

had seen at Winnipeg, our original plan had been to travel by water and wagon to Fort St. John, on the Peace River, and make that our base for a journey to the North. Of course we were reckoning in entire ignorance of the character of the country.

We were in Edmonton a full week, and though most hospitably welcomed in that flourishing sentinel town, it is to be said that our plans were received with derision. What folly to go to certain misery



WINTRY WEATHER IN WYOMING

and failure, when by staying where we were we could get the finest wild-fowl shooting in the world! Then there were any number of black bears and, if I remember rightly, deer,

moose, and a whispered rumour of buffalo, and all in a neighbourhood teeming with comfort. It is always so in my experience in a frontier town. One would have thought that, having come so far afield, these pioneers from an overcrowded world would have warmed to the project of fresh adventure; but no, one is invariably warned with circumstantial (but quite unveracious) anecdote of the perils of the beyond, and gratuitously (and quite