

him and he knows nobody. Parted as he is from his family, for the first time, perhaps, since he was connected with one, he is surprised to find how high a place they hold in his affections; home-sickness of the most malignant type attacks him, and the wretched stories of lugubrious fortune-hunters, who "loaf" at every corner, contribute to the dismal aspect which everything seems to wear.

But he must show something for his time. He prepares. His carpet-bag contains a supply of bread and cheese. At daybreak he starts. He is in fearful earnest. The sun rises. Already Winnipeg fades over the prairie. Eight—nine—ten—eleven o'clock. Still on he goes. No noontide nap for him. He waits just long enough to eat his frugal lunch, then onward he speeds. He leaves the trail. Now he stalks through prairie-grass, tall as himself; now in water and slush to the knees. His ardour begins to cool. Night comes. Worn, he wraps himself in his blanket and falls asleep. His slumbers are not sound. In the visions of dream-land, ten thousand fairies, with sonorous voices, prick him with ten thousand tiny spears. Now he rushes naked through a forest of nettles, until in crazy agony he awakes to hear the diabolic revelry of a million mosquitoes and microscopic sand-flies as they drink in his life's blood. The night is spent in fighting the foe. Hundreds fall at every stroke, but hundreds more rush to their place with vengeful impetus. They take their flight not until the morning sun is high. But hands, face, body and head are as full of stinging sensations as ever, and a cooling plunge in the lake seems the only remedy for this cuticular pandemonium. He would resume his march, but his feet are a blubber-like mass of blister. Completely disheartened, as much by want of nourishing food (for between a buoyant spirit and a good dinner there is an almost necessary connection) as by the over-exertion of the previous day and the loss of rest at night, he limps his sad way back to Fort Garry; smothers his chagrin in a terrific "drunk;" then taking the most direct route to his old home, he figures as the man of travel, the oracle of his district, astounding the gaping rustics with stories of mosquitoes, 'many of them weighing a pound,' flies large as black-birds, grasshoppers four feet deep on the ground and darkening the sky overhead,

and things in general as in the gloomy picture above.

Allusion has been made to the Dawson Route. This, the present Canadian highway to Manitoba, irrespective of that crying necessity, a Thunder Bay and Fort Garry railroad, will always challenge the attention of the general tourist. To begin at Prince Arthur's Landing, the starting point of that tortuous route. To the left are the Kaministiquia, Fort William, and the Missions, with a history, a romance in itself; and McKay's Mountain, like a half-finished tower, rising in rugged, solemn grandeur; to the right, Current Rapids, where the river, placid as a mirror, all at once breaks into silvery foam down a thousand rocky steps, until its frothing is quieted far out in Thunder Bay. Then, stretching for miles to the west, is the gigantic mummy, known as "Big Injun," on whose prodigious, awe-inspiring form, fearful even in death, the red man still gazes with superstitious reverence. But the Big Indian sleeps on; his only covering acres upon acres of shrubbery, drawing sustenance from his carcase, and enveloping him in the morning in cerulean blue, changed at sunset, as if by magic, to a spectral grey. Then, in front are Pic and Welcome islands, and twenty-five miles out is that rocky speck, where from under the very waters of Superior, scores of busy men are taking the richest silver ore known in the annals of Canadian mining. The very dogs, with their bear-heads, lynx-eyes, wolf-ears, diabolical reveillé, and nonchalant yawnings, bear a part in the general interest. From Thunder Bay to Shebandowan is forty-five miles of the roughest, up-hill, down-grade, topsy-turvy country in which nature ever amused herself in combining the exquisite and the grotesque. Then begins a chain of thirteen lakes, linked by rocky portages varying from a quarter of a mile to four miles in length, the most interesting of which is Height of Land, where the water flowing into Hudson Bay is separated from our own lake system. To say they are all very beautiful were simply stale. Their scenery from first to last is a succession of the most startling combinations that the wildest fancy can conceive. Shebandowan and Kasha-boiwe, where the panorama begins to unfold itself; Lacs des Mille Lacs, where are tall and slender birch of snow-white bark, and foliage of livid green, shading with an amber