

with all the leading roads to the south." Then again, "C.P.R. to Vancouver and the Pacific coast" Then in flaming colors "Calgary, Edmonton, and Peace River R.R., connecting with the Edmonton, Unshaga, and Athabasca R. R." And again, "Through excursion to the McKenzie river, connecting with steamers on Great Slave lake, and the Arctic Circle R.R. A grand excursion by this route to the mouth of the McKenzie river, then by regular route over the mountains to the Yukon river, and thence by steamer to the mouth of the river and Sitka; from thence by ocean steamers past the glaciers and the grandest mountains of North America, through the gulf of Georgia to the city of Vancouver." And I wondered as I dreamed. Suddenly I felt something give me a shake and heard a voice saying rather sharply, "what are you snoring there for?"---and so it was all a dream,---and I wrote it down at once as I recollected it, and have been ever since wondering whether it---my last dream---will all come true. Perhaps not in my time. I am older than when the old Nor'-wester told me his stories, but in the not very far off future this will all be realized, at least so I believe, and this little town of Calgary will be the great city and railway centre I dreamed of; and it may be that some of those who read this dream in the little prairie town of Calgary (Scotland for ever) will see its fulfilment in the city of the future; and perhaps someone seeing it will say: "When I was a child a cranky old fellow wrote of these things as in a dream, and they said he called himself

SANGUINES.