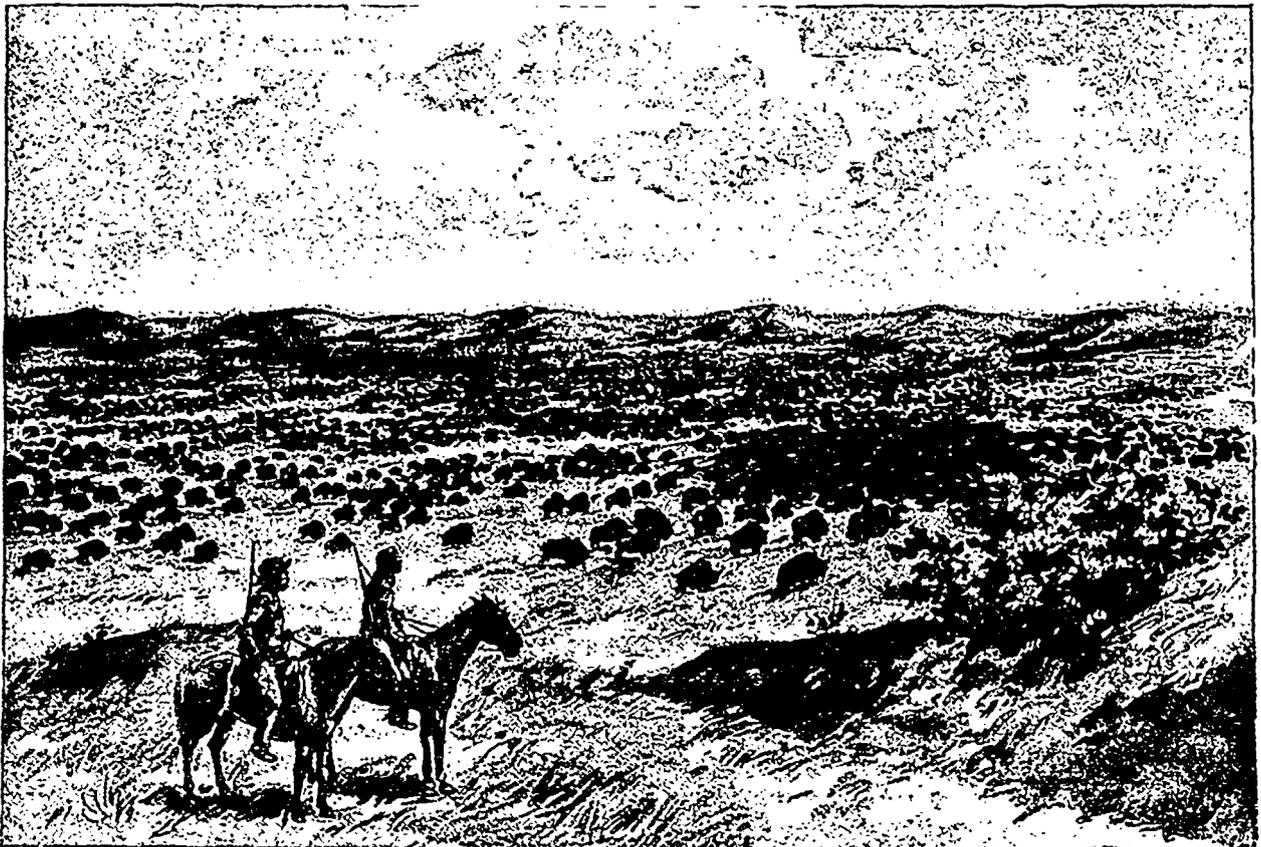


“Pathfinding on Plain and Prairie.”

UNDER this taking title the well-known and intrepid Methodist missionary, Rev. John McDougall, of Morley, N.W.T., has written another volume in the series relating his experiences in the far Northwest back in the sixties, and published by William Briggs. These books describe a condition of things now passed away, when over the vast plains to the east of the Rockies roamed countless thousands of buffalo; when the silences of the great solitude were broken by “the clang of the wild-geese or the Indian hunter’s yell” and by the cry of the coyote or the howl of the wolf. Into that new, free life John McDougall entered a lad of sixteen, with all the fire and energy of youth and with keen powers of observation. In these books he lives over again those early years. His pages teem with adventures—encounters with war-parties of hostile Indians, hunting of grizzlies, buffalo, moose, and smaller game, long journeys on horse-back or by dog-sled, all told with graphic pen. By the kindness of the publisher we are enabled to give our readers one of the chapters of the new volume, and specimen illustrations from the brush of Mr. J. E. Laughlin.

IT was now the middle of December, and father arranged to spend a Sabbath in Edmonton before the winter holidays came on. I went as cariole driver, and Mark brought on the provision and baggage sled. A little more than a

and an ample outfit, had gone overland during the autumn to the site of the abandoned post. A temporary fort was built in the woods near by, and his men were now taking out timber and sawing lumber preparatory to the erection of



Specimen illustration from “Pathfinding on Plain and Prairie.”

day and a half brought us to the fort, and while we were there Mr. Hardisty and party arrived from the Rocky Mountain House. This fort and trading-post had been abandoned by the Hudson’s Bay Company for some years, but in the summer of 1865 it was decided to re-open it in order to draw the trade of the surrounding Indian tribes—Blackfeet and Bloods, Piegans and Sarcees—as also to keep these turbulent tribes as much as possible from collision with the Wood and Plain Crees, their hereditary foes.

Mr. Hardisty had been put in charge of this enterprise, and with a large complement of men

permanent buildings during the next season. The old fort had been the scene of many a fight between the contending tribes, and as the Hudson’s Bay Company invariably followed a “peace policy,” not only between themselves and the various tribes, but also in preserving amity among the different races, they had given up the fort and in so doing lost a large portion of the southern trade. But now that the Crees had moved farther east, Victoria had become an important post, intermediate between Edmonton and Fort Pitt, and the reasonable conclusion presented itself that the Blackfeet and southern