

Walker called upon me. Inviting me to a cigar I followed him, he crossed the street, went up stairs, - ^{in a block} - thinking I he has changed his office to up-town - he rapped at a door, the door was unlocked & slightly opened when a man said - go to the other door we did so and were admitted. We were now in an ante room, well carpeted & furnished, of the bar room. It must be remembered that this is a prohibition country, the sale of liquor absolutely forbidden, and even for private use a permit must be obtained from the Lieut Governor, paying 50^{cts} a gallon and the permit being generally limited to two gallons. While sitting there smoking beside our glass, a rap was given, the bartender goes to the door puts on the chain as on city doors, then unlocks and asks "Who comes here," if a friend he is admitted if not, not. Should it be a mounted policeman who can demand admission all the liquor is quickly spilt & he may enter - the stock is kept at some secreted place and only very little in the bar. - The rap that was given while I was there was by Mr. Davis M.P. for this district, he joined Mr. Walker & me in our - well - chat. -

I will not moralize on this state of affairs - the end sought is good but the result obtained questionable.

I heard that the owner paid \$1200 in fines during the last winter. There are numerous other places like this. In the evening John Meyer took me for a drive across the Elbow and around the mission road. Later I spent the evening at Mr. Pearce's where were also Canon Cooper & Matheson of the Lands office.

Before retiring Mr. Macnamara of Hamilton spent some time with me in my room. It is so cool that a fire is kept in the hotel.

Saturday 23
cloudy
pleasant

About 9-30 a.m. my half breed Eljean Poitras takes up with spring wagon, carts & truckboard. The boxes & traps are loaded & we start off for Edmonton. Just across the river (Bow) where his camp is he remains for dinner while my assistant & I go to Mr. Duce's camp for the same

purpose. Having an hour and a half to spare I walk-
ed to St. Frith's place a half mile distant & found them
(another, sister Gurgin & himself) glad to see me. - Re-
turning J. Dennis, L. Newry & his assistant T. Allan,
my assistant & I had dinner together & then we
were off for good. In changing our horse at the halfbreeds'
camp we were soon on the luxuriant sea of grass.
Our pony was stupid & lazy, so that tiring by proceeding
I handed the reins to my assistant. By 4 P.M. we
caught up to the train which had an hour's start of us.
A "spell" as the halfbreeds term a rest or halt was
made, I started with another horse or pony and was
glad of the change. - The halfbreed saves the spring
whepper containing instruments & chronometer, while
an Indian rides along the 4 carts beating any pony
that lags behind or starts eating grass as they are
very much inclined to do. For night we camped
at Dixon's 20 miles from Calgary. For food I am
relying upon the various huts scattered along the trail,
& for sleeping pitch one of my small tents. -

Sunday 24
cloudy

rain at night

Wet horses delayed us starting till 7 a.m. -
at 10-30 we were at Chamberlain's 14 miles where
we rested and took a hearty dinner of bacon & eggs.
From the heavy rains the trail is not very good, being
so often obliged to leave it & drive in the prairie which
is at best rough in account of badger holes. -
We next crossed the north branch of the River at
Scarlett's & at 5-30 reached Collins' where a
spell was made, continuing then 5 miles farther
when it began to rain & we camped. There being
no stopping place here, there was no supper for us, altho'
I had bought a loaf of bread in the morning. -

Monday 25
rain
eve clear

A drizzling rain fell till after noon preventing our starting; I
occupied my time in the cool damp tent writing while my assistant
killed time sleeping, and the two halfbreeds smoking alter-