



Madame Gagnon.

then swinging to opposite corners with the Mayor of the town, who, gorgeous in dress suit and white gloves, immediately resigns you to a strapping big fellow in moccasins, on whom you never before that moment laid eyes, but who confides without any hesitation, the fact that "he is a stranger 'bout here, an' jist stepped in t' see the fun!"

Then the wild delight of a genuine "Red River Jig," when the fiddle-bow was 'resined up,' and the crazy floor swam and shivered under the enthusiasm of twinkling feet, all tattooing merrily in four-four time as the gay dancers glided and twirled through a "ladies chain" involving a tremendous swirl of starched flounces most wonderful to behold.



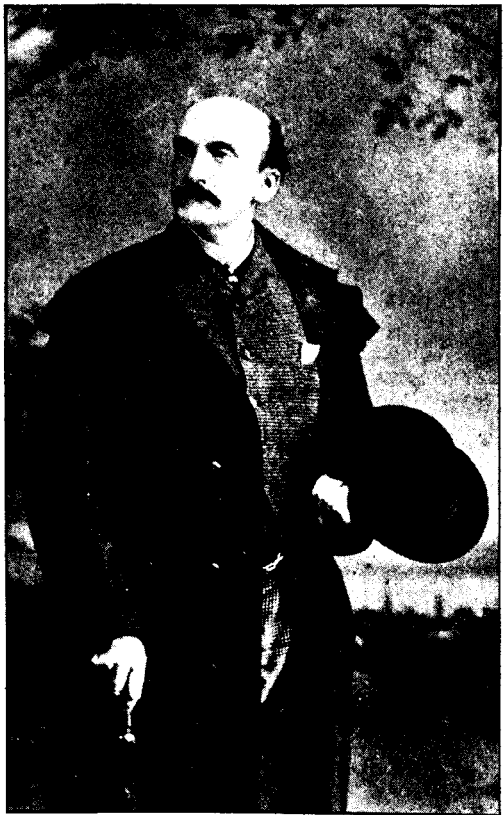
Mrs. J. C. Pope.

All that has died out with the early days, died out—or moved further west.

To Battleford belongs the distinction of the first vice-regal court in the Territories where the Hon. David Laird with his amiable wife dispensed gracious hospitality.

Later, Regina became the seat of government and pleasant reminiscences have we of gay doings in somewhat cramped quarters of the tumble-down buildings, known now as "old Government House." There Mr. and Mrs. Dewdney gathered about them—there met and mingled in social greeting and song—many of the familiar faces now turned to other lands, or voices stilled forever in a long last sleep.

The new Government House owes nothing to external appearances, it puts on no airs whatever, and indulges in no



Nicholas Flood Davin, M.P.

vanity in design. Plain, solid, almost ngly, it stands in the centre of large grounds—as yet bare of foliage; hundreds of young trees have been set out,