

in his canoe. The frost came on so suddenly that the scum of ice hardened so that in beating a passage with his paddle it broke. He could not get back or forwards. The ice-crust was not strong enough for walking, but held the canoe, badly leaking, hard and fast, with wolves howling along the shore.

By the time of my arrival, however, things were better, and they had the rough main comforts of life. Clear lumber of the finest could be got for \$10 to \$12, and so frame houses were springing up. Massive pine square posts, 14 inches square and upwards, were in sheds

Here is a winter scene—open fireplace, vast logs under the mud-plastered chimney. Light of blazing embers quite sufficient for the daughter, who has been in at forty annual deaths of Christmas gobblers, and her fellow. In the adjoining bedroom, 6x8 feet, lie the old couple, he 84, she frisky and 76, on a vast feather bed, and under another equally voluminous. She commences to "over" his day's misdoings—how he mixed the seed potatoes with the others in the bin; and missed a sale of buckwheat, and didn't get her that paper of pins. He snores, but she has a way of awakening him. He yells, "I wish the d— had your sharp toe-claw." Then to make a diversion, he shouts at the quietly whispering couple in the kitchen, "You'd better make more noise. If that man of yours is going to stop all night, get him to yoke the oxen and haul in some more wood." The old lady, "shut up, let them alone, you were young yourself once. As I was saying, you're neglecting that runt pig." He snores.

I used to write occasionally, for the Richmond Guardian, owned by Jones, a man of marked editorial ability recognized by the leading magazines. In this journal I was the first to advocate prohibition for the Northwest on the special grounds of safeguarding the aborigines. Jones ran for the local House, doing his canvassing on foot. One of his agents, Charley Gavin, told me that another 50 cent treat to some Highland Scotch voters who were holding back near the polling booth, through conscientious doubts, would have turned the scale, but money ran short.

My seventh and last trip (from Glasgow to Quebec, in spring of '72,) across the Atlantic was a very delightful one, in spite of our passing through thirty miles of an ice-field, and after getting into blue water, meeting a second field of St. Lawrence ice. Except one Pepper, a drummer, my only fellow-passengers were the wife and family of Dr. Cowan, who is settled, I believe, in Portage La Prairie. Mrs. Cowan was a charming and highly accomplished lady, with whom I played chess when the steamer condescended to behave itself and stop rolling. Miss Cowan and Miss Hattie, her younger sister, were beautiful girls and full of animation, who with their brother, a smart, intelligent young fellow, made up the party. I felt sorry when I heard the stevedores swearing on the wharf and knew that we must part.

I rather pride myself on a scheme which I invented to avoid the need and nuisance of identification at Montreal, when I came to draw my fifteen hundred dollars which I had lodged in Allan's office in Glasgow. I wrote on an irregular piece of paper the word "ostrich." This I tore in two, keeping one half and telling them to mail the other to the Montreal office. When I got to Montreal, I presented the check. The cashier asked me the pass-