

less trying circumstances. On arriving at Fort Abercrombie, a trading post in Minnesota, we were informed that the Sioux Indians were on the war path and strongly advised not to proceed, our party being too small for defence. We also learned that a long train of wagons were expected in a few days going our way as far as Georgetown on the Red river, so we concluded to wait. A company of American mounted soldiers were sent out to look for Indians while we were there it having been reported they were around by the mail driver who accompanied by two men with a pony and cart had just arrived from Pembina. They reported they were attacked by Indians one of whom they killed. After scouring the country the soldiers returned, but of course saw no Indians. Here was our first sight of buffalo dried meat of which we did not take kindly to. After some three days of waiting the train of wagons arrived and we all moved on. At night a corral or circle was formed with the wagons and carts in which all horses were secured for the night. A number of teamsters were told off as guard but nothing special occurred until the next day at noon when a most ridiculous hub-hub and stampede of the Indian fearing Yankee began. At a distance could be seen something, what it was the unpracticed eye could not tell. Our native drivers said it was hunters who were driving loose animals. This they knew by the actions or movements visible. The American teamsters imagining them to be Indians were jumping on their horses preparing to leave goods and wagons and have a little "Bull's Run" all to themselves. In the mean time it turned out as our drivers had said, after which a good deal of chaffing was indulged in. Once more a start was made, on we went passing desolate houses, caused by the Minnesota massacre, always keeping the Indians before our minds. We never sleep without our guns by our side, and carried them wherever we went. On arriving at Georgetown we crossed over by means of a ferry boat to the west side of the Red River. The ferryman was a comical little man with a pair of buck skin pants, about five sizes too large, and stretched at the knees before and behind out of all proportions. Methinks I can see

those crooked pants yet. Here the train of wagons left us, after which time we always carried a white rag on a pole tied to a cart as a flag of truce to the Indians. The mud and water through which we tramped I can never forget. At Georgetown I tasted my first pemican, the looks of which I thought worse than the taste, but how our little boys *did* enjoy it and how our wives turned up their noses and scolded them for eating it. It is to this day amusing to number their dislikes to the "horrid stuff" especially when I know how well they liked it in after years.

After many serious, as well as laughable incidents, we arrived at Pembina in complete health; crossing over the line we were once more on British soil, when we felt at home again, and pleased to think our journey was near o'er. Our trip from the time we left Ontario until we arrived at Fort Garry, (now Winnipeg,) occupied seventy-two days which is just about the time it now takes to travel around the world. We met, during our journey, eleven hundred and eighty eight carts all bound for St. Paul or St. Cloud for merchandise. These carts have since all disappeared and like other ancient articles their usefulness is gone. And what a change, instead of the squeaking cart as it winds in and out, slowly making its way over the prairie trail, we have the iron horse flying over the bands of steel which circle the globe in all directions.

### Our Temperance Leaders.

**N**AMES and addresses of delegates to the Prohibition League Convention, held in Winnipeg, January 18-20th, 1892:

- Rev. Joseph Hogg, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg,
- Rev. Alfred Andrews, President Methodist Conference, Virden.
- Rev. W. J. Hall, pastor Presbyterian Church and Grand Chief Templar, I.O.G.T., Stone-wall.
- Rev. W. A. Vreoman, pastor Methodist church, Melita.
- Rev. C. A. Edwards, pastor Methodist church, Sidney.
- Rev. H. Kenner, pastor Methodist church, Glenboro.