

miles on either side of the right-of-way the land has been reserved for soldiers' settlement. Both Lonergan and Adams have spent the greater part of their lives roaming over every part of Western Canada while during the past twenty years I have seen considerable of it myself, and we were of the unanimous opinion that in its present state this strip of land is totally unfit for the purposes suggested. "What military offence did I ever commit," said Adams, "that I should be banished to these swamps? I would rather face a firing squad." We believe however that the land is good. Along the right-of-way, which is drained by a ditch on either side, a most luxuriant growth of wild hay is to be found. In fact at the time we went north it had already completely covered the ties and rails so that the train appeared to be simply sailing through a long meadow. As a reclamation project this reservation offers promising possibilities though to an individual the task of making a farm is rather hopeless. The reclaiming of the area should be prosecuted hand in hand with the building of the railway, thus opening up the country in keeping with the extension of steel, and vice versa.

On Sunday, June, 23, a number of passengers arrived by motor launch from Fort McMurray to entrain at the end of steel for Edmonton. Leaving Adams to guard the camp—from dogs—I accompanied the owner of the launch on his return trip to Fort McMurray. Here one finds but little sign of advancement though from the highly coloured descriptions of various interested real estate agents I had expected to see a veritable young city springing up. The old Hudson's Bay post, nestling at the foot of the high banks and surrounded by a picturesque group of Indian lodges, is still the centre of this metropolis. The boats for the north had departed, the Indians had been paid their treaty and now all was quiet. It was even with difficulty that I managed to secure transportation up the Clearwater. Canoes were scarce, and canoe-men scarcer. I finally arranged with a Norwegian and an Iclander to make the journey as far as the rapids by motor boat and thence by canoe. Having completed these preliminaries and secured a few pictures and all the information available of this historic spot, which no doubt in a few years will develop into an important transportation town, I returned to my camp to make ready for the second stage of our journey or the first stage of the canoe part of it.

Fort McMurray to Ile a la Crosse.

The Clearwater river is navigable by light-draught steamers from its mouth at Fort McMurray up as far as the confluence of the Christina, a distance of some twenty miles. The steamers plying on the Athabaska frequently make trips to this point to make closer connection with the end of steel, though when the rails are laid to their destination navigation on this section will probably be abandoned. The current is fairly strong as I found on Sunday evening when returning from Fort McMurray to my camp at this rendez-vous. The small motor boat engaged for the Clearwater trip made good time on the run though it was dark and very cold before we saw the welcome glow of our camp fire's dying embers. I set out early next morning, June 24, with my cook Adams and two men I had engaged for this part of the trip, travelling in the motor launch and with a canoe in tow.

The Clearwater from the mouth of the Christina up as far as the foot of the Cascade rapids, a distance of some forty-five miles, is a fairly well-drained river with a rather strong current. In places there is swift water which makes navigation against the current rather difficult though it can hardly be described as rapids. The river winds a rather erratic course through a wide valley of clay and sandy loam flanked by sloping hill-sides, some two or three hundred feet high. Many patches of good spruce are to be seen in this valley, but I think their extent has been rather over-exaggerated. The valley and hillsides would make