

perience with whom I conversed, and who considered them, in the main, law-abiding; and he added he should feel no hesitation in going alone into a reservation to arrest a man, certain of respect being paid to his scarlet coat, which they considered the colour and badge of the "Great Old Mother," as they term Queen Victoria.

The teetotal regime to which I have referred is enforced over the whole of Assiniboia and Alberta. A drink called "Moose Jaw Beer" has been invented, but is not considered a success by experts. They say "it does not go the spot." I was told that some over-thirsty souls had taken to schnaps in the form of doses of Perry Davis' Pain Killer, some exhilarating property having been discovered in that compound.

At the place incidentally mentioned—"Moose Jaw," which is "short for" the Place-where-the-pale-faces-mended-their-wagon-with-a-Moose-Jaw-bone—the full title of this growing town—the Railway ascends a slope known as the Missouri Coteau, which is the eastern edge of the third prairie steppe, which attains a height of about 3000 feet above the sea level, and extends westward over 200 miles. The railway ascent is by a river hollow called Thunder Creek, and passes a narrow lake called Pelican Lake. The whole of the Coteau belt is broken with ridges and small lakes and ponds. The level of the third steppe is reached at Secretan.

The principal towns between this point and the Rocky Mountains are Medicine Hat and Calgary. Medicine Hat is upon the south branch of the Great Saskatchewan River, and in order to find a fitting place for the passage, the railway is taken down a long coulée into pretty low lands, where crossing is made by a fine iron bridge, one span of which swings to allow river traffic to pass. The Saskatchewan runs between high clay cliffs, and in some of the sections great quantities of coal crop out, varying in quality from lignites to true coals of good value economically. Here-about fine Deinosaurian remains have been discovered. Here old buffalo trails become common, and many buffalo bones are lying white on the prairie; a "buffalo trail" is the path made by the thousands of buffalos which used to travel in single file across the land, and so beat the ground together that herbage does not grow upon it. Alas for the extinction of this grand beast! No great herd exists, all have been wantonly exterminated.

Along the whole route there has been a line of old meat-cans beside the line; these contained the rations of the great army which built the railway, and it was sometimes strange to see a whitened buffalo skull apparently scrutinising out of its goggle eye-sockets the new Chicago canned meat brands.

At Gleichen we had the pleasure of seeing an Indian Chief of celebrity, and one who must be one of great wisdom and moral courage. He is the Chief of the Blackfeet, called Crowfoot, his Indian name being Se-po-much-si-cow. He came, together with three wives, an interpreter, and followed by many bucks and squaws, to see our leader Sir Richard Temple, and to prefer, through him, a request to the Queen. Crowfoot is rather tall, but stands in the somewhat crouched Indian attitude; his face, with the prominent brows, aquiline nose and wide hard mouth,