

TWO WEEKS ON WHEELS.

(From a Correspondent)

HAVING just returned from a trip East, living for two weeks in a primitive car on the C. P. R., a short account of the same may not be uninteresting to your readers. The object of my trip was to join a party who intended giving entertainments at a number of places, including Prince Albert, for the benefit of the Medicine Hat Hospital. The party consisted of Miss Knox, the young Canadian elocutionist, who has on two occasions so delighted Calgary critical audiences; Mrs. Coons, Miss Sisson and Mr. Galletty, who have also successfully appeared at the Opera House, and the writer.

I joined the company at Swift Current, where a performance was given before a most decorous audience; indeed, so decorous were they, that on a small boy in the back row having the temerity to sneeze the whole audience, as one man, turned on the offending youth, who went out and wept bitterly. From here the car took us to Moose Jaw, where we were shown much kindness by Mr. Milestone, assistant-superintendent of the C. P. R., his head clerk, Mr. Birbeck, and Mr. Alexander, the latter of whom glories in the possession of a large family of pretty girls. Moose Jaw is a most prosperous looking town, with splendid streets, the principal ones being about 100 feet wide. Building is progressing rapidly, brick being chiefly used. However, I shall have more to say about this town in another issue. The concert in the evening was a great success, there being a very large and appreciative audience. Afterwards we were entertained at a most enjoyable dance, good old "Professor" Black being the leader of the orchestra who supplied the music. This worthy individual now combines the positions of band-master and pound-keeper. We danced till three o'clock, when we boarded the car and proceeded on our way to Prince Albert, by way of the new road. Two features of this road are most striking—I use the word "striking," advisedly—and one of the features is the thousands of tons of buffalo bones which are piled along the road at every siding, and which makes one think regretfully of the enormous wealth lost to the country through the buffaloes extinction; the other feature, the more striking one of the two, is the terrible roughness of the road in many parts, owing probably to it not yet having had time to settle. Meal times on this road reminded one of a pantomime. With one hand we held on to the table, while with the other we fed ourselves, each other, and the floor in the most impartial manner. A stormy passage across the Atlantic is positively a soothing lullaby compared to this. However, the goal—Prince



Albert—when reached, repays the weary traveller ten-fold. It is undoubtedly one of the most promising looking towns in the Territories, its one drawback being the straggling manner in which it is built, being between four and five miles long. The country is beautifully wooded, while the land is excellent. The noble Saskatchewan is navigable from this point to Edmonton, north, and Winnipeg, east; we went over two large steamers which are now tied up for the winter. Prince Albert has many fine buildings, sketches of which I hope shortly to see in the columns of the Prairie. We were the first company who had ever visited this town, and on our first appearance the house—or, rather, the church—was crowded, a large number being unable to gain admission. On Tuesday, Mr. Agnew, one of the leading merchants of the place, took us for a long drive on the Duck Lake road, through a splendid farming country, settled up with most prosperous looking homesteads. Along this road we saw a sight to make a sportsman's eyes brighten and the pot-hunter's mouth water. Pheasants galore! indeed, so thick were they and withal so tame, that they drew up on either side of the road to allow the rig to pass. That evening, there being no entertainment, we did nothing most successfully. The next evening we had another crowded house, and after a little farewell

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