

nise it. There are excellent cellars, perfectly frost proof, in connection with the garden where the vegetables may be stored. But despite all this Mr. James intends selling out. The C. P. R. will buy what remains of his present stock, and the acres may have to submit to the plow. Though so valuable a vegetable garden proves unprofitable, it augurs nothing discouraging for similar future enterprises. The Regina market is too small, and the cost of transport too great, to bring Mr. James due profit. His scheme is premature, that is all. With time not only five, but five hundred vegetable-growing acres will pay. However I plead a far deeper interest in the young English gardener than in his cabbage. It was a handsome face that looked out from under the great *sombrero*, a face where bravado and shyness, humour, sadness and pride were oddly mixed. One has often heard before the tale those brown eyes have to tell, eyes that are filled with warmth and light—a heritage from tropical seas. He would not have us believe he is not above his position, yet he is too far above it to say so all at once. He has been in Canada only three months, but England was left a very long time ago. Since then every ordinary and many extraordinary vocations this *jui f errant* has followed. Speculations in Australia gold mines quite ruined him. Yes, he would rather live alone, because . . . because . . . you see . . . he couldn't associate with the people . . . with nice people . . . and he wouldn't belong to the Gardeners' Association. So there the poor proud boy lived in a rough room of the hot house, there stand his guns, his hard bed boasting only some blue blankets, men, of course, "don't mind," yet methinks even the heart of one of those dames "who wear a waterproof and do not believe in God" must burn with housewifely zeal and feminine sympathy at the sight of this distressingly masculine *ménage*.

When, after having questioned him most assiduously concerning his garden's products, we asked our young Englishman when and where he had acquired so solid a horticultural education, he archly replied that people who came there usually knew a good deal about vegetables and flowers, so information was easily acquired. We felt judged, but laughed and forgave him sufficiently to shake hands before leaving. His black, coarse hands, that toyed nervously with a wisp of grass, were in pathetic contrast to his "good-morning, madam," as he raised his hat, pleased and blushing furiously. Ah! Why are we so often chary of a smile, a friendly salutation.

Returning from Mr. James' garden, we came across the German-Russian settlement. It is a cluster of one-room huts, half in the ground and half out, looking like the remains of some mound city. These Russian-Germans from Odessa are beamingly dirty. The woman whom I addressed could speak no English, but her German was very fair. She had round, twinkling, intelligent blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, and dark wavy hair. The pleasant creature told me there were in all twenty families. They first had heard of a promised land beyond the seas, and came out unassisted two years ago. Then they sent for their friends. All appeared eminently contented. By working in Regina the men could gain \$1.50 per day, three times as much as at home. Not one word of complaint escaped the energetic little *frau's* lips as she knitted away while talking to us, notwithstanding the fact that the most destitute east-end Londoner would scorn to set foot in her rat-hole house. But my experience thus far has shown me there is an utterly unwarrantable amount of "spoilt bratedness" in the British pauper, which British philanthropy only fosters. Mr. John Bull lives under the hallucination that the herd of little John Bulls he bequeaths to the universe makes the universe his debtor for an amount it can never fully pay, so he feels at liberty to whine, and complain, and appeal, and expect to an unlimited degree. Foreigners, on the other hand, seem quite disposed to bear the whole brunt of their self-imposed responsibilities.

We entered the German-Russian's home. It was compact, air-tight, water-proof—it was enough! We had to go down several steps into the hut, which, built thus, could be the more easily heated. A huge bed occupied one corner, a crib, another, a huge stove a third, and—that was all. You see "en 'ahooses, two boxes, an' 160 acres," are not absolutely necessary for one's contentment.

Having thus far inspected the agricultural and commercial life of Regina, we wished to have our decidedly favourable opinions confirmed; the manager of the Bank of Montreal did more than this. He told us that since the branch had been established in 1882 they had not lost a cent; \$23,000 from settlers and merchants at present lay in their coffers. Though obligations were always met, scarcely any farms were mortgaged. Such being the flattering condition of affairs, it is not surprising the manager of the Bank of Ottawa should have pronounced Regina superior to every place alone the line from Winnipeg West, in the payment of obligations.

But something which proved better than anything else the town's prosperity, which proved a spirit at once fraternal and ambitious, was the grand ball we witnessed in the Town Hall. The Regina band discoursed music more or less sweet, while two by two came the chivalry and beauty of the place—Jim from the inn, and that lass o' Jones', our bewitching little waitress, and—shades of officialdom!—Regina's mayor! The upper housemaid asked me next morning why we had not remained till the end? for "it was so nice, and there was a *splendid* supper." The gay and festive upper housemaid of the North-West seems to know everything on earth but her place. However, she is so affable, so kind, so "lady-like," that one would never dream of quarrelling with a state of affairs which makes the "tip," the *pour boire*, an indignity.

And now I would tell you of the last settlement we visited, a unique, extremely interesting one—I mean the barracks of the Mounted Police. They form quite a little wooden village two miles from Regina. Whatever you may think of this force down east, of its importance and its work, I can only speak about it as an impartial observer must who has visited headquarters and taken the trouble to acquire absolute proofs of its un-

questionable usefulness in the past and in the present. You will remember that the North-West Mounted Police was established soon after the territories became part of the Dominion. Prior to 1872 three treaties had been made between the white man and the Indian, but these treaties were quite inadequate to secure either mutual justice, friendly feeling or the savage's rights. In 1869-70, after the Hudson's Bay Company's rule had come to an end, there was profound consternation in the camp. Enterprising Americans marched upon it armed with whiskey, which they wished to barter for horses and furs, while Eastern intruders cunningly took possession of the soil wherever they could. Picture 34,000 Indians hostile to each other and to the white man. Think a moment of the horrid botch they made of matters in the Western States. There civilization tried to take root on volcanic ground. It was as if settlers had built wooden houses and established farms while the bush fire raged all about. White people squatted down in a happy-go-lucky fashion, with no guarantee of peace from the Indians, with no force at work to control, not so much by fire as by friendliness. Could one be surprised then at a Custer massacre? While quite willing to make due allowances for the untamed cow-boy imagination, you must admit that even the lurid tale of the ordinary ranchman's exploits in Oregon might fill us with very warrantable pride when we contrast the present conditions of North-West Canada with the western country of our neighbours.

From the very first every Indian Commissioner found the Mounted Police indispensable. Any attempt on the part of settlers to live in the territories without treaties was absurd, but any attempt to enforce the stipulations of treaties without the Police would have proved vain. This gallant force at once gained the red man's confidence, and till 1876, when the Indian Department was formed, it had entire charge of Indian affairs. Government decided the best ground should be set aside for Indian reserves; the task of keeping greedy settlers within prescribed limits has therefore proved sufficiently difficult. Then again Indian tribes are in a constant state of ebullition regarding one another; the Police have done very much to maintain peace.

As for the amount of money expended on the force, why, what was collected by them at Custom houses along the frontier line always covered this. Witness the following figures. The cost of maintenance for each of the 300 men who formerly made up the Mounted Police corps was from \$700 to \$1,000, but the Customs revenue at Fort McLeod alone for 1882 was \$15,135; at Qu'Appelle, \$1,076; and the total revenue from all the forts, \$52,522. Now the expense has greatly diminished, as far as maintaining the individual man is concerned, for it has fallen to \$500.

If you would hear some account of glowing deeds, of hardships nobly and silently endured, of fierce, solitary rides when carrying despatches from one station to another was fraught with imminent danger, you must ask the stars and the dark-faced prairie—the Mounted Police are far too brave to talk about their bravery.

The force comprises to day one thousand men, a hundred of whom always remain at the Regina barracks which form a sort of training school. Nine hundred are thus stationed throughout the territories. The patrol extending from Manitoba to the Rockies. This small number being the whole corps, one can scarcely expect every village, every collection of huts and shops to have a contingent all to itself, yet many such collections would like it so. Indeed the complaints one often hears are simply from the inhabitants of those places which, for some good reason, have not a few military men stationed in them though they may call upon the aid of the Mounted Police and receive it whenever they please. The red jacket's presence is always agreeable and advantageous even in times of peace. Thus, you see, baker, butcher, and perfumer, who might be supposed to need military protection far less than the farmers, raise quite as loud a hue and cry over the loss of custom as that of the man who has lost a sheep when Mounted Policemen are not at their door.

To-day Custom Houses along the frontier line are directly under government supervision, and the C. P. R. and "speaking wires," have relieved the military of many perilous duties; but that law and order are maintained in those vast tracts between Manitoba and the Rockies, that Prohibition is not merely a name but a force, that horse-thieving has been almost abolished, and both settlers and Indians live in comparative peace and security we certainly owe it to the Mounted Police.

Before leaving Regina let me introduce you to the genial guide of our wanderings whom you know by name and reputation if you have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintanceship—Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin. He is seated in his little study at *The Leader* office, as complete an editorial study as one could find, with its French, German, Greek, Latin, and English books. The Hon. Member for Western Assiniboia has been welcomed wherever he has conducted us. Even an old German *frau* told me confidently that *Herr Davin ist ein sehr schöner herr*, (Mr. Davin is a very worthy gentleman).

Among other bits of parting information our kind friend gave us was an account of the Strasbourg settlers whom, unfortunately, we had not time to visit. Some fifty German immigrants arrived four years ago and founded a colony they call New Alsace. At the expiration of three years they had each bought one hundred and sixty acres for ten dollars, a horse, cow, and oxen. Their houses and stables have, of course, been built by themselves. Their furniture is a curiosity, for even the wooden nails that fasten it are home manufacture, while every inch of bedding is homespun. Not one Alsatian has turned out a failure.

Mr. Davin further said: "I strongly advise you to stop off at Moosejaw around which the crops have been exceptionally successful, the town site itself being attractive from its beauty. I regret you can't visit Maple Creek, where you would find the finest ranch country in the North-West, the mines and ranches at Medicine Hat would also repay a stop over."