

DIARY OF OUR MAN ABROAD.



Sep. 20 - Au revoir, Winnipeg. See you later. Over the wavelles ocean of the prairie. Flat - but not 'stale' nor 'unprofitable'. So long as 'Manitoba' No 1. hard 'em mands a big price in the market. Face of Nature seems to smile.

Results of smashing of monopoly. Everybody hopeful. Grand future for Country. Hear they propose to put up pillars and posts throughout regions, where farmers and traders can stop and say "God bless the Northern Pacific!" Done more for 'em than the other N.P. Whole land feels in prayer & spirit of a few hours.

Postage to Prairie. and to see the last here of the liberal fine prosperous wide-awake business of best farming. Enjoy long drive in surrounding district which is alive with steam threshers, blackbirds and other game. "Old Civility" a type of his townsmen in the matter of polite attention. But the great West yearns for us charming as it all is, we must not linger.

Sep 21- Safe and snug aboard Pullman coach, again bowling over prairie, past ranch and farm, cabin village over the and into the mts. of today, all tomorrow midnight on Tues. Tedious? Not at all. fellow-passengers and enjoy their companionship. Sure to be some good genial souls among them. This carload, we find, all built that way, from the towering and leonine Staveland Hill G.C. M.P., on the way to his ranch at Littlebridge, to the petite and lively Monsieur Albert Gré, on his way to 'Frisco and thence

back to La his more sedate comrade M. is on an Eiffel for Scotland. M.P. is a good his country, while Cantin (4) and the credit of Canada as a producer of good travelling chums. W. is going to Banff to paint mountains; C. is going to assist him by holding the scenery steady. "What a magnificent head for a model!" cries W. as some Indians in wild costume come in at a way station to ask am alms. "Ah! how I wish I had it!" But Indian won't part with it. Wants it for his own use.

Sep 23.- Open our eyes after a good night's slumber on a magnificent morn. ourselves in the of Blake's celebrated mountains. We are all enthralled, over whelmed. in we marvel at man's daring genius in thinking of building a railway here. Then - why, of course, then there is nothing for it but to drop like Wells, into prose. Prose is a deformation here:

On, on we speed, as once the eagle sped, In wild free flight thro' these vast solitudes. But not like her, on weary pinion borne. Here, lounging in a Persian luxury, We need but listen in rager, ravished eye Toward the window-pane, where sombre fame Encloses scene on scene of wonder & delight: An endless panorama of such views As mortal brush can never hope to match. Torrent and forest, rock and cataract Sweep grandly by, as now the early sun lifts up the fairy veil of morning mist Upon the white-capped mountains, which Like giant-matrons silent sit aloft. And nurse the baby clouds upon these monstrous breasts.

Belle Paris with but equally pleasant Eiffel? who, of course Tour. The member W. S. Williamson (2) representative of our compatriots Woodcock (1) uphold

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