

The subject matter gives an interest to the work—were the details never so dry and formal—written neither with genius nor fervour, many of us would read it. For is the country about which the book is written not our own? Is it not a part of our own Dominion? In a word, Does the route gone over not traverse every Province that goes to make up one Confederated Canada? No, Prince Edward Island is not once touched; we had almost overlooked that. But the Island had not accepted the situation then; and besides, the Pacific Railway can hardly be made to connect directly with the Island, there being no plan invented yet whereby nine miles of sea may be bridged over. Who will say, however, that none of us will live to see such a project as that accomplished? On either of the grounds referred to, the book would be one of great interest, but when both are combined, when the *form* as well as the *matter* is what we have indicated it to be, it may be inferred what a feast is provided. We present one or two extracts that our readers may judge for themselves, that is, if they have not already perused the interesting volume.

The following extract will show how energetic men can get along in the Province of Manitoba—

“Some of us dined at Grant’s, and the rest with one of his neighbours—McKenzie. Both these men seem to be model settlers. They had done well in Ontario, but the spirit of enterprise had brought them to the new Province. One had come three years ago, and the other only last year; and now one had a hundred and twenty acres under wheat, barley and potatoes, and the other fifty. In five years both will have probably three or four hundred acres under the plough. There is no limit to the amount they may break up except the limit imposed by the lack of capital or their own moderation. This prairie land is the place for steam ploughs, reaping, mowing, and threshing machines. With such machinery one family can do the work of a dozen men. It is no wonder that these settlers speak enthusiastically of the country. The great difficulties a farmer encounters elsewhere are non-existent here. To begin with, he does not need to buy land, for a hundred and sixty acres are given away gratuitously by the Government to every *bonâ fide* settler; and one third of the quantity is a farm large enough for any one who would devote himself to a specialty, such as the raising of beets, potatoes, or wheat. He does not need to use manure, for, so worthless is it considered, that the Legislature has had to pass a law prohibiting people from throwing it into the rivers. He has not to buy guano, nor to make compost heaps. The land, if it has any fault, is naturally too rich. Hay is so