

OUT WEST.

II.

Eastward and northward toward the land of adventure! Wearied with the monotony of the prairie we sought the home of the Northern Lights, where we might drive away dull care undisturbed by the fancies and customs of civilized life. The years are few when all over this prairieland we travelled undismayed by the presence of the gentler sex and the endless iron pathway which spans the continent from sea to sea. No longer may we don our suits of buckskin, and astride the irrepressible Indian cayuse travel leisurely, feasting on slap-jacks and pemmican. Civilization has invaded our territory and we must without a murmur submit to the inevitable. How our hearts long for the days of yore, when the prairie was our dearest couch and the Indian our truest friend. Alas! the songs of freedom unbounded which oftentimes we sang, now die upon our lips, for scarce a note is sounded ere the noisy shout of the civilized car arouses us from our prairie reveries, and we behold the change which has already come. Strangers to luxury are we, so in nowise undaunted by the terrors of a day upon a construction train. We bid adieu to the fair city on the plains of Assiniboia—Regina, the capital of the Northwest—and northward our eyes are turned in eager expectation of the glories of valley and forest and lake in the great northland. Leisurely the train crawls over the rails newly laid, and around Long Lake—the watering place of the Regina district—until the day is well nigh spent, and we slowly glide across the iron bridge which spans the Saskatchewan. Saskatoon looks down from its lofty station on the prairie across the river to the temporary station house and the few houses lately built. Northward still we journey past historic scenes and places with ever-memorable names. Duck Lake and Batoche cannot be forgotten, and as we gaze upon the troop of half-breed children gathered at the station we let fall a silent tear for the sorrowing ones who still mourn for the brave soldier boys whose blood stained the grass upon the prairie and whose lives were laid down in defence of our honour. There fell the lad we loved, who left, across the briny deep, an aged mother with silvery locks, who still weeps for her darling boy. Thick darkness enveloped us ere we reached Prince Albert, but before the midnight hour we found repose in the house of a friend. The sun had scarcely risen when we sought to view the places of interest, memories of the years gone by. The town lies scattered along the banks of the river, stretching towards the hills whereon are erected some of the finest residences. Upon the hillside lay the Mounted Police Fort, the Court House and the Nisbet Academy. Struggling and straggling the town seemed to be praying for help, but the dawn of prosperity is at hand for this rising city of the North. Prince Albert claims the honour of having the first and only college in the Territories—Immanuel College, the pride of the founder, my old friend Bishop McLean. He rests at peace in the pleasant God's Acre belonging to the English church—and there lies also the youthful Methodist missionary, E. W. Skinner, who bade farewell to the pleasures of city life in Toronto, and westward sped to tell the red men the story of the Cross, but alone upon the prairie he laid himself down—killed by an accidental discharge of his gun. Strangers mourned over him and gave him a final resting place in the Anglican cemetery. The town was founded by the Rev. James Nisbet, a Presbyterian minister, in 1866, and amid many vicissitudes it has developed until churches, schools and all the advantages of eastern towns belong to it. Immanuel College, the Roman Catholic Convent and the High school supply the educational wants of a population of over one thousand. The Saskatchewan Institute, composed of the literati of the rising city, has striven to rescue from oblivion the early history of the district, and the customs, traditions and tales of the half-breeds and Indians gathered around the camp-fires. The Nisbet Academy was burned down within the past two years and the noble efforts put forth on behalf of education by the Presbyterians were suddenly terminated. There is a prospect of a recommencement in the near future. It is surprising indeed to meet such a large proportion of educated men in these small towns in the Northwest, connected with the press, the pro-

fessions, as storekeepers and farmers. Many of the clergymen are graduates of British and Canadian Universities. A doctor of science is editor of a newspaper in this town, and the genial *littérateur* and author of "Tecumseh," Charles Mair, is found among the most enterprising men of the community. As homeward we sped we saw large quantities of buffalo bones neatly piled up ready for shipment. The buffalo have not been in this district for the past ten years, and yet the half-breeds are gathering the bleached bones which lie upon the prairie and selling them. Time failed us to visit the Sioux Indian Reserve of Chief White Cap, but we accepted as compensation a half-breed encampment near Saskatoon. Forty-nine Red River carts were drawn up and formed a square corral, wherein were gathered the half-breeds. Half a dozen boys were sporting themselves, throwing their knives in the air and letting them fall to the ground, reckoning the number of times the blades stuck in the ground. The elder lads had dug a hole in the prairie and made a fire, by which they were cooking their dinner. In primitive garb arrayed they were making bread, using a frying-pan as an oven, and the product of their labour appeared to be very good. The brigade of carts had journeyed from Battleford to Saskatoon at the rate of twenty miles a day, and the return trip would be accomplished within the same time. Slowly we travelled southward, and when darkness had fallen heavily upon us, we were roused from our dreams by the shrill whistle announcing our approach to the Royal City of the West. Weary pilgrims glided homeward, singing as best they could "Home Sweet Home."

ROBIN RUSTLER.

Moosejaw, Assiniboia.

A young lady was recently married in the South and the local newspaper made this notice of the event: "Miss Marielon Armstrong is one of those rich, rare, ripe beauties in face, form, mind and soul that by their virtues, power and worth gave to the South a race of heroes that has never been approached in manly manliness by any land or any clime."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Stray Notes.

Over Their Afternoon meal.—First Goat: What wonderful progress has been made in lithography of late years.

Second Goat—Yes. Things look daintier; but really the ink they use isn't half so sweet as it used to be.—*Brooklyn Life*.

Plenty to Be Done.—"I can't find anything to do," groaned an unfortunate hack writer to Sheridan, who had been advising him to buckle down to work.

"Can't find anything to do?" cried Sheridan. "Why, man, don't you know that not a line of Dickens has been written yet?"—*Puck's Cyclopaedia of Anecdotes*.

Worthy of a Crown.—Plain Citizen (to editor of Dinkeyville *Clarion*): Why do you call Wahoo a prominent and influential citizen? He has never done anything worth noticing.

Editor—Hasn't, hey? Good heavens, man! He has just paid me two years' subscription in advance!—*Brooklyn Life*.

The Purist.—Publisher: How many words has your story? Author—About three thousand.

Publisher—But, my dear fellow, we can't make a book out of three thousand words. It wouldn't fill fifteen pages.

Author—Yes; but I've used the words over and over again, you know.—*Puck*.

Regular Rates.—Young Man: I have a poem here.

Editor (after examining it)—Well, how does ten dollars strike you?

Young Man—That's really more than I expected.

Editor—Well, we can't publish such a poem as that for less than ten.—*Judge*.

Mrs. Moulton's Writing Room.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's place of writing is the front room on the second floor of her house. It can hardly be called a study, for there is nothing severe or professional in its aspect. In the centre of the room is a table always filled with the newest books, and from the walls look down pictures of poet or saint, or ideal form of beauty. The dainty desk has no official character, nor has its possessor any fixed methods of composition. A flower, a passing face, a sunset, a storm at sea, a picture, a thought or an ideal vision, each in turn will touch the spring of her poetic power and the melody flows forth.—*Boston Budget*.



FLOWER-GATHERING.