



" Wm. Pearson, of
Winnipeg."

which lay to the north of his homestead. He expatiated until long after his usual bed time on the mildness and equability of the climate, the strength and richness of the soil, the plentiful nature of the rainfall, the game, the fishing, and the pleasure possibilities of the lake which lay upon the western boundaries of the district. His enthusiasm was contagious, and the visitor determined to visit this district, and if it seemed suitable to make more thorough examination.

The following morning at an early hour he commenced the journey north. Slowly the physical features of the country unrolled themselves to the vision. Broad, undulating prairie lands stretched for miles in one vast ripple of verdant wind swept landscape. Here and there could be seen groves of trees, small in the perspective of illimitable space, but covering in reality a country vast enough to hold an empire. On the east the high elevation known as Last Mountain, bounded the horizon, while on the west the shimmering waters of Last Mountain Lake shone in the morning sunlight like a sheet of silver. A day's exploration ended with Mr. Pearson more enthusiastic than the settler whose glowing descriptions of the night before had set his imagination on fire. From the first the lake attracted his attention, and much time was spent in exploring its vast reaches, in sounding its depths and taking note of the qualities of the water, the stock of fish, its suitability for navigation, and the prospect for good town and camping sites upon its shores.

An earlier explorer who had visited this region on a surveying expedition for the Canadian