

steamboat in summer and the stage in winter. What a change has since taken place! How vast a network of railways has been built during the past seventeen years throughout the entire country, reaching even to the Pacific Ocean! I remember well the difficulties experienced during my first trip to Fort Garry, the site of the present city of Winnipeg. An Indian pony attached to a rude ox-cart was the only conveyance to be had, and with that I set out to travel some 500 miles over the houseless prairie to my destination. It happened to be an unusually trying season for mosquitoes, and had I not been fortunate enough to fall in with a party of traders on their way home, I fear I never could have accomplished the journey.

Day after day we travelled—starting at daybreak and journeying till the heat compelled us to encamp. In the cool of the evening we again harnessed our horses and travelled till dusk, and so we continued for nearly three weeks, the heat and the flies allowing us to make but slow progress. To-day you may make the journey in twenty-four hours, seated in a comfortable Pullman car, instead of the rude ox-cart of former years. When I first travelled over the route no houses were to be met with—no settlers to offer you hospitality—and the cart-trail of the prairie was the only mark to guide you on your way. Now the country is studded with farms and farm-houses; cities, towns, and villages have sprung into existence, and railways are to be found running in every direction. An incident connected with that trip may interest you. One of the traders in our party had with him a white horse, which invariably each night singled me out as I lay wrapped in my blanket under my cart, and did me the honour of knocking the mosquitoes off his nose against my head. I bore the infliction of the white horse for several nights, but at last determined to get rid of him. For that purpose I placed a stick with one end in the camp fire, the other ready to take hold of when required. Then, wrapped in my blanket, I waited. Presently round came my friend, sniffing at my head as usual. With a bound I caught the lighted stick, and made after my tormentor, and he, supposing, no doubt, the de'il was after him, galloped off into the darkness as fast as his hobbles would permit him. Suddenly he disappeared from view and I returned to camp, thankful for being rid of him. In the morning there was a great outcry for the white horse, but no white horse was there; and being a stranger, and not knowing the ways of the country, I discreetly held my tongue. A personal examination, however, showed me that I had driven the poor brute to the edge of the river bank, which was steep at that point, and he, toppling over into the water, was very likely drowned; at least he has never been seen from that day to this. Speaking of white horses reminds me that in the old days the Indian squaws had a great partiality to white horse hairs for fancy work, and used to rob the poor beasts mercilessly. Often would one see a white horse with but an apology for a tail, the hairs having gone to add to the finery of some Indian "brave."