

dance," and of the trophies brought back by the braves from their tribal wars.

Bidding farewell to these less known but most impressive megaliths of Price's farm, a short drive westward and then to the north brings the tourist to the ford of the Souris. The river is of trifling width, but like all prairie rivers it is nearly as wide at this point as it is at where it empties into the Assiniboine River. Its course is run through a winding circuit of about nine hundred miles, through the plains of Assiniboia, the prairies of Dakota, and then through Manitoba; but the muddy stream at the mouth contrasts greatly with the clear, cool current which passes "Les Roches Percees." A sharp descent, a plunge through the water, and our faithful Rosinante takes us up the northern bank.

Here is a pleasant spot, and we are face to face with the ruins of the first buildings erected by the Price family on their coming to the river. There may not be such interest in the remains of the prairie settler's dwelling, as attaches to the ruined abbey or the castle of romance in the old land, or even to such a scene as that in Wordsworth's Wanderer, where stood

"A roofless hut; four roofless walls  
That stared upon each other,"

but, notwithstanding, the home of a pioneer is interesting. Here the settlers had seen herds of the now extinct buffalo approach to drink of the stream; here night had been made hideous by the sharp bark of the prairie wolf; here wandering bands of Indians had called to see the daring intruder come to possess their heritage; and here all the trials and novel experiences of a settler's life had been met. The deserted buildings falling to decay will soon be levelled to the earth, but the memory of the brave family, which first faced the perils of the wilderness will live for many a year.

Rising a few hundred yards to the northwest of this spot is "Sugar-loaf Hill," already mentioned,—a landmark in the valley. A drive of a few minutes brought us to the base of the hill, and skirting it we entered a great canyon or ravine to the north of the best-known coal mine on the Souris. The solid coal is exposed to view on the side of the ravine. The miner has but to proceed with mattock and muscle to hew out an unlimited supply of "black diamonds" from the hill-side.

The writer, on entering the drift, found

it to consist of a horizontal cut through a seam of coal eight feet thick. This coal deposit is extensive and is believed to underlie, at a depth of from thirty to ninety feet, a region of at least four hundred square miles. The end of the mine, one hundred yards from the mouth, brought us to the grimy miners, where, sitting down like Cyclopes on the huge blocks of coal newly mined, visitors and miners discussed, by the glimmer of lamplight, the signs and tokens of the rich deposit everywhere around them.

The north side of the Souris valley, by which the return journey was made, is marked by the same unique formation of rock as the south side on which "Les Roches Percees" appear. On the north bank of the Souris, opposite the Price farm, there is a striking appearance at one point of a number of Indian tents or tepees. Farther to the west the columnar appearance of the rock exposures, or palisades, as they rise above the bank, catch the eye, but perhaps the most interesting sight in the valley bursts on the view as "The Moccasin Rock" comes in view. This is on the very brink of the stream. Here the rocky outlier rises sheer up from the water beneath. A beautiful stretch of the river, well shaded by the trees, is seen many feet below, while in front of the spectator, near his own level, rises the fantastic "moccasin."

The base rock is the familiar soft, white sandstone—but here very white and beautiful. The portion called the "moccasin" is about forty feet long, some six feet wide, and two or three feet in height. It has the appearance of having been lifted by the giants in their sport, and deposited on its pedestal. No doubt in the time to come it will also fall into the stream below, as miles and miles of its former companion rocks have already done.

To the lover of the wonderful in nature this is a garden of delights, and with regret the valley is left behind. Soon the approaching civilization—so-called—will destroy these trophies of her work for so long preserved. Nine miles northwest of "Les Roches Percees," the new coal city of Estevan is rising up. It is at the junction of what promises to be two important railways. Great expectations are entertained of its future, but just in proportion as the new life increases, will the rush of progress cause the Souris megaliths to fall out of notice and decrease—the ploughshare of the pioneer will become to them the ploughshare of ruin.