

chin. This man, in appearance an uncouth cowboy, in reality an Oxford graduate, said he came to Alberta simply because he preferred the free, if rough, life of a ranchman to the drudgery and confinement that is the inevitable lot of a poor man in England.

Another class of settler in the British Northwest Territory is composed of what are called "Remittance" Englishmen,—the scapegraces of families of social position. The "Remittance" Englishman does not work; his family are content if he will only keep away from England,—the further away the better, so that the expense of a return ticket will insure against his returning, and care is taken never to remit at one time money enough to enable the exile to purchase a ticket for London. These Remittance settlers are picturesque features of the Territory; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet no cowboy, in all his glory, is arrayed like unto them. In London they were dandies, and wore the highest collars, and carried the biggest canes; in Alberta they wear the broadest-brimmed hats, the highest boots, and carry the most formidable-looking pistols.

The bulk of the settlers are sturdy men, honest in principle, but imbued with little respect for legal technicalities. Last year, after the completion of the railroad, some shrewd fellows from the east, discovering that several of the old settlers, who had come two thousand miles in ox-carts, to get to Edmonton, had omitted certain forms necessary to perfect their titles, made an entry on two or three of the best lots in the town. The old settlers consulted a lawyer.

"The law against us?" said the old

settlers, after the lawyer had given his opinion: "Mebbe so; but we ain't against ourselves!" and they forthwith repaired to the board houses which the eastern men had built on the disputed lots, and gave the enemy just ten minutes to vacate.

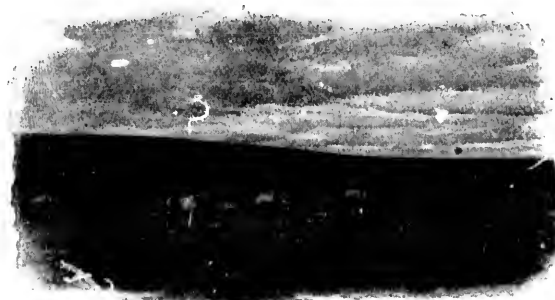
"What if we don't go?" said one of the easterners, defiantly.

"Why, then it 'ill be uncomfortable, powerful uncomfortable for you," replied the old settlers, "for at the end of ten minutes we 'air a-going to dump these houses into the river."

Edmonton's main street runs parallel with the Saskatchewan river, fifty yards from the edge of its bluffs that are nearly three hundred feet high. The lots are between the street and the bluffs; the houses fronted on the street, with their backs overlooking the river. The old settlers were prepared with logs, ropes, and rollers; at the end of the ten minutes they began operations, and half an hour later there was a mighty roar and splash as the frame house toppled over the bluff into the water. A second half-hour sufficed to tumble another house over, and then operations were suspended, for the shrewd easterners, having seen enough to convince them that the climate of Alberta was not favorable to their kind of shrewdness, packed up their portable effects and departed.

It was ten o'clock at night when the railroad journey through this almost virgin country ended. A stage drawn by four horses conveyed the passengers through a dark forest to the Saskatchewan, which was crossed by a ferry tied to a pulley wheel on a wire rope suspended across the river. This curious ferry moved across the water, propelled by the rapid current; then the four horses pulled the stage up a steep, winding road to the summit of the river's bluff, two hundred and fifty feet high, and fifteen minutes later we dashed down a street brilliant with electric lights, and halted in front of the Alberta hotel, conducted by a Corsican, F. Mariaggi, who, when I addressed him in Italian, almost fell upon my neck and embraced me.

"You, Signor," he said, "are the second person in



BLACKFOOT CAMP ON BOW RIVER.