



NEAR MCLEOD.

course, in clover when they get real bread. Compared with their unsophisticated cousins on the McKenzie river, the Indians in Alberta are quite up to the times. At one of their reservations, twenty miles from Edmonton, I saw trim-looking log-houses, whitewashed and furnished with stoves and culinary utensils. There were tables and chairs; and surrounding the houses were fields of waving grain which the Indians had planted, and which, at the time of our visit, they were just beginning to harvest. While visiting one of these log-houses, Mr. McCauley, Edmonton's mayor, who was driving me, was surprised by a comely squaw stepping forward, and, without the slightest warning, throwing her arms about his neck and kissing him.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed his honor, blushing. "What do you mean?"

The squaw was surprised at the mayor's surprise. "Why," she said, "are you not a missionary?"

This in very good English, gravely, yet with an eye that seemed to twinkle. As I looked first at the blushing face of Edmonton's mayor, then at the Indian with her almost Mongolian features, I came to the conclusion that a woman who cooks on a patented range, lives in a comfortable house, and kisses good-looking men, on the plea of mistaking them for missionaries, is pretty well on the road to civilization, even if she is an Indian.

Although two hundred miles north of Winnipeg, the climate of Edmonton is not so cold in winter nor so hot in summer. At times, during January and February, the two coldest months, the mercury goes forty, and even fifty-seven

degrees below zero; forty degrees below, however, is the ordinary maximum of cold, and it frequently goes to forty degrees above, even in the dead of winter. There is no month in which there are not more days with the mercury above, than days with the mercury below, zero. In summer, the maximum heat is ninety degrees, and the mean temperature is from seventy to eighty degrees. In the prairie country, two hundred miles to the south, the mercury sometimes registers one hundred and ten degrees in the shade in summer, and sixty-seven degrees below zero in winter—extremes, the discomfort of which is aggravated by fierce winds, that in summer make one feel as though the flames of Hades were sweeping over the earth; and in winter, as if the mercury had dropped out of the thermometer altogether. Being wooded, and sheltered by the Rocky mountains, the Edmonton district is not subject to these fierce winds, and is well adapted to mixed farming. In addition to all sorts of grasses, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, strawberries, and similar small fruits grow well. As yet, large fruits have not prospered, though it is thought not impossible that even these may in time be made to succeed. Professor Saunders has been conducting a series of experiments in grafting, with a view to producing crosses hardy enough to withstand the northwest winters. While we were in Edmonton word was brought that, on one of the trees sent from Ottawa by the professor, an apple had been discovered. The announcement created a sensation. All Edmonton turned out to the yard of Mr. Frank Oliver, where the

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