

class cars with no success. he finally came into our car, a tourist sleeper. The section back of ours was vacant, as the inmates had retired to allow the porter to put up the berths; here our alien friend took possession, much to the chargin of a buxom widow and two small children who occupied it. Several of the passengers tried in vain coax him to relinquish his seat; but he "no go out." He said, he had bought a ticket, and had paid his money and was going to stay where he was. Several of the passengers in the car urged him to retire; but of no avail. At last along came the brakesman, a mere boy. He looked at the brawny Gallacian, and remarked that he was not feeling well, so passed on. At last the conductor and two train-porters finally ejected him; and to one car returned its usually calm appearance.

Now we are at Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, with a population of 45,000; in 1871 it was known as Fort Garry and had a population of 100! We stay here for over an hour, so I get off to be shaved, I looked in vain for a barber shop with no barr in connection, could not find one, so took the calmest looking one, procured an easy shave the man behind the razor was an artist; but his towels and face-washes were *barborous*; I longed for James and Trainor—payed my admission fee 20c and passed out. The city is handsomely built in brick and stone, has electric railway— and street lighting—good sidewalks, fine stores and private dwellings, and the largest number of saloons I ever saw in a Canadian city. It was dark when we reached Portage la Prairie and also Brandon. At the latter place we change our watches to "Mountain time," three hours slower than P. E. I. time. Early in the morning we reach Regina, the capital of the N. W. Territory, and also the headquarters of the Northwest Mounted Police; I got off the car to look around but the cold was so severe I had to turn in again, it was the coldest spot I struck on the way out. We now see numbers of cattle out grazing and by the time we get to Moose-jaw it is getting a little warm, the which literally translated, is "The-creek-where-the-white-man-mended-the-cat-with-a-moose-jaw." After leaving Regina you do not see a tree for over 200 miles—great prairieland—Calgary—the nicest, cleanest, as well as the handsomest place, between Montreal and Vancouver. It is charmingly situated on a hill-girt plateau, overlooked by the white peaks of the Rockies. About forty miles from here we strike Morley; the reservation of the Stoney Indians, once the most war-like tribe of the original inhabitants of Canada, but now we beheld them working away peacefully and industriously at a large quantity of lumber near the station. From here clear through to the coast we never lose sight of the mountains. Just a little beyond Kananaskis a bend