

thus resulted the celebrated "rubaboo," as it was called. When the mixture was thickened it then was called "rowscho," but for the journey the former was preferable. Hot bannocks and piping hot "rubaboo" were served around, the latter in cups, and the tea in tin cups soon began to disappear among the hungry company. The appetite stimulated by fresh air and exercise was surprising, and a dyspeptic being looking on at such a meal would turn green with envy.

#### A NOTABLE PARTY.

One day our midday camp was struck just beyond the crossing of the Big Salt River. We were just ready for lunch when a democrat wagon hove in sight containing a coal-black Sambo as driver, and three gentlemen. As they approached they looked long and enquiringly on the camping scene, with its grazing animals, carts, and a company of swarthy natives, in the middle of a vast prairie. On calling over on them, I found a distinguished party, consisting of Hon. Joseph Howe, Secretary of State for the Dominion of Canada, which was then talking of annexing the Red River Settlement, Mr. W. E. Sanford, of Hamilton, Ont., afterwards Senator, and Mr. William McGregor, of Windsor, since that time a member of the Canadian House of Commons.

I invited the party to lunch with me; fortunately we had bear steak, and pemmican in its two-fold messes. Curiosity, more than lunch, induced an acceptance. I carried a bottle of very old St. Croix rum, so far as I was concerned for the stomach's sake, not the palate. At the sight of the amber fluid the Hon. Mr. Howe clapped his hands, and turning to Mr. Sanford, exclaimed, "Sanford, there is corn in Egypt," which they tested heartily. This trip of Mr. Howe to Fort Garry was the one which Mr. McDougall accused him in Parliament of undertaking to prejudice the settlers against him. Mr. Howe plied me with questions touching affairs at the Settlement. The party proceeded northward, we south. Scarcely two hours had passed when the democrat returned. By an accident Mr. Sanford's gun had gone off and lodged its contents in the calf of McGregor's leg.

#### EN ROUTE.

Two hours was usually enough for the midday camp, but