

far it is certain my steel pen has to "gang its ain gait" pretty well.

I have a number of friends around Buffalo Lake, about twenty-three miles north of Moosejaw. I had intended visiting them on Monday week, but the roads in consequence of the then recent storm were so bad, I put it off until last Monday, and this the more willingly because a political friend, a prosperous rancher in these parts, Mr. Annable, who ran during the recent election for the Moosejaw District, said he could on that day accompany me. Meanwhile there was another storm. But I was determined to go, and so on the afternoon of Monday we started, the sky still menacing, its clouds hurried on by a cold breeze which had a polar fervency in its kiss. We had a team—a good native pony and a small broncho mare, the rig not a buckboard, but a spring covered conveyance, nice enough to drive down King Street. I did not like it, but I thought my friend of the livery had no buckboard. You can fancy my utter disgust when I learned, when about fourteen miles out, that he had a buckboard, but thought a covered rig on springs more suitable to the dignity of a member of parliament! The roads were fearful, and driving on the prairie was not all plain sailing, for every hundred yards the land was "hummocky." My friend was driving, and he is known as the hardest driver in Moosejaw where they are all Jehus who drive furiously. About five miles outside Moosejaw he dashed into the heavy breakers of a piece of hummocky land and I felt sure we must founder. Bump! bump! creak! creak! "Do you want to wreck us here on the prairie?" I said. He answered he was only trying the springs. I told him if he had no experience of breaking down on the prairie I had, and that it was no joke. He replied with a joyous laugh as he literally "leathered" the ponies, "Well, W—— has no right to give us a rig that will break down. If the springs break we will leave the rig and ride bare-backed to our destination. We have got to get there and we always get there." However, I henceforth made a point when an ugly mass of hummocks were ahead to cry out, "woa!" and the ponies would stop. "Putting on the brakes," my friend would cry and would lean forward to whip the ponies, but I was glad to see the ponies inclined to obey my voice. Sometimes we tried the trail but no way could be made; the wheels sunk deep in mud. We called at Mr. Robert Moore's and at Mr. Frank's, both of whom have good crops, and saw at about half-past four the smoke of the steam thrasher rising white against the brown hills of Buffalo Lake, and I said, "Shall we drive up there?" "Oh, no, no!" cried Mr. Annable—"at least not until we call at the house and have our names put down in the pot for supper." It was near five when we reached Mr. W. C. Sanders' house whither we were bound. We had come out in three hours and a half. This would have been good time with the ponies in the best of weather and smoothest of trails. Mr. Sanders was away at the threshing, but Mrs. Sanders made us welcome, excusing the appearance of the house by telling us that for some three days twenty men were there, the men who were working the thrasher. At supper she informed me she had taken the prize for butter, thanks to Lynch's book on dairying which I had sent her. Before and after the supper I explored the bookcase in which were really good books. On the walls among other pictures hung one of the old parish church in Ontario. On a table near the window was a case containing some stuffed fowl and geological specimens found on the shores of Buffalo Lake. The fossilized jaw of a mud turtle proved that mud turtles existed on these shores, though none are found there now. What interested me very much

During the night there was a high wind and I heard my friend stirring and asked him whether he thought it was time to get up. He said, No—that a storm was coming on, that he was afraid the buggy would be broken and was going out to take down the top of the rig and roll it where it would be protected from the wind. When I went out at half-past six the storm was gone, the morning was clear, cold, sunny, inspiring—far as the eye could see—from horizon to horizon—the concave blue above the vast plain was without a cloud; the chinook had taken away much of the snow, the trails were gathering firmness, care was an impos-