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portion of Manitoba, the exception being in the cities where municipal government has been established, and drunkenness can be dealt with by the arm of the civil law. The reason of this law being so rigorously enforced is to prevent any fire-water finding its way to the Indian, for if he imbibes the fiery spirit, it seems to change him into a veritable fiend. Medicinal permits are granted to travellers solely by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, or of the North-west territories.

I will give you an experience of a drive across the prairie undertaken in the spring of last year, which will show you a few of the difficulties to be met with. Six of us in party, we started by train from Winnipeg to Grand Valley, which is on the opposite bank of the Assineboine to Brandon, about 133 miles west of our starting point. We reached here about five p.m., and calmly awaited our two wagons and teams which had to cross the ferry. We did wait—until six the next morning, for the owner of the ferry declined conveying the horses over until that time. In vain were all our powers of persuasion tried, dollar notes were smiled at, invective was useless, so we awaited his good pleasure. A little before seven we were able to load up, and started for Rapid City. Our way lies over an undulating country, fairly settled with farmers. We cross extemporised bridges laid over the mud in the coulees, dash through a small creek or two: ducks and teal by hundreds swim in the little lakes, now on the right hand and now on the left, plovers—pretty little fellows with long golden legs and speckled jackets—prairie grouse, wood partridge, falcons, and bitterns, with many gorgeous-plumed visitors to these regions, cross our path again and again. In about three hours we reach Rapid City. Do not picture to yourself a second Winnipeg. Rapid City, although a flourishing town, would be termed here a village. The town stands on the banks of the little Saskatchewan river, and, as it is growing fast,