



PANORAMA OF PROGRESS IN THE CITY ON THE LOWER SASKATCHEWAN

Prince Albert in 1881 was a very respectable, rather slabsided place, built of logs, and half asleep by the big river; now a hustling young city of Lumber and Wheat.

the damaged spot of the track. Only about three rail lengths had gone down below the grade, but those had sunk so low that it looked as though it would be an impossibility to get the coach over them. While Mr. Schrieber and the train officials were inspecting the place the locomotive from Cross Lake arrived, pushing in front of it two flat cars. The flats were pushed slowly and cautiously down into the water and up the opposite side, until the buffer of the foremost reached that of the passenger coach. Then a start was made, and the coach towed very slowly and cautiously through the sink-hole, which by this time was so deep that the trucks were almost entirely submerged. Notwithstanding the delay thus caused, the special caught the regular train at Cross Lake, and the latter reached this city at a few minutes after three in the afternoon.

The Winnipeg of "Boom" Days.

"Winnipeg has been written of so often and so fully that it might be difficult to say anything new concerning it. It is more like Chicago than any city I know, notwithstanding the great difference in the dimensions and population of the two. I have seen very few unemployed people here, and they were invariably drunk. In fact I have seen some drunken people in Winnipeg who were not out of employment. I should be very sorry to have any unemployed young man in old Canada conclude from what I have said just here that Winnipeg is a haven for all who cannot find work elsewhere. I am not sure that young men would do particularly well in looking up work here. The reason there are very few unemployed people here is that those who are out of work cannot afford to live here. It costs them too much. Everything is costly in Winnipeg just now, and because city property is proportionately high many people say that a great crash in the real estate market here is not far off. Be this as it may, Winnipeg is thriving just now.

"It would take a long time to describe the general appearance of Winnipeg, and even then the reader who had never seen this Canadian Chicago might have a very vague and indefinite notion as to what manner of place it really is. In the first place their main street, which is by a long way the principal thoroughfare of the city, is a very broad avenue (two chains wide). It is almost as level as a billiard table, but by no means straight. It was once the old Hudson Bay trail, and it makes some sort of a mild pretence of following the trend of the west bank of Red River. The other streets are running nearly north and south or east and west, and these forming all sorts of angles with the tortuous main street, give rise to an unheard of number of gores and angles. Some of the inhabitants have faced the situation boldly, and building their houses in a regular rectangular form have left some curious little corners in their areas and lawns, while others have attempted to accommodate their houses to the shape of their lots.

Where Three Transcontinentals Meet.

"At Portage La Prairie there was a very large crowd in waiting to meet the train. The assembly was made up of both white people and red, but the former largely outnumbered the latter. This town, of all its sisters, is second in Manitoba to Winnipeg in population and importance. It is growing very rapidly, and appears located in the very heart of an

excellent farming country. There were two bands of Indians waiting here, but they kept aloof from each other, and occupied opposite sides of the railway. On the north side was a large number of Sioux, most of whom were hideously painted, and many gorgeously dressed. Some of the men sat on lachrymose-looking, cut-haired ponies. All these ponies, like the lotus-eaters, were 'mild-eyed' and 'melancholy,' but only a very few of them looked as though they were in the habit of eating anything, much less the consumption of an article of diet supposed to have an influence on their character, and which would be nearly, or quite, unobtainable in the Northwest, and, besides this, I never yet saw an Indian pony that needed a sedative. As a rule they are not at all apt to disturb themselves unnecessarily. These ponies were decked out with bright tassels at the throat, scarlet saddle-cloths, deer-skin saddles, elaborately ornamented with bead work, and all-in-all, despite the wretched condition and contemptible dimensions of the ponies, they, with their riders, made a most striking appearance as they were gathered in picturesque groups in the tall grass, on a little bluff not more than a hundred yards from the train.

The Lovely Valley of Qu'Appelle.

"The drive to-day has been the most delightful of the whole journey so far, the approach to the valley of the Qu'Appelle and the valley itself being absolutely indescribably beautiful. Leaving Mr. Nelson's camp on the prairie early this morning (a very few minutes after six), the trail led through some of the loveliest prairie scenery. There was just enough of undulation to relieve the monotony of jogging along on a dead level, and still there were neither enough of undulation nor poplar bluffs to obscure or even limit the vision. Away to the south and west was opened out a great plain that looked like an immense concave stretching away till the bright fawn-colour of the prairie rose in a sharp rim against the hazy blue of an August sky. Suddenly, as I was gazing about on the transcendent loveliness I looked to the westward, and there where but a few minutes before I saw nothing but the bright yellow and fawn-coloured grasses of the prairie, rose the north and west shore of the Qu'Appelle River. As the bright morning sun rested upon this bank it presented a picture which for brilliancy of colour and exquisite light and shade is unequalled by anything I have ever seen.

The Prince Albert of Old.

"During our short stay at Prince Albert I was enabled to collect a little information regarding this, one of the most important and interesting settlements in the great Northwest. This place is the highest latitude we have reached in our trip, being nearly or quite 700 miles further north than Toronto, and over 1,300 miles further west, making the distance between the two points something over 2,000 miles by an air line, but by the route we have travelled the distance is, of course, considerably greater. The settlement, or rather the aggregation of settlements, included in the Prince Albert District (extending from Fort Carlton down to the junction of the north and south branches of the Saskatchewan) includes a strip of territory about 80 miles east and west by 50 miles north and south. This district contains a white and half-breed popu-

lation of about 3,000 souls. Here there are about 10,000 acres under crop and fully 5,000 acres newly broken this year, the latter figure furnishing the reader with some idea of the rapidity with which settlers have been flocking in within the last year. The town of Prince Albert may be designated as about four miles long by half-a-mile wide along the south bank of the North Saskatchewan. The town is situated on a plateau considerably above high-water mark in the river, and is bounded on the south by a narrow and shallow ravine, beyond which rises another bench or bluff to the level of the surrounding prairie, which is considerably higher than the plateau upon which the town stands.

Coming Into Port

I HAVE weathered the coming cape of storms
Where the winds of passion blow;
I have sheered by the reefs that gnash to foam
The shallows that lurk below;
I have joyed in the surge of the whistling sea,
And the wild strong stress of the gale,
As my brave bark quivered and leaped, alive,
To the strain of its crowded sail.
Then the masterful spirit was on me,
And with nature I wrestled glad;
And the danger was like a passionate bride,
And love itself was half mad.
Then life was a storm that blew me on,
And flew as the wild winds fly;
And hope was a pennon streaming out,
High up—to play with the sky.

Oh, the golden days, the glorious days
That so lavish of life we spent!
Oh, the dreaming nights with the silent stars
'Neath the sky's mysterious tent!
Oh, the light, light heart, and the strong desire,
And the pulses quickening thrill,
When joy lived with us and beauty smiled
And youth had its full free will!
The whole wide world was before us then,
And never our spirits failed,
And we never looked back, but ever on,
Into the future we sailed.
Ever before us the distant bound,
Whose dim and exquisite line
Alone divided our earth from heaven,
Our life from a life divine.

Now my voyage is well-nigh over,
And my stanchest spars are gone,
And my sails are rent and my barnacled bark
Drags slowly and heavily on.
The faint breeze comes from the distant shore
With its odours dim and sweet,
And soon in the silent harbour of peace
Long parted friends I shall greet.
The voyage is well-nigh over,
Though at times a capful of wind
Will rattle the ropes and fill the sails
And furrow a wake behind.
But the sea has become a weariness,
And glad into port I shall come,
With my sails all furled and my anchor dropped,
And my cargo carried home.

—Blackwood's Magazine.