

he went first to one of the editors of the city press, and the first thing he did was to go over with him and introduce him to others (laughter). The lecturer here spoke glowingly of the Dominion of Canada, which he likened to the Eddystone light-house, each stone dove-tailed into the other until all became like a solid rock (applause). The foundation rock was England, and the stones were the Provinces, the cement which bound them together was the love of British principles and loyalty to the British throne. (Cheers.) He hoped the day would yet come when all Great Britain would be confederated provinces, each group with a scion of the Royal House reigning as King, and and Her Majesty over all as Empress. (Applause.) Why could not we have such an Empire as well as Germany? She had acquired her unity through seas of blood while we might achieve ours through the operation of peaceful principles.

Coming to Manitoba, he might say that it had been a noisy little province, (laughter), but he believed the noise was all over now and an area of prosperity had set in. With a good healthy English speaking emigration that prosperity was placed beyond a peradventure. The first question that met him at this point was, how to get to Manitoba. The lecturer here read the Government regulations for taking emigrants via way of Collingwood to Fort William, and thence to Fort Garry. He thought these arrangements were admirable, and they involved but little cost. The Government in this matter had acted with great forethought. Another route from here was over the Great Western Railway and the Detroit and Milwaukee road, and thence by St. Paul, Pembina and St. Cloud. By this route, in summer, if all the arrangements were completed, which he had reason to believe were by this time, the emigrant could go by railway to the Red River and thence by steamboat for the remainder of the way at a cost of not more than \$50 first class and \$40 second class. In comparing the Northwest with other parts of the Dominion, the first striking advantage of the former was the prairie land. To clear a wooded farm cost about \$22.00 per acre, and thus the cost of clearing 100 acres was \$2,200, and he thought he was not wrong in saying that without the aid of capital and hired labor it took ten years of the backwoodsman's life for this work. On the other hand the prairie was ready to your hand, and you could reap a plentiful harvest in the second season. The proper time to commence operations was July, then the sod was turned under, and its rich juices fertilized the land, which in the following year would yield abundantly. Then there was the question of roads. In bush land it cost \$500 for every mile of road made, and after that expenditure the road was no better than the prairie road the first day you set foot on it. There had been much exaggeration with regard to matters in Manitoba, but with regard to the fertility of the soil there could be no exaggeration, for there was no more fertile land in all God's creation. All grains ripen there in about 90 days, and wheat yields from 35 to 45 and even 50 bushels to the acre, and with proper rotation of crops and manuring it could be kept up to this standard. Last fall he had paid a visit to a Canadian farmer in Manitoba, and saw as the produce of his farm 1,000 bushels of as fine potatoes as could be grown under the sun, in his garden where sunflowers ten and eleven feet high, besides

vegetables of every kind in luxuriant abundance. The farmer assured him that he had never seen such fertility anywhere else. In regard to the swamps, of which they had probably heard much, it was to be remembered that they were not bogs at all, but had good hard bottoms, and as the river channels were very deep the swamps could easily be drained. There was no dearth of wood along the river banks, and the highest he had paid for it in Winnipeg was \$2.50 per cord. On Lake Winnipeg there was plenty of stone for building purposes, and there were houses in Winnipeg that had been built of native made brick. Winter begins generally about the middle of November or beginning of December. He had done church building in the open air in December last; and the Red River is clear of ice about the third week in April. [The lecturer here expressed to pay a compliment to the Ontario Volunteers, whom he declared to be as well conducted a body of men as he had ever seen.] The sleighing in winter was magnificent, and they had no January thaw. In fact you might back your boots in the beginning of winter and their brightness would neither be dimmed by wet nor dust until the following spring. (Laughter.) The thermometer goes lower there than it does in Ontario, but we have but little wind, and as a consequence the cold is not so much felt. Neither is the atmosphere damp, but is, on the contrary, delightfully clear and dry. In short, to use a homely expression, the cold does not reach one's bones like it does in Canada (laughter). He had lived in Canada eight years, and therefore knew how to compare the two climates. The nights in Manitoba are very clear and brilliant, and he had never seen anything in his life to equal the magnificence of the beautifully tinted Aurora Borea is. He might say, too, that they had an Indian summer every year in Manitoba, and to illustrate the beauty of the sky at this time he related how the Bishop said to him one evening, whilst standing at his door looking up to the heavens, that he had never seen any skies to equal those of Manitoba excepting the skies of Italy (cheers). The climate was dry and salubrious, and he could say, as far as his own experience went, that none could be healthier. He offered his own appearance, after four years and a half of life there, as a living example (cheers and laughter). And now he came to the most important point of his lecture. "Who are most wanted in Manitoba?" and he would answer it carefully, after gaining all the information he could, coupled with his own experience. The farmer and the mechanic were in largest demand. A farmer with a wife and grown up sons and daughters who would work, could in a few years he believed, gain a competence there, and the young farmer determined to work and live a proper life, would be certain to thrive beyond his own expectation. And he would by all means recommend any young man going out there to take with him some large hearted Canadian girl as his wife. (Cheers and laughter.) And in passing he would caution all men, and particularly young men who go to Manitoba, to beware of that curse of many a household and destroyer of peace and happiness—strong drink. (Hear, hear.) Before they started he would like them to go down on their knees and swear never to touch a drop of the cursed liquor. There is room too for a few tailors, he believed in competition, and the only tailor in Winnipeg last summer, he believed, had almost made a fortune.