

central mass and reflexed petals, chiefly contributes to this effect, which is supplemented by *Bigeloria graveolens* (Gray), and other yellow blooms. These, with the generally fulvous tint of the prairie sod in autumn stretching away under the clear air till it meets a sky of American blue, places before the eye a spectacle of strange beauty which is worth the 4,000 miles of travel to see. Among the grasses there are many of interest, *Spartina gracilis* and *S. Cynosioides* especially struck me as graceful and handsome; and one day, seeing Professor Macoun suddenly pounce upon some prey, we ran to him and found he had the buffalo grass of the South to show us (*Bouteloua oligostachya*) a small sweet grass to pastures of which buffalo would always congregate. *Stipa Sparteae*, which was the favourite pasturage of buffalo on the northern prairies, covered the higher ground. Here and there we met groups of old friends, as for instance, the harebell, or met with beautiful native species of which I may mention the "æsthetic" looking *Coccineum malvastrum* (Gray), the bright, so-called "Prairie clover" *Petalostomum violaceus* (Mich), and the very handsome plant called the "Blazing Star," *Liatris punctata* (Hooker). Of the great sweep of country composing the second steppe, Regina is the chief town and seat of government for the North West Territories, comprising an area of 2,500,000 square miles. Here is the head quarters of the Mounted Police. Magnificent soil for wheat growing stretches around, and branches of the Canadian Pacific run to the North and South. It is situated on the "Pile of Bones" river, a translation of the Indian name, Wascana. In old times it was a resort of buffalo hunters, who prepared their winter meat there from the slain buffalo; in time, vast heaps of bones accumulated. When settlers came, they packed off the bones down the Railway for fertilising.

The Mounted Police are the army of the country. They are in all under 1,000 in number. Their organisation is very complete, and the force is quite effectual.

We visited the barracks, and saw some Indian prisoners. They seemed to be bearing their durance with philosophy, and looked at the visitors with little apparent interest. They were of the Sioux and Cree tribes; none were great malefactors, but "sent up" for horse stealing from other Indians, and for minor offences. A list, placarded on the wall, gave me the names of some of these braves, as follows:—Ka-hawah, Sitting Back, Single Man, The Rat, The Rock, Little Fish, Frog's Thigh, The Sky, and one had the jove-like title of Day Thunder.

Liquor-selling in Alberta, and especially to Indians, is heavily punished. The noble savage is said to become intoxicated with very little, and yet to drink, at once, all he can get. When he becomes alcoholised he usually totally discards his clothing, mounts his steed, and proceeds to "paint the town red," as the language of the North West has it, until probably, as a gentleman of Dacotah suggestively remarked, he "gets buried—because he is dead," the method of the change being left to the imagination.

But such tragedy is not, I believe, at all the Canadian way, and it was pleasant to hear a good character given to the Indians by a trooper of ex-