

## A YEAR'S EXPERIENCE

IN THE

## LITTLE SASKATCHEWAN VALLEY, MANITOBA,

BY AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

FINDING that agricultural prospects in England were growing very much worse, and that there seemed no prospect of regaining the large sum which each year had to go to make up the deficit in accounts, we decided to bring our family of four children to the new country, of which we had heard so much, and there expend our energies in making a home for them. Thus it was we came to be on board the "Sardinian," a splendid vessel belonging to the Allan line. I am no literary character, and cannot pretend to a finished style of writing, but the comforts and luxuries experienced on board the "Sardinian" would require a more facile pen than mine to do justice to the good ship and her captain and owners. We left Liverpool on the 1st April, 1880, and after a pleasant voyage landed at Halifax, N.S., on the morning of the 11th. Everything had been done that could conduce to our comfort, and even to our amusement, so that it was not without a feeling of regret we said good-bye to the good ship "Sardinian." Off by rail to Quebec, where we arrived all-well, and after a day's rest we continued our journey westward. The scenery in and around Quebec gave us very much pleasure; its quaintness has a charm over the modern city, and its steep streets and lofty rocks, overgrown with cedars, are very picturesque, and the freshness of the bracing atmosphere acted like a tonic after the long railway journey. Away again on our journey, we reached Montreal. Two hours delay here, so we paid a visit to the English Cathedral, and off again, arriving at Peterborough on the 17th. By the advice of friends we were induced to prolong our stay here, and have a look at the farms for sale in the district. We rented a small house in the pretty village of Lakefield, nine miles from Peterborough. I enjoyed the beauties of this quiet little place very much, but my husband could not suit himself in a farm; so, away to the West, arrived at Sarnia we were introduced to the Customs' officers, who were not long in passing all our luggage. Port Huron reached, we were in Uncle Sam's dominions. Detroit is next reached, then Chicago, Milwaukee, and crossing the Mississippi, we are in St. Paul. Still on to the great North-west, we were *thirty-three hours* passing over the Minnesota plains, which seemed like a sea of land. Far as the eye can reach it is a flat, treeless prairie. There were few houses, but the stations are numerous along this line, at each a few small houses,