

the current took us below the spot we steered for. Then he returned for my brother and the ponies. The horses swam well, just keeping their heads above water. I am sure the bath did them good, as they seemed much fresher afterwards.

We soon made another start, determined, if possible, to make up for the lost day. We had now to pass through some very bad slews, the rain having made the ground very soft. To gain an idea of a Manitoba slew, read John Bunyan's description in "The Pilgrim's Progress" of the Slough of Despond. The mustangs being fresh and strong, we pulled through without once sticking in the mud, although it was a very near go sometimes, as we sunk in up to the axletrees. During the day I noticed a solitary wolf a short distance off. I soon bolted after it, gun in hand, but could not get near enough for a shot, as the further I ran the further I was left behind. These prairie wolves generally go in packs, but this one seemed to have lost himself.

Our next stopping place, South Antler Creek, was reached about eight o'clock. This is a small stream running at a fearful rate from west to east. The mosquitoes here were terrible, they soon found out my English blood, and did their best to get all they could in spite of the utmost precaution I took to protect myself; the further we got west the more numerous these pests seemed to be. I