

horse it was very seldom that such duties were required, but when wanted he was always ready to pull in his own fashion.

September 5th brought us bad news. Two only of our horses, out of seven, could be found. The other five were nowhere to be seen. After an hour's search before breakfast, Maloney came in, having seen no trace of them, and after breakfast three more of the party went out to look, but came in at noon having seen nothing of them. In the afternoon we secured the service of an Indian from the Blackfoot camp to help in the search, which continued all through the following day. At ten next morning an Indian boy came in saying that he had seen our horses and would bring them to us for the sum of two dollars. This we paid him but saw nothing more of the Indian. Meanwhile we rode around the country as much as possible with the two tired horses that remained. The third day came and still they were not found, neither the Indian nor the horses putting in an appearance. Riding over to the Indian agency we secured the services of Crowfoot's son. At that time Crowfoot was the Chief of the Blackfoot Indians, and was a man very much feared and respected by his tribe. Though we could not converse in the Blackfoot language, this Indian signified to us by motions that he could find our horses provided he was paid enough. We offered him the sum of ten dollars and he at once started out to search for them. Coming back later he said the amount offered was not sufficient, that he should be unable to find the horses for ten dollars. We then doubled the amount, making it twenty dollars, and about seven o'clock in the evening, while we were at supper, he came riding into camp with our five horses. The Indians had doubtless had them hid waiting a sufficiently large offer for their return.

While camped in the vicinity of the Blackfoot reservation I had some amusement with the Indians. One old chap seeing a long barrel Merwin and Harburt's revolver in our tent was anxious to match me shooting. A can was put up at fifty paces, and old Jack was given a chance to show what he could do. To the surprise of all our party we found the old Indian a much better shot with the revolver than we were, as he was able to mark the centre of the can at nearly every shot. An Indian boy, too, that came with him asked to try his hand, and proved to be nearly the equal of the old man. The efforts of the Blackfoot Indian to make us understand by signs was very interesting. He told me by signs that he had been up Crowfoot Creek way towards Red Deer River. He had shot an antelope which was hanging on his saddle. He said that when the sun was low he slept and when it appeared again in the east he was off again.

Another day's ride on my favorite saddle horse brought us to the valley of the Bow near Gilchen station, on the Canadian Pacific Railroad. While conversing here with an employee of the railroad company, I was informed that a cousin of mine from Toronto had passed through there a few days before with Major-General Middleton. This officer was then in command of the volunteer regiments that had all summer been fighting the Indians in their effort to subdue the Riel rebellion. I could not help regretting that I had missed seeing this relation, for old acquaintances are very cordially greeted in a frontier country.

An amusing incident occurred here with an old Indian and his squaw, who had been following our outfit all day. They were entirely without provisions and were expecting to live on our generosity. On reaching our camp that night the Indians came to our waggons and unsaddled their horses and let them

run, they themselves sitting behind our waggons waiting for their supper. It is their custom to receive all that is given them, without any expression of thanks or gratitude whatever. But the unfortunate Indians certainly had many grievances. Whether or not they had enough to provoke them to open rebellion of 1885 the writer will not discuss here. One incident, however, may be mentioned. The government had established Indian agencies throughout the west for the purpose of distributing to the natives a regular supply of flour and other rations. It was the custom of these dishonest agents to receive money from the government sufficient to procure good food, and to spend this on the poorest kind that could be had in the way of making larger profit for themselves. On one occasion the Indians showed me a sample of the flour given them, and pointing to my camp fire gave me to understand by signs that the flour resembled and perhaps contained wood ashes. In any case it was entirely unfit for use.

When on the home stretch for Calgary our intelligent horses seemed to understand the situation, and were anxious to race with each other. Hamilton and I were riding the freshest horses, and as they would come abreast, immediately there would be a race. It was difficult to hold them in, so eager they seemed to get back again to stable food.

On the morning of September 10th, on riding to the summit of a little hill, before us in the valley of the Bow lay the little town of Calgary. Only those who have experienced it know how enjoyable it is after weeks of hardships to return again to the comforts and luxuries of civilization. Many, unfortunately, indulge themselves too freely so that the frontier towns are often the scenes of much lawlessness and crime. This, however, is overcome to some extent in the Canadian west by strict prohibition laws which forbid the sale or importation of liquors into the country, except on special permits.

Two days were spent in preparation for our journey. Since leaving the railway I had travelled a distance of fifteen hundred miles on horseback and in canoe.

THE END.

An unfortunate and mis-guided whale found its way up the St. Lawrence into the harbor of Montreal a short time ago. It showed a great lack of common sense as, notwithstanding that hundreds of sportsmen (?) made a target of it, it refused to go away, and for several days its movements were chronicled by the daily press with great minuteness. One fine morning it floated ashore at Longueuil and became the lawful prize of a man who had got up early to shoot ducks. It is said that he made \$800 by the capture, and, if this be true, those who compile books for the edification of the young should make a note of it, because we recall no more impressive instance of the advantages attendant on a habit of early rising than this.

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A new and very charming canoe route is said to have been discovered between Lake Temagaming and the Montreal River at Bay Lake. This route is, of course, not a new one as far as the Indians are concerned, but few, if any, white men seem to have travelled by it. The route passes up the N.E. arm of Temagaming, and then into Caribou and Net Lakes. From the latter sheet the voyageur proceeds due north through a watery chain, finally emerging at the foot of Bay Lake. While nothing could be more beautiful than a trip down the Metabetchuan River, it is quite probable that this new route will be far better for game and fish. There are said to be speckled trout in some of the lakes passed through.