

only time for a brief visit here, too, though it is worthy a longer stay. We are surprised in this new-born city at the imposing stores, banks, churches, colleges; the long lines of warehouses; the air of progress and enterprise. The climate is bracing; the faces are bright.

But the West is just beginning. We are eager to see the vast areas of wheat that stretch for hundreds of miles. We take the train again, and are soon steaming westward behind one of the engines the C.P.R. has recently had constructed in Toronto.

Canada's flower-gardens in the West. Somehow, we don't quite want to believe it at first. We had associated such abundance of flowers with the tangled growth of the tropics, not with the tumbling grass of the prairies.

We are now in the region, too, of the "Hard Fife Wheat." You look across miles and miles of wheat-fields. Here reapers are at work. Here the numerous threshing-engines are all steaming away in one great field, as we have seen them in pictures. What a scene of toil and plenty! And oh! the freedom of it—this limitless space



CATTLE RANCHING—WESTERN CANADA.

For the Company believes in patronizing home industries. At first we must pass across a great plain, "level and green as a billiard-table."

One hundred and thirty-three miles west of Winnipeg we cross the Assiniboine River, at Brandon. Then begins the great prairie in earnest. Not the long monotonous stretch of flat greens, and greys, and browns that we had imagined, but a great undulating sea of grass and flowers. Flowers! flowers! flowers! blue and pink and purple and yellow and flaming scarlet! We had no idea of

—the great freshness of it! We recall the words of one of our ministers who had lived in the West some years. He said, when he returned to the East again, that he felt the need of standing up on the fence to get a full breath of air.

For a tonic for tired nerves we prescribe the rest and freshness of the limitless prairie. It is equal to the sea, only more varied, and without the plague of *mal de mer*.

It is not all wheat-fields, either, that meet our eyes. There are the wild scenes—the untamed lands. You see