

gave us considerable trouble. Although we had hobbled both, one of them liked its liberty so much that it took us nearly two hours to catch it, which we could only do by riding it down with the other, and making it thoroughly tired before we could get near it. We caught it at last, and drove on till about nine p.m., when we reached the first crossing of the Souris River. This was the widest and most difficult stream we had to cross since starting. As the wind was blowing quite a gale, and a heavy pour of rain was coming down, we had some difficulty in pitching the tent, but with patience and perseverance we at last got it up, pitching it on the bank of the stream, about 150 feet above the level of the water.

It continued raining heavily all that night, and all the next day, making travelling very hard work for the ponies, so we remained here till the following day. During the day a squatter came up to our tent, having with him a very nice water spaniel, which took quite a fancy to us and our guns. I asked the "boss" if he would sell the dog, and if so, how much he wanted for it; he replied, "I don't want to sell it, but if you will give me five dollars, you shall have it." I gladly paid him the five dollars, for I could see the dog was a good one. I christened it after the name of the river we were camping by, which name it soon got used to. We had some