

masses of glaciated rock protruded amidst thick undergrowth and fallen pines.

Occasionally halting for water we found ourselves at Savanne, near to an Indian wigwam, upon which the Members immediately charged, to the great affright of the squaw who was within, and who, snatching up the inevitable baby, retreated knee-deep into a river, and gazed defiantly from that post of vantage. There was no time to explain matters, for the conductors were calling "all aboard," and no doubt that poor Indian's untutored mind still misunderstands our enthusiasm for ethnology.

At one of these halting places I first gathered the interesting plant called Indian tea (*Ledum latifolium*), the infusion of which is much used as a beverage by Indians, voyageurs, and travellers in those regions. It was introduced at one time into England by the Hudson's Bay Co., under the name of "Labrador Tea."

The cause of our detention at Port Arthur was described as a "wash-out in a muskeg" near Barclay, which the dictionary of the Canadian language yet to be published will translate a "flood in a moving bog," with the addition that the flood must undermine the railway line. The "washout" must be one of the standing risks in this country of labyrinthine waterways, just as snow-slides form a risk upon Alpine railways. The net-work of lakes and streams of all sizes in this region is most astonishing and puzzling to one who wishes to understand the topography.

Near Barclay we came to the said "washout." A vast amount of land was inundated, and the train crawled along the mended line in the drenching rain, looking like a half-drowned caterpillar struggling in a pool.

The boulders and live rock in this district are of the ancient series, Laurentian and Huronian; and at Rat Portage the railway passes a most interesting point of junction of these ancient formations, and at the same place a glimpse is obtained of a glorious cataract, where the waters of the beautiful pine-fringed, islet-bestudded, "Lake of the Woods" breaks through the ravine to the river Winnipeg. Soon the rough land was left behind, and we approached that infant Hercules of a city, Winnipeg, seated upon its too soft bed of loam of 10 feet deep, at the junction of the Assiniboin and Red Rivers.

No stoppage was made, for our visit to the city is to be on the return journey, and in fact we pass during the night, but a party leaves us here *en route* for the Yellowstone National Park, one of whom is our friend and honorary member, Professor Sollas.

Hence to the Rocky Mountains there lie before us the plains of the "Great West!" a stretch of over 800 miles, which constitutes what a very few years ago was the "Lone Land" of Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle. Now its mystery is solved, its loneliness broken into, and its riches proved. A glance at the map will show the chief peculiarities.

It will be seen that the frontier line of Canada and the United States, although struck right along a parallel of latitude, yet denotes, to some extent, natural water-parting; the great vale of the Red River of the