

quality of its productions can seldom be equalled and never surpassed. There is abundant evidence that there is justification for the boast. Two years ago wheat was grown on a farm in the Qu'Appelle valley so excellent in every respect that the Dominion Government bought the whole crop for distribution to the different experimental farms, while an Indian on the Croo'ed Lake Reserve has for several years past taken the first prizes for wheat and other cereals at the shows of the local agricultural societies, with the result that his produce always commands the highest prices from eastern buyers. In neither of these instances was the growth in the most favoured parts of the Territories. Far from it! In many other districts much better results are obtained. All this, and other similar facts, are locally known, but the exhibition will establish and emphasize the fact, not only throughout Canada, but all over the world.

Here then is the first great utility of the first territorial exposition. It will give the people of the North-West the opportunity of showing the people of older Canada and of other countries what it is doing as an earnest of what it can do. The young giant will assert itself and show that old Canada has reason to be proud of new Canada. While acknowledging with becoming humility that the North-West has much to learn from comparison with older, more populous and more experienced districts, yet it still ventures to think that it has also much to teach, and it is this assertive quality that gives to the exhibition, that is to be opened on July 29th next, a unique and distinctive value. The man who makes two blades of grass grow where one only grew before, has been described as the greatest benefactor to his fellowmen. The pioneers on the prairie have made acre after acre, not of grass, but of wheat, grow where none grew before; they have flocks and herds where until lately were only the wolf and the cayote; and they have, therefore, a justifiable pride in the knowledge that they are doing something to entitle them to be considered a "people."

In another respect the territorial exhibition will have a value. The North-West consists of four distinct classes of microcosms, the settlements, the ranches, the towns, and the Indians, to which ought, perhaps, to be added the lumber camps. Diverse as are these different sorts of "little worlds" they have all one feature in common. They have all realized that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Each one of them has its annual races, and its periodic sports. The "attraction programme" of the exhibition, therefore, has been arranged so as to include a "fair" that shall be a perfect reflex of these entertainments. That there will be general sports, and sports characteristically Canadian, goes without saying, but in addition there will be diversions peculiar to the North-West. It will be seen therefrom that there is a utility in even the very enjoyments of the Territories. Their idle moments are not idly spent. Steer roping and lassoing horses are read of in eastern Canada, but seldom seen, and the dexterity of the cowboy is something that astonishes the more the oftener it is seen, as also does "broncho busting," and many other curious matters which it would be out of place to mention here.

The exhibition has a still higher mission than any above indicated. It will give the country "bold advertisement" as a field for the immigrant, where are fertile lands, generous laws, and social liberty;

Where each man finds his own in all men's good,  
And all men work in noble brotherhood;

where the immigrant will find that he becomes, not merely a nor'wester, but a citizen of the great Dominion of Canada. The exhibition will inform its visitors that the North-West is fast becoming a nation, a populous and prospering nation, building up itself by the stalwart and the enterprising from every land, men of diverse tongue but with a common will and common aspirations: men who in fact whencesoever they have come, are now Canadian. This is the justification of the exhibition, to show that the North-West is Canada, a fact that is too often forgotten. The North-West man wants the "down-east" man to recognize this, to realize that both are equally Canadian. The settlers of the Territories are proud of their country, and they believe the exhibition will make the "down-east" man proud of it too. It cannot be too often remembered and asserted that from the Atlantic to the Pacific we are all one nation, and the opportunity about to be afforded of bringing the East and the West together

will emphasize the fact that we are a united people, with one heart, one flag, one throne. The territorial exhibition will thus be a prominent instrument of civilization by diffusing a knowledge of how the country has advanced and extended in so wonderful a manner. It will show visitors from afar something of the grandeur of the Dominion to which they belong, and will discover to many something of the dignity of the magnificent empire of which Canada is proud to form a part.

WM. TRANT.

Regina, June 4th, 1895.

### \* \* \* Hunting the Arbutus.

THERE is always a wrong way of doing things, and by antithesis there is always a right way. We pursued the latter course on this morning. Every action has a necessary antecedent. The necessary antecedent of our action was that of rising up with the sun. Now, as that luminary is taking thought of the manifold duties which await him at this season he is very rightly up betimes. It is worth while cutting short the dreamful ease of these early hours to watch him through the preliminaries of his toilet. He comes on the scene first in his soft grey bath gown, and as he throws it aside all the pink of his beautiful body glimmers in the east. Then suddenly, radiant and shining, he turns his face to the world and gets to business. There are two reasons why one should rise early in going to hunt the arbutus. The one is that you may get into the very spirit of the thing which needs vigilance; the other that you may set out early in the day. It is nothing to hunt it in the afternoon, and essaying it then you do not deserve to find it.

"*Epigaea repens*," that is its family name. It is a trailing plant, growing in small auxiliary clusters of white or rose-coloured flowers, possessing a delicate fragrance. Gray's Botany informs us that in New England it is known as the ground laurel. But the definition of a text-book, even illustrated, what is that to the blissful reality!

There are legends concerning it, as there are about all things mysterious and beautiful. They say, but who tells the story I know not, that once upon a time (that most blessed of indefinities) the arbutus was an upright plant, growing tall and straight in the springtime, but without fragrance. From the height of its rosy-lipped loveliness it looked over the unbroken paths of the forest and exulted in its pre-eminence. In the lowly glades about it blew the hepaticas pink and blue, pale violets, the Mayflower, trilliums, the stars of Bethlehem and all the gentle wood company. And these, hearing the boaster, took counsel together, and required her to show cause why, having been as the Creator made her, she should speak thus vaingloriously. But the arbutus disdained to answer them, and they petitioned the spirit of the wood that he should do righteously between them. And the spirit of the wood heeded them, and laid his hand upon the haughty one and reproved her for her pride. Then in the brokenness of her spirit she lay with her sweet face against the ground, and covered up her beauty with her leaves, so that when the spring comes now it sees her not, for she lies hidden, but in humility her soul has grown and exhales the most rare of all perfumes.

The trailing arbutus is found but in few places in Canada. It is one of the earliest, if not the very earliest, of the forest flowers. Happily, it grows in the vicinity of our city, so that at trifling trouble anyone may seek it and find it. There are two localities in Howard Park (otherwise High Park), where it flourishes, though the vandalism perpetrated of late years in that region of burning the waste brush has almost exterminated all the flowers with which the park was once luxuriant. The nearest bed is reached by the northern entrance, but one may descend the hill where it grows without passing through the gateway. The journey out there is in itself an experience, and the air palpably freshens as the city is left behind. The College and Yonge street line of trolleys runs to Dundas street, and from there the Dundas line carries one to the pleasant road leading into the park. Later in the season the cars are brought up to the entrance. Later in the season, too, the charm of the sylvan silence is broken by the multitude who seek relaxation there. Those who love solitude and the pipes of Pan must needs go when the arbutus blooms—and early in the morning we set out, the three of us in happy mood, with the sun behind us, to wander