

aboard, and Mr. Pirie paid it a graceful compliment when he said that he had heard all the great bands of the world, but he had never heard a band that played like that band. Some thought Mr. Pirie was sarcastic, but those who know him best ridicule the idea that he is ever humorous at other people's expense. It was near midnight when the party got aboard the cars, ready to be drawn by special G.T.R. engine to North Bay. Everybody went to bed at once, except those who stayed awake to entertain two fine chaps, A. H. Notman and W. T. Dockrill, of the C.P.R. These gentlemen went as far as Huntsville, and were there the victims of a practical joke. The train stopped a quarter of a mile from the station, waiting for a semaphore to be turned down, and the journalists persuaded Mr. Notman and Mr. Dockrill that they were at the station. The two trusting gentlemen got off in the dark and had to walk the quarter of a mile to the station. Fortunately, the train was held for orders, and when the C.P.R. gentlemen came up their wrath was appeased with some special mineral water that the secretary had provided for such emergencies. Then the boys

In the evening a reception was held at the Northern hotel. At 9 o'clock we left.

Next morning (11th) Rat Portage came in sight. So did Mr. Chapman, of *The Miner*, Mayor McArthur, and a dozen big hearty chaps from Winnipeg. After being decorated with badges from Rat Portage, the Western Canadian Press Association, and Winnipeg, we went on board the *Keenora*, where dinner was served later on. The beauties of the Lake of the Woods and Shoal Lake, the possibilities of this mineral region, and the bracing effect of a good sail were the features of the day. Incidentally we saw the Sultana and the Mikado mines, and had the pleasure, at the latter, of learning all about stamp mills. A dance and a few speeches at the opera house brought 12 o'clock and the train.

The next morning (12th) we found ourselves in Winnipeg. After an easy morning, some little worry about hotels and baggage and a hearty luncheon, we were taken about the city on a special electric train. Mayor Andrews had come down to Rat Portage to get acquainted, and afterwards, when at home,



THE CANADIAN PRESS PARTY AT GLACIER

gave them a hearty series of cheers as they left them at Huntsville.

Next morning when we awoke we were at North Bay. Mr. Paelps, of *The Times*, and his wife were on the platform, waiting to decorate us with a buttonhole bouquet and to direct us to the Pacific hotel for a jolly good breakfast. Afterwards, the dining car Tuleries was attached and did good service until the train reached the Rockies.

Next day (9th) was spent covering ground between North Bay and Port Arthur. The speed made along this piece of the C.P.R. is about 45 miles. It was not a very pleasant day, for the scenery is somewhat monotonous. Some rain fell, and the members were not yet thoroughly acquainted with each other.

On the 10th we had a much pleasanter time. Port Arthur gave us a royal welcome, and made matters very lively. Mayor Marks of Port Arthur, Mayor Jarvis of Fort William, and our own true friend and brother, Dan Burk, showed us the towns, the river, the elevators, and everything else worth seeing.

he treated us as friends. Lieutenant-Governor Patterson received us; and the luncheon in the evening was much better than the speeches, which showed that our members had been affected by the very cool weather. However, Mr. Magurn, of *The Free Press*, and Mr. Turnock, of the *Telegram*, showed us that all the newspaper talent is not in Eastern Canada. Winnipeg's hospitality will long be remembered by the members of our party, the programme being more varied, and the welcome almost more enthusiastic than at any other point. Canada's Chicago is inhabited by a class of broad minded and plucky citizens.

After a quiet Sunday, we left at 7 a.m. Monday (14th) for Portage la Prairie, and before we completed the 56 miles every person knew something of the appearance of a Manitoba prairie. At Portage this knowledge was broadened and deepened. At the station were a score of single and double rigs, and the party was driven out into the country to see the fields of growing grain, the neat homes and comfortable outbuildings of the