

DIARY OF OUR MAN 'ABROAD.



Oct. 11 - Bowling along under full head of steam over Ontario. Strains of music heard above roar of carwheels. Some ghostly orchestra of the mountains, perhaps connected with some weird, romantic Rip Van Winkle legend. Must enquire into it at once. Go forward and find we have a band of Indians aboard, accompanied by an Indian band. Siwash, they tell us, on the way to a grand demonstration of some sort at North Bend. Fine fellows, these Siwasches. Self-supporting, vigorous. No Government pay. Make big money, come of em, catching salmon for the Canneries. Arrive at North Bend about 8 p.m. and find place in beage of glory with Chinese lanterns, and alive with happy Indians and squares from all over the section. Can't find in charge, conclude a more or less of blow-out.



Oct. 12-13 - Program over again. The different you and down this time without not only. Familiarity can never breed contempt for scenery like this!

Oct. 14 - Calgary, at the unearthly hour of three a.m. Van Horne will have to fix it so that travellers can reach all these places at a reasonable time of day.

This, however, is a task which will wrench his massive intellect. When day has fully dawned we find Calgary to be a bright and business-like town, typical of the West. It is the headquarters for all the lordly ranchers of the section, whose top-boots and wide-brimmed hats are familiar objects on the streets, which are further enlivened by the most picturesquely arrayed Indian dudes and dudines. Any Ontario families nipping sons will probably find them by addressing Calgary, assa.

Oct. 15 - At the same unearthly hour of 3 we are off again. Van Horne must really see about this Coache, as usual, peopled with snoring beings in every possible and impossible attitude. It's worth all



it costs to get up there early, however, to see the sunrise on the prairie. "Breakfast ready in the dining car!" This happy announcement in due course, and at a comfortable interval there after we receive the signal to disembark in the brakeman's fine baritone shout of "Medicine Hat." What a name!

Oct. 15 - As to hotels? we enquire. Right across the way, replies some courteous guide-possibly a C.P.R. official, for they are all models of courtesy - You will find an old Toronto fellow - Bassett; sett & Kelble, over there - the. This is a division. Men do here.

Dad Moley, the Nunchausen tourist are counts of some which never this name. Medicine Hat! It is too much, too much! Let us have it in the original Indian, or something else altogether. As well call a town "Ruffed Grouse" and expect it to flourish. The member for the District, Mr. Tweed (no connection with the Boss of that name, we are sure you) ought to introduce a Bill to rectify this outrage.



Oct. 16 - We run down to Dunmore Junction, and there, after a few hours of patient waiting we take our places in the elegantly appointed caboose of the Galt Coal train, and pointed at Lethbridge. It's now a fine road, built freight that can stand riding. A few select passengers are taken, however at per mile. And the rule be "When taken to be well."

We get there, however, without any breakfast, after a jolly good time, in fact. Oct. 17 - Lethbridge: the centre of the N.W. Coal district. One of the prettiest, cleanest and most promising towns in the Territories. One of the coming cities, if we mistake not. It will be a pleasure to get on this train on any bull-train driver who comes forward as a sprinter.



you remember Bas. of course? Right Cosmopolitan Point, and railroad around, especially, general Conductor to whom innocent indebted for a thrilling event happened. But, Curb Hat! It is too much, too much!

Oct. 18 - We run down to Dunmore Junction, and there, after a few hours of patient waiting we take our places in the elegantly appointed caboose of the Galt Coal train, and pointed at Lethbridge. It's now a fine road, built freight that can stand riding. A few select passengers are taken, however at per mile. And the rule be "When taken to be well."

We get there, however, without any breakfast, after a jolly good time, in fact. Oct. 17 - Lethbridge: the centre of the N.W. Coal district. One of the prettiest, cleanest and most promising towns in the Territories. One of the coming cities, if we mistake not. It will be a pleasure to get on this train on any bull-train driver who comes forward as a sprinter.

