creatures? This is what the old Harry does, for he tells every body that he is losing money right along through keeping boarders and casual guests who never pay their bills before leaving. we prudently settle our account in the presence of reliable witnesses and Harry confesses that he has at last met one honest party. This is the home also of Davis, M.P., well known at Ottawa, and the headquarters of J.G. Baker & Co bull-team, so called because the animals used are steers.

Oct 21 - Ten p.m. finds us at Moose Jaw, comfortably "disposed" by Host Waggoner, the distinguished Zoological hotel man. This is the point is visit if you want to study that fearfully and wonderfully constructed specimen of human nature - the young fleshman of good family who has settled on a Ranch, and is doing the thing in Buff also Bill style.

Oct 24 - Regina. We gaze upon the capital city of Pat last - the city of Davins and Herschmer, and Royal and five per cent Beer and permits and North West Mounted Police. It will be bigger than New York when they get it filled in between the Bank of Montreal, Government House and the Railway Station. Meanwhile, it presents magnificent stretches for pedestrian exercise - though of course N. F. D. and the other nabobs keep their carriages.

Oct 25. - Qu'Appelle has a really first class hotel - the best in the West - and here we rest. Jack

