

skill with the gun and his prowess as a talker. "Little Joe" was the cook, whose pork and beans were second to none, and whose constant allusion to the cook tent as the "shack" betokened many a winter spent in the lumber camp. "Big Joe" was a fine, strapping, good-natured "habitant," whose prowess in cutting a line through bush or in digging pits was only equalled by his good nature. Every time he spoke would be recalled to mind one of Dr. Drummond's characters. He was that most useful man to have on a survey party—a handy man; for he could mend everything from the spring of a wagon seat to the spring of a watch. Then there was "Mack," son of a Canadian whose name figures in history; the reason why he was with the party was—the nomadic life suits him. He was in the Klondike gold rush, went out to the South African War twice, and for a year travelled with Colonel Cody's congress of rough-riders. Last but not least, I must mention the "Chief." After 25 years of a surveyor's life, what he does not know about the West and of the year '85 is not worth knowing. Perhaps his knowledge is only exceeded by his popularity with his men.

A branch line of the Canadian Pacific Railway sets us down at a small town in Southern Saskatchewan, of about 200 inhabitants, boasting one hotel with the "high falutin" name of Waldorf, a Presbyterian church (30 x 25), an Anglican church of similar dimensions, and an elevator. Such is the precocity of these Western towns, however, that when we returned some five months later we hardly recognized the place, it had grown so.

Leaving the little town behind us, we set off on our journey across the prairie, the monotony of which is occasionally relieved by a stray settler's shack, and by bumps over many a buffalo trail. One cannot help being convinced that the fate

of the buffalo is a sad one. All that he has left to remind us that he once roamed in countless thousands over the country we are travelling are his trails and the numerous white heaps of bones which we pass continually. During the following seven or eight months our tents are pitched sometimes near a slough, the consistency of whose water reminds one of soup; the next day we may be near a clear running creek or perhaps near the well of some settler; for a fact that has to be borne in mind is that twelve men, eight horses and a dog cannot get along without water, even if there are many other things they have to do without.

As we do not come across many settlers, those that we do see are perhaps the more interesting. We meet husky, up-to-date, alert people from south of the International boundary, the most shrewd in locating in promising locations. Depend upon it, they are the ones who will be the first to start a store in a newly opening country, which they will run in conjunction with their homestead, besides getting the contract to carry the mail. There are stalwart Canadians from Eastern Canada, Britons from across the seas, and people from nearly every country in Europe. What more interesting study could one have than the Icelanders, Galicians, Doukhobors and Mennonites, which are only a few of the interesting peoples that the surveyor comes across in his travels.

Western Canada is truly a wonderful country. In one field may be seen at work the most modern twentieth century inventions used in the service of agriculture, in the shape of the latest steam ploughs, whilst in the adjoining field a Galician settler may be seen ploughing with the Scriptural yoke and oxen of 3,000 years ago.

As an illustration of the speed with which these cumbersome beasts work, I was much amused at