

WINNIPEG AS IT WAS IN 1860.

The first question of importance that obtrudes itself on one's mind on arriving at a strange place is, where shall one put up? and in reaching this settlement it strikes us with double force. We are speaking antecedently. In 1859 Mr. Henry McKenna, of Amherstburg, Ontario, opened a hotel for the accommodation of travellers, and it is the only one and the first that has been started here; the accommodations are good considering the difficulties he had to encounter, to explain which we will take a stroll through this part of the settlement. Landed on the banks of the muddy river we at once discover that wharves, even though they be of a rickety character, are a great accommodation compared with their total absence, and much more so in a muddy than a stormy locality; we get an ox cart and have our moveables brought to the hotel, when we are at liberty to move around a little. Discovering that there is no town or village, we inquire for the nearest part of the settlement, and are informed that it is much about the same for twenty or thirty miles; we look for some street, sidewalk, or row of business houses for the accommodaton of so many people, but find none: we inquire for the stores wanted to supply the demand for home and foreign articles, and are told that they are very numerous all the way, both up and down, and that every other house in this locality is one. Let us take a walk around the stores—we travel a mile or two below the forks of the rivers and see no signs bearing either—

“GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,” “HARDWARE,” “DRY GOODS.”

or “Licensed to Sell Ale, Wine and Spirituous Liquors.” No person is apparently troubled with the modern maladies, “Cheap for Cash,” “Small Profits and Quick Returns,” “Selling out at 20 per cent. below cost,” “Fall and Winter Stock just received—Call and See,” “No Credit,” “Positively Cash,” etc.; there is no fear of stumbling over goods on the roadside, and no window decorated with “Ayer's Ague Cure,” “R. R. R.,” or the thousand and one store ornaments of our cousin Jonathan.

We return, anything but pleased at our acuteness in not finding a store where every other house is one, and ask if every other house is exposed or concealed. The good-natured half-breed points towards three or four houses and says, there are Mr. McDermot's stores, but he may not be in—you will find him in that house most likely; and he bids us good day with a twinkle in his