

for 150,000,000 and only 4,000,000 there! Such is British North America. Talk about the imagination of a poet; the plain fact surpasses the wildest visions of the most sublime poet!

Let me here introduce a few hard facts about the extent of the country, the climate, the crops, and the infinite possibilities of this new world. In this beautifully governed old land of ours, we have about one million paupers. These poor victims of bad laws, by the glorious alchemy of free land and the demand for every kind of manual labour, can be turned into independent and honest men. No touching the hat there with servile scrape to every man with a cloth coat. There the man who can't work touches his hat to the man who can, that is if he can afford a hat. There is room there for women, although I shall be sorry to lose any of them. Instead of about five women to one man, and he too often a poor washed-out fellow; although that is not his fault, poor chap! there are five robust, well-fed, gritty men to one woman. So that if any of my lady readers believe in woman's rights to men's adoration, as I do, she should go to Manitoba. The women, especially the good-looking ones, can pick and choose from fifty adorers, who don't believe in long engagements. If there are any plain women here, and, in my humble opinion, no good-tempered woman is plain, they too, if they can't pick one out of fifty can select the best of any five. Women don't make much fuss about a vote there; they have too much bread to bake, too much meat to cook, too many babies to wash, to trouble about that. But I think they have a little to do with their husband's votes.

Now, as to the demand for women in the North-West, what do you think of the following copied from a Canadian paper? Between you and me, I think my friend the editor, or a friend of his, has touched it up a little here and there. But that opinion is confidential. The paragraph actually appeared in a Canadian paper.

"The following strikes us as amusing: 'The Cry is: Still They Don't Come. Girls of Ontario, come West! come West! We have in our town many eligibles. The first comer can choose between a thin lawyer, a stout doctor, a retired but not retiring merchant, and one still in business. All are warranted docile, and tired of a life of single unblessedness.'"

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