



A Snow Locomotive which draws Logs to the Sturgeon Lake Lumber Company's Mills, not far from Prince Albert, and draws Lumber from the Mills to Prince Albert. It will draw 100,000 feet at one load.

road is built. Tanks of water at certain distances feed sprinklers that day by day build a solid surface on the roadway. With this foundation to work on, the ice-engine makes its own track. A huge belting with spikes to grip the ice on the under side and cleats to mash the cogs of the drive wheels on the other, passes down in front of the wheels and revolves as the engine moves forward. In front, the engine is supported by a strongly built lumber sled. The cars following are all mounted on sleds. It is astounding the quantity of logs or lumber this engine can move. The round trip of sixty miles is made in one day and as much as 80,000 feet of timber is hauled in a single load.

Reminders are many that Prince Albert was not always a commercial centre. The Indian is plentifully in evidence; also the half-breed. Across the river is the Indians' stamping ground, and there you can see them, a grotesque mixture of the barbarism of old, and the civilisation that has invaded their haunts and mightily influenced their habits and mode of living. Most of them hereabouts are of the Sioux tribe, which had that little trouble with Custer and with Miles in pursuit crossed the line to evade the justice that awaited them in the United States.

When the lumberjacks come down from the woods the Indians gather in force and help to people the streets with a motley crowd. Your lumberjack of the West can scarcely be distinguished from the type that prevailed on the Ottawa in the early days, and is still, no doubt, in evidence there. He is the dude of the wilderness, wears cuffs on his trousers to an exaggerated degree, and faces danger without a tremor.

Prince Albert has not forgotten the rebellion of 1885. A deep impression the incidents of that exciting period must have made upon the minds of the people, for they speak of it now with as much earnestness and thoroughness of detail as if it were of

yesterday. It was not the prospect of a civilised war that terrified the residents of the old trading post, but the terrible uncertainty which their position—completely cut off from the south—imposed, and the ever present danger of a general Indian uprising with all the horrible atrocities that would inevitably follow. Many of the noted characters of the uprising have passed away. All the noted Indian chiefs are gone. Gabriel Dumont died at Duck Lake two years ago. He won fame as a sharpshooter in the early engagements but that fame does not appear to rest on solid ground. The surviving followers of Riel are reticent about the affair. One of them whom I ran across at Duck Lake would talk on any and every subject—the crops, the weather, even politics—but the unpleasantness of 1885 was a closed chapter in the country's history, so far as he was concerned. Not so the whites who lived through those trying times. They recall the first meeting held by Riel in a little hall on River street, in the fall of 1884, and other like gatherings through the northern territory; the outbreak of hostilities at Duck Lake in the following year; the organisation of the Prince Albert Volunteers; the gathering of the women and children into the Presbyterian Church for safety, and the glad news of the arrival of Middleton; the release of the prisoners at Duck Lake and the subsequent defeats and the final dispersal of Riel and his band.

Because "grim-visaged war" threatened its existence at one time, all the more confidently and enthusiastically does Prince Albert now pursue the arts of peace. The Prince Albert citizen points to the eastward and the southward, and proudly asks you to behold the garden of the province—"the best land that lies out of doors," he terms it. The C. P. R. originally intended to run its through line this way, we are told, and its first intention was the wise one. Now the C. N. R. has stepped in and made tributary to its system the finest territory in

the West. Progress marks every section of this old but newly awakened city. Property values have increased enormously. To-day favoured business sites can not be purchased for less than \$250 per foot. Building operations increase year by year. The old frame structures are giving place to imposing stone and brick edifices, modernly equipped. Water and electric light systems operated by the town give the people efficient and cheap service. This summer will see several of the main streets permanently paved.

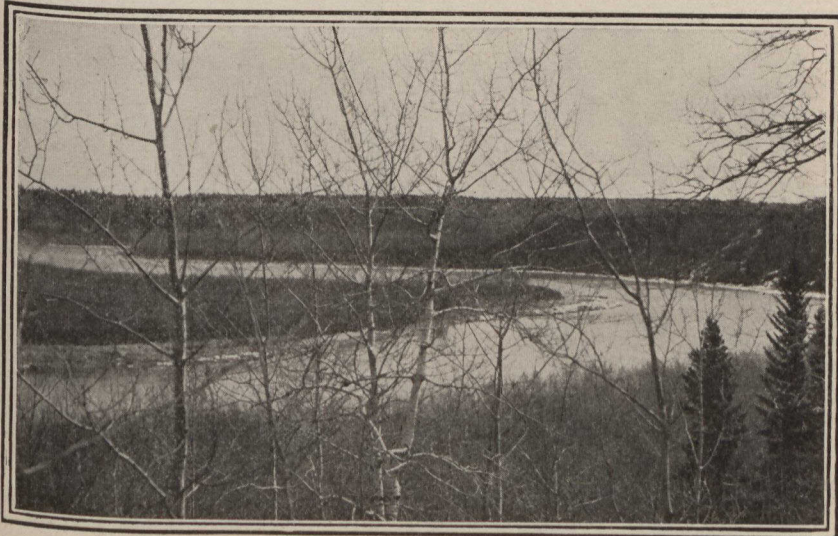
But that is not all. Back of the town is one of the largest areas of spruce and poplar on the continent, raw material in abundance for numberless pulp and paper mills. Why should not Prince Albert employ this splendid natural asset for its own industrial advantage? The answer to that question is to be found in the proposition to develop 10,000 horse-power at Colle Rapids, twenty-five miles down the river, and with this cheap electrical energy encourage the establishment of a large pulp and paper mill. That there will be a market for the product there is no reason to doubt. This western country with its growing cities and rapidly increasing demand for paper—now burdened by heavy freight rates from the East—should readily consume all the output of the proposed industry.

A MONG the patients in the private ward of a Philadelphia hospital there was recently a testy old millionaire of that city, whose case gave his physician considerable difficulty at first.

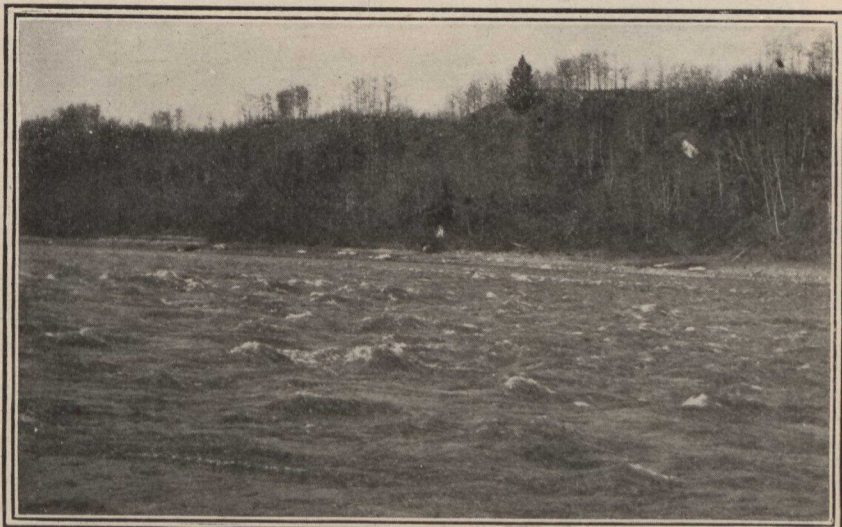
"Well," asked the crusty patient one morning, "how do you find me now, eh?"

"You're getting on fine," responded the doctor, rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction. "Your legs are still swollen; but that doesn't trouble me."

"Of course it doesn't!" howled the old man. "And let me tell you this: If *your* legs were swollen, it wouldn't trouble me, either!"—*Lippincott's*.



The North Saskatchewan just beyond Prince Albert



Colle Rapids on the same river