

On the Wing.

MANITOBA AND THE FAR WEST.

Our old subscribers will remember the description we gave of Manitoba when we visited it three years ago last June. Many were vexed because we gave a truthful description of what we saw. Some men, even in high positions, declared our accounts were false, while at the same time they knew they were stating untruths. Mr. W. Prittie, the Emigration Agent at that time, informed us that some of the Winnipeggers were so mad about it that they declared they would kill us if we went there again. We sent word by Mr. Prittie that we should give them a chance when we got ready, but fear would not intimidate us from doing our duty. An opportunity occurred for us to take another trip there in August last in connection with the Press Association. The excursion was brought about at the instigation of Mr. Leonard, agent for the Credit Valley Railroad. That gentleman put himself in communication with the Michigan Southern, the Chicago and Rock Island, the Albert Lea, the Northern Pacific and Canada Pacific Railroads, all of which consented to draw our Pullman cars over their lines free of cost. The Association hired two Pullman cars, paying that company full rates for them, but we all had our beds in them when we preferred them to hotels. Thus we had a very cheap, long and pleasant trip. As the members of the press generally know how to make themselves agreeable, and were out for a holiday, with the aid of singing, card-playing, etc., most of the party had a very happy time. There were several ladies with us. Their presence always tends to refine and add to the pleasures of a journey, and they appeared to appreciate this trip as well as any of the sterner sex. Our first trip to Manitoba was made in an excursion train in the month of June. We found the country deluged and rain continually falling, mud of the most tenacious, treacherous kind, and water blocked all possibility of our safely inspecting the country. The present journey was arranged so as to pass over the different railroads that afforded the most pleasing sights, and to give them to us during daylight. The long, dreary, monotonous portions were swept over during the night, when we were snugly sleeping in our berths. To those that wish to go or return by the quickest, safest and most picturesque railroad, we would by all means recommend you to go by the Rock Island and the Albert Lea route. The first time we went to Winnipeg this route was not opened. We then returned via Duluth and by boat through lakes Superior and Huron, but the lake route takes much longer time, and excepting one month, namely, the last two weeks in July and the first two weeks in August, one is very liable to find great discomfort, both from dense cold fogs, and cold and disagreeable weather. The trip of 1882 was taken when the immense tracks of country were laden with one of the finest harvests of bright, golden grain, that has ever been seen, surpassing in brightness of straw and thinness of bran in the grain, anything we have ever seen in Europe or America. In addition to this the weather during the whole time could not have been more favourable. This was coupled with the utmost kindness and the most liberal and princely expenditures by the various corporations and Canada Pacific Railroad. Everything that man could desire to make the trip pleasant was prepared by man and Providence. Even a prairie thunderstorm and a prairie fire appeared to have been prepared for us. Thus with bands playing, carriages at each town or city to convey us through the grain fields, where the self-binding harvesters were going in rows gathering the immense crops; then driving us to banquet-

ing halls where the luxuries of Europe, California and the Prairie were combined to satiate the most fastidious appetites; and these banquets taking place in fine, large, spacious halls, decorated with flowers, even the choicest white dahlias, white roses and white lilies adorning our banquetting boards, with nearly all other choice flowers, and these having grown where, but a few years since, the buffalo and the Indian vied for the possession of the soil. Do you not think that Mr. Prittie was right when he said the Winnipeggers would kill us? We feel as if we had been killed. Time and space will not allow of more at present, but during the winter and in future numbers you may expect to hear more about this Great Northwest.

Read Minnie May's letter in this issue.

English Letter, No. 41.

Liverpool, Sept. 20th, 1882.

Disasters seem to fall thickly upon the agricultural interest in this country. Fine weather comes just in time to save a remnant of the hay crop, and to ripen the grain; but no sooner do the farmers begin to cut their wheat, barley and oats, than down again comes the rain with a strength and persistence worthy of a better cause than compassing the ruin of thousands of our yeomen, who were looking to a prosperous season this year as their last resort. For the last three weeks we have not had fully a fine day; and three hours of sunshine have been followed by twelve of rain. But if the magnificent hay crop has been three parts ruined, and the grain bids fair to follow suit, the many farmers would have had some compensation in the great abundance of green keep. As it is, however, they have now almost invariably thin stocks, and have no means at command to buy more, now that they could do so well with a large stock of cattle and sheep. How hardly some farmers are fixed will be shown by the following incident mentioned to me the other day by a friend: A farmer in Lincolnshire, who has nearly 1,000 acres in cultivation, is burdened by a clause in his lease forbidding him to sell any hay or straw off the place, unless he buys manure to an equal value. At his wits' end what to do, he has arranged with a large cattle dealer to take and "board," if I may use the expression, 100 head of cattle, accepting their manure as his reward for their keep. This, however, will enable him to sell a few hundred dollars worth of straw. Another large farmer in Cheshire, not knowing what to do with the surplus keep on his place, has arranged to take a quantity of sheep on no better terms.

Your Canadian farmers do not suffer alone for the want of agricultural laborers. Equal difficulty is experienced in Cheshire and other agricultural districts of this country in obtaining the services of harvest hands. The main reason assigned for this scarcity of laborers is that large numbers of the Irish agricultural classes have emigrated to America during the past season.

Another valuable shipment of sheep and stock is being made by the Beaver Line of steamers this week.

In regard to horses, quite a raid has been made by the Yankees in the districts where shire-bred stallions are raised, this being a class of animal that Americans hold to be much more useful on your side of the Atlantic than either Clydesdales or Percherons. They are becoming exceedingly scarce, however, and many purchasers have had to go to Wales to find the stock they needed. The Welsh horses are, in most respects, every bit as good as any of the other breeds, their only fault, in fact, being that they are somewhat undersized.

P. S.—The weather at last seems inclined to take up. A fortnight's fine weather now means a saving of millions of dollars to the English, Scotch and Irish farmers.

Manitoba Letter,

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

West Lynne, Sept. 6th, 1882.

Harvest is drawing rapidly to a close; in a few more days by far the largest crop ever reaped in the Province will be secured in fine condition, as no rain has fallen, with the exception of a slight shower during the past month, and the weather still continues fine and favorable for gathering the balance of the crops. The farmers at present are puzzled to know how to get their threshing done before cold weather in the fall, owing to the scarcity of men and threshing machines. With the aid of self-binders they were able to reap large crops with a few hands, but in threshing the same a number of men is required to perform it expeditiously, and in many places they are not to be obtained. A good many will be under the necessity of helping one another during the threshing season, and that will hinder them from getting their plowing done this fall ready for next season's crop. Mr. F. Bradle, of Emerson, has been collecting samples of grain, vegetables and other products of our country to send to England in charge of Alexander Begg, Esq., immigrant agent, C. P. R. company. The fine collections sent abroad showing the resources and capabilities of our Province, will doubtless exercise an important influence on immigration. The Provincial Agricultural and Industrial Society has recently been dissolved and a new Council of Agriculture formed, and the present officers have decided to hold no Provincial Exhibition in Manitoba this year, but offer for competition at this fall show of each electoral division agricultural society, six diplomas to be awarded by the directors of each society for whatever animals or articles they think fit. The directors of the Morris Electoral Division Agricultural Society have purchased a block of land in the vicinity of West Lynne, and intend erecting a building upon it at an early date for the use of the society. Prices for all kinds of farm produce are good, and the merchants are expecting a busy time this fall and winter.

By the Way.

The best advice we can give in fitting fields for wheat is to prepare the land thoroughly, and after it has been harrowed for the last time harrow it again.

We find that perfectly smooth tomatoes were sold to New York dealers last week for \$1.20 and \$1.50 per bushel, while the old lobed tomatoes were sold for \$1.00. Market gardeners must cultivate the smooth kinds.

It is a commonplace but important truth to which city and country gives expression when it is said that larger profits must come from more painstaking tillage of less land.

An example of the pleasing and profitable effect of "fixing up," consequent on a good wife's persuasions, and the growth of taste and thrift by feeding it, is cited in *Food and Health*:

"The old woman pestered me to death about the garden, and so I slicked up a little, and fixed about the house, and it looked so nice I went at the farm fences and the brush, and saved more manure, and kept killing the weeds, and the crops got better, and so I kept going on, and things do look pretty good now. Wife takes a paper and I take one, and I get time to read it, too, and I used to think I hadn't time for anything. And so he ran on, seemingly much pleased with what he had done, and his life and his home without doubt the happier for it."

Don't forget this fall to plant in the "fence corners" pits of peaches and plums. You will be rewarded in a few years with plenty of fruit in these neglected places.

To have hyacinths, &c., bloom at Christmas, plant now in rich, light soil, and place in a dark, cool cellar until the pots are well filled with roots, then bring to a cool, light room and give plenty of water.

Learn your horses to walk fast.