

case might be, and the call would be repeated by the man near the pilot-house.

The company used to engage Indians to cut wood during the winter at many points along the river, so that fuel could be easily obtained. Failing to reach one of these points, the boat was tied up, and the crew turned out to cut enough wood to last until the next wood-yard was reached. The transferring of freight from one boat to another, and to the various depots, was performed by Indians—the roustabouts—and it was truly marvellous to see what one of these men could carry.

The usefulness of the old river boats was taken away, however, when the railways began to stretch out their tendons into the north. The Calgary and Edmonton line robbed the river of most of Edmonton's trade, and the Qu'Appelle, Long Lake and Saskatchewan Railway did the same for that of Prince Albert. At present, there are no boats running on the south branch, and the

once famous north branch fleet has given place to a few tug-boats and lumber-barges.

But the end is not yet. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's dream of a thousand-mile waterway from the foot of the Rockies to the head of Lake Winnipeg is likely to be realised in his own lifetime. Even if it is not, the future of the Saskatchewan is assured. Today the Peace River country is on the eve of its development; to-morrow, as a new Province, it will be sending its wheat to European markets by the cheapest and shortest route. And what is that route? Beyond all doubt, it is by way of the Saskatchewan River and Hudson's Bay. The expenditure of a few million dollars would make the river safely navigable as far as the Pas, where waiting trains would whisk the golden grain away to the holds of trans-Atlantic steamships. This is not a dream, but a prophecy. Railway companies may scoff, but the fact must soon be faced; the Saskatchewan is again coming into its own.

