

in a verdant valley through which Nose Creek runs. It is twenty-two miles from Calgary, 193 miles from Edmonton and over 3,400 feet above the sea. This is a ranch farm and we receive, as every traveller does, a hearty welcome from the ranchmen (women there are none), and after supper roll ourselves in our blankets, tumble down on the floor and soon sleep soundly till the blowing of a horn calls us to breakfast. At daylight Mac finds that his horses, which were picketed in a green spot of prairie grass near the farm have drawn their pickets and left. After a ride of several miles Mac finds them quietly making their way homeward. At 10 a.m. we leave this rough but hospitable prairie farm and are again on our journey. Our nights till we reach Mackenzie's farm are spent under canvas. Space will not allow of a detailed description of the many interesting incidents which occur in a journey across the Northwest plains. On the third morning we leave the Edmonton trail, or main road, strike across the country and at sun-set arrive at the Red Deer River, which in places is a rapid and turbid stream rising and falling suddenly according to the melting of the snow in the mountains. Mac's practised eye sees at a glance that the water has risen two feet since he left home, and that we cannot cross here with our outfit. Mac is a man of few words, and says, "Keep a tight hold on the horses till I return." Tired after the day's journey, the rushing of the water, barking of several prairie wolves in the distance, together with the anxiety of the horses to get to their stable opposite, makes me a little nervous; but in a short time Mackenzie returns and says, "We can cross lower down," and soon our horses plunge into the stream; the water covers the floor of the waggon, but in a few moments we are safely over, and in a short time at the door of Mackenzie's house, where we receive a warm greeting from Mrs. Mac and her numerous family who are all typical specimens of the half-breeds of this locality. At the time of my visit, with the exception of the Rev. Leo Gaetz's farm—a little higher up the river—this is the best farm to be found for many miles; wheat, oats, in fact any farm produce can be raised here with little tilling of the land. It is the last farm on the banks of the Red Deer we shall see for probably a month.