

spot, but is by no means perfect, although the writer himself happens to have been there for several years. It has an Indian school, which is doing good work. The younger generation of the tribe Sioux is receiving a liberal education and is being instructed in the higher spiritual truths.

The Manitoba & Northwestern Railway extends from this point about 180 miles. It travels through a good section of country. The Northern Pacific also reaches this place from Winnipeg. And there is the hazy expectation, too, of the Hudson Bay Railway which will run through this direction. So that, at some future date, Portage la Prairie will be the centre of four railways. Between this and Brandon, a distance of about 80 miles, there are several towns surrounded by large farming areas. In Brandon we find a population of about 5,000. Situated on a hill which slopes to the Assiniboine River, it presents rather a pretty view. To the north of the river is the Provincial Experimental Farm, sloping to the summit of the bank. To the east the Manitoba Central Railway begins and runs through the central part of the province. Here we find another large grain market. Until the last few years the grain was drawn over sixty miles to this place, and during the greater part of the winter the streets were blocked with wagons. The standard time changes here to mountain

time, one hour slower. From Portage la Prairie to Brandon is a pleasant trip on horseback in the spring of the year, when the ditches are full and slightly covered with snow. I would advise the stranger by all means to journey by horseback over this portion of the road, especially if it be in spring. My own experience was unique. I only got into six ditches and was lost only once in the sand hills. Of course that was for several days. But I had another experience over this same road which was even more interesting. I happened one day to purchase one of those animals called bronchos. Being unfamiliar with their individualities, I selected what seemed a gentle little animal. The moment we met there seemed to be a friendship between us, which friendship continued to ripen until my journey began. But it was not one of those friendships which continue without interruptions. Bright and early one Friday morning, in the exuberance of juvenile vivacity, I mounted my little steed, my friendly steed, my broncho, No Arab ever felt such tender emotion for his steed, as pressed through my youthful breast. On we went my horse and I, But halt, what is this? I am on the wrong side of the Railway, I must cross a deep ditch. The broncho failed to make the necessary connection, and I was suddenly apprised of my personality, wet and shattered though it was. Craw-