

distance by 3 o'clock in the afternoon, which certainly is not bad going.

We could not help loving Moise and Emile, especially when they thanked us for what they said was the first human kindness they had ever known in all their lives. It is none too cheerful an existence they live up there, although they are cheery under it. Half-clothed, often hungry, with only moccasins to protect their feet in the hard work of tracking on the rocky shores and oftentimes working under hard masters, life for them has small past, little present, and absolutely no future. Despair is the best they can get out of life; and yet they shamed us by their fortitude and cheerfulness. I certainly should like to see these two red friends of ours again, and I am going to if I can.

Our guides told us that at present the lynx are very scarce in that part of the country, because the rabbits have moved away. They think marten are not quite so abundant, although they shift a good deal. They still get plenty of moose, although they think that now it is harder to get moose and bears than formerly. God knows what the future will be for these people who live on the fur trade of the North, in case the fur grows scarcer. Perhaps agriculture will come in at just the right time; although agriculture is something which these "breeds" of the North fancy no more than our own Indians. Certainly they must soon compete with white farmers, who at first are also hunters and trappers.

Our party from the Grand Prairie got into the Landing the day after we did, and soon we were all embarked for our return journey, which perhaps it would be uninteresting for me to describe further than to say it was a continuous lark. The nights were now growing cooler, and we had full frost the last night we spent on the trail. Time being short for many of us, we hurried back home, not stopping to shoot ducks at Lesser Slave Lake, and making the miserable portage over to Mirror Landing as fast as we could. We had a banquet at Athabasca Landing, and there,

in the far-off North country, I ate as good a dinner as I ever did, and heard as clean-cut, high-class a set of speeches as I ever listened to. The next night we spent at Eggie's half-way house, I think, frankly, the most detestable roadhouse I have ever seen and a disgrace to so good a country. One day later we were once more back in Edmonton, where we had yet another banquet, a sort of love feast for us all, for we had congratulations there on breaking all known records for northern travel. We were glad to see again this bustling and kindly northern city; or, rather, western city, for it is just like a big western American town, and since it got so many railways is long past its old trading days.

We averaged over sixty-six and a half miles of travel for each day out, over seventy-five miles a day for most of the time. We travelled over 2,000 miles out from and back to Edmonton. We started July 27 and returned on August 29. We had two days' stop at Fort Vermilion. Certainly the wildest reaches of the world are small today. On September 3 some of our party were back in Chicago, and the next day others of them were at their homes in New York!

As a sporting country, there is no doubt of the accessibility of this district, or for that matter as a farming country. Little by little the plough, without possibility of being retarded, is edging its way north as well as west. Who shall say that the dreams of our large-minded host shall not come true; and who, indeed, may dream wisely enough and boldly enough for days like this in the history of the world? What was once the East is now the West, and what but lately was the West seems now to have moved North. Just how far north it is going, and how fast, I for one have been too much amazed to venture any prophecy. All I know is, there is a Peace River country and to see it is one of the most interesting experiences apt to befall a traveller or sportsman today. But in a few years, I fear, it will no longer be the frontier.—By *B. K. Miller, in Recreation.*