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tive country. If he be in Canada or in the United States, he takes a ticket for St. Boniface, situated opposite Winnipeg. Arrived at St. Vincent, he leaves the United States to enter Manitoba. A thousand reminiscences crowd into his mind at the sight of the vast plains on which he had many a time hunted the buffalo. But what impresses and grieves him, are the changes which have taken place in those parts. Domesticated cattle have succeeded the buffaloes which have entirely disappeared; the virgin plains, under the effort of settlers, have been partly converted into cultivated fields; wigwams and cabins have given place to elegant houses. Judge of the disappointment of our Manitoban! The farther he advances, the more he is pained by the changes that have taken place. Finally the train stops, and they call out: "St. Boniface—Winnipeg." He alights from the car, and looks around; but the dwellings he beholds resemble in no wise the cabins of former days. The church alone, where he attended mass, and which has undergone no change, proves to him that he is at the end of his journey. Mechanically, he follows his fellow-travellers, and, with them, takes the omnibus which crosses Red River, on a steam-ferry. They pass before the principal hotels of Winnipeg; the omnibus gradually gets rid of the passengers. Our Manitoban, finally left alone, asks to be driven to his home; but the omnibus conductor, who however is thoroughly acquainted with the city, declares that he does not know his address. This answer surprises a great deal our traveller. He asks then to be taken to Fort Garry where, in former days, he