

then perhaps not work. I don't need them; there is eight of us with granny able to work. This year I bought a Massey self raking Reaper and Mower. This year I cut about 80 waggon loads of good hay. Our cattle feed well summer and winter; we need no scraw. I have four large horses, I keep in winter, and six native mares I never use, only run on the plain, summer and winter—we never feed them, the snow never lies deep on the plain, not covering the long grass. The horses like the High-land sheep, paw it off, keep fat and need no water. They are fine saddle horses, very swift and hardy. I have got two lumber waggons and one light waggon, oxen and cows, plenty of fine large cattle; we milk ten cows—good ones. This is a country, for milk and butter we churn three times a week, fifteen pounds at a time, and can sell it at a quarter of a dollar per pound, eggs the same per dozen. We keep plenty of chickens. The half breeds make no butter, raise poor crops, and have little to sell. We have no competition worth anything to check us. We have beautiful clear weather, a little frost at night, the geese flying north, a sign of bad weather in Minnesota. We lie far lower and are not exposed to storms, scarcely a day without sunshine in spring. The snow leaves in March, we can sow in the beginning of April if the ground is ploughed in the fall. Mine is all ploughed now and ready for seed in spring. I took wheat and potatoes from Canada; my crops surprise every one; the best grain in the country, the Golden Drop and Glasgow wheat. The potatoes are very large and plenty, a wonder, even in this country of large potatoes. Our spring is all a farmer could wish,—moist and warm, our summer hot, our fall nearly all Indian summer till the snow comes on, then winter steady, clear night and day for a month at a time. The snow sometimes disappears without thaw; the earth, lakes and rivers being deeply frozen till March, when it gets the ice like a honeycomb under and is not safe to travel on, though still thick. We cut and haul our fencing and firewood in winter, poplar poles as thick as a field of wheat tall and straight, three rails from one pole; a good man can cut 400 or more a day; if you peel a strip of bark off, they will last twelve or fifteen years. Timber grows very fast here, although burnt sometimes. We have plenty of fine oak, elm, black and white ash, poplar, birch, basswood, a kind of maple, plums, cherries, hazel nuts, grapes, and bushes of all kinds bearing berries, overgrown with hops, which ripen well, and all kinds of climbing, twisting and creeping vines which make a solid mass impossible to penetrate in summer all along where there is water. This place seems to have been full of large shallow ponds or lakes, annually covered with water in spring, full of reeds, rushes and long grass, filling gradually up to the level of the prairie, and forming a dry, fine soil with rich grass long enough to tie over a horse's back, and it growing only as the ground dries, the grass gets finer, thicker, and shorter, beautiful hay for mowing machines. The fire makes all perfectly smooth and water level as far as the eye can reach towards Manitoba Lake, which has had its outlet at the portage in old times: in times of high water it does so still; the channel could easily be opened for boats. There is a valley of about 100 yards wide, and from eight to ten feet deep, running from the lake to the portage in a winding course, when the lake is high or the wind from the north the water runs within three or four miles of the Assiniboine, which is lower in dry seasons than the lake, and navigable to Fort Garry. Very little cost would take boats from Fort Garry to the mossy portage above the Grand Rapids, on the Saskatchewan by Portage la Prairie and Lake Manitobah and Winnipegosis Lake through a fine country for settlement, in which are innumerable salt springs, the finest white-fish in America, and plenty of timber for lumber. I have seen coal and burnt it from a little above us on the river. The half-breeds bring in many specimens of minerals, and report springs of bad smelling water, like oil; no doubt the country is rich in minerals, if

examined by interested persons. If we have iron and coal mines once opened up, and foundaries started, and enterprising settlers, we would have the finest country under the crown. Steam could be applied to all farming work, as there is no hill larger than a badger hill or a mole hill that I have seen—all fit for the plough, not one waste spot. The longer we crop it if well ploughed, it seems to get better, I have manured some, but it makes little odds, as the other was equally as good.

I am getting on very well here. I have a splendid crop of wheat this year, worth \$1.50 a bushel. I want to grind it, and sell the flour at 20s sterling per 100 lbs, or more. I can put in sixty bushels of wheat in spring if I wish, as the half-breed don't like farming. I may sow as much as I please for very little shares, as they would rather go to the buffalo hunt. They are beginning to go altogether, summer and winter, only coming in for supplies or ammunition, flour and clothes. They will leave the country to the white men—and such a country—you cannot find a stone within ten or twelve miles of the Portage to throw at anything, which I missed sadly for a while. The plow touches nothing but buffalo bones—not the smallest brush grows on the plain, as the fire cleans everything. You can trot a mower without fear of stump or stone. Our milch cows, oxen and horses, have as fine a range of pasture as ever fell to the lot of animals. All between the river and Lake Manitobah is covered with all kinds of grass and flowers in damp places, reeds, rushes and hay in vast quantities. I cut enough in three days to feed twenty head of cattle and 3 horses all winter. They thrash outdoors, lay the straw anywhere in heaps. It troubles them in the spring if too wet to burn. We have good cattle to travel. We keep a horse handy to go after the cows to milk, they sometimes go 8 or 9 miles away to arms of the lake, where the wild peas grow like fields of clover on the banks. A fine place for wood and water, boundless rich pasture plains, where the sun seems to rise and go down in the long grass, where you can see nothing but the sky above and the plains below—not the least hill bigger than a mole hill, only the woods along the Assiniboine along the one side, and the same along the lake on the other, with from 15 to 25 miles between of the richest soil on this continent. On the south side of the river it is more marsh, and ridges of timber as far west as the Pembina mountains, where the country gets broken into deep gullies and small hills and ponds of saltish water. The north side of the river is the best for settlement, in a line from Fort Garry to Peace River. The soil is very good, but the really rich ancient lake bottom does not go over 30 or 40 miles farther west than the portage. I think this is the richest part of this rich land, rich in soil, in good water, in timber, in salt springs, in coal, lead and mostly all kinds of minerals. The river and lakes swarm with fish of all kinds, white fish, sturgeon, pike, cat fish and more than I can name, and easily caught. You want to know the cost of getting here, and the best road and shortest. You can either take the railway to Detroit or to Collingwood. From the latter place take the boat to Milwaukee, or by the Great Western to Detroit; then by Detroit and Milwaukee Railway to Grand Haven, then by steamer to Milwaukee or to La Crosse; then up the Mississippi by boat, then straight by rail to St. Paul, where about the 1st of June hundreds of Red River ox carts and wagons arrive and depart back. You can come along with them. Get horses or oxen and wagon and cover; take your bedding and some provisions for yourself, plenty of grass for animals on the way. A single man can come through very cheap. The best way for a family is to come in their own team from St. Cloud, the end of the railway. Oxen come through from St. Cloud in twenty days to Fort Garry.

Your true friend,
JOHN McLEAN.

After reading this letter almost 35 years subsequent to the date of writing who shall say that John McLean was not a seer and a poet?

FATHER DE LISLE.

By Miss Taylor

(A Tale of fact in fiction's garb).

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

During this colloquy the Earl and his train withdrew; but lingering in the doorway unobserved was Walter, who was thus spectator of the whole, and marked the loving greeting and the cold repulse. Lady Anne now proposed that the guests should retire to their apartments; this was most gladly acceded to, and Lady Anne with Isabel, quitted the hall, followed by Mary and Lady Constance, the latter lingering behind for a moment, as if uncertain whether she should come, but Mary's sweet smile drew her to her side. Walter watched the whole and inwardly thanked his cousin for endeavoring to repair his sister's want of courtesy.

A suite of apartments was assigned to Isabel, furnished luxuriously, as was deemed in those days; the windows looked out into the park and the green fields in the distance beyond it; one also had a view of the court-yard, where the scene was bustling and various.

The cousins were alone, and Mary, tired with her journey, threw herself upon a couch. Isabel seemed insensible of fatigue; she paced up and down the room with impatient steps, her coil was thrown aside, and her luxuriant black hair streamed in masses upon her shoulders.

"Oh, dear Isabel, do take a little rest; I know you are very fatigued, you look so pale, and you will fall sick—indeed you will."

"There is no rest for me," said Isabel; "I am not made for prison life, Mary; oh, how I pine already for my own mountain air! how this flat place wearies me!"

"Well," said her cousin, "in that I cannot agree with you, dear cousin; it is not so flat as Essex, where I have dwelt all my life."

Isabel made no answer; but she stopped in her walk, and laying her head against the window, looked out with the wistful gaze of a caged bird.

"Isabel," began Mary, "did you ever see any one so beautiful as Constance Beauville?"

"Oh, yes! many more so," said Isabel, in a quiet tone.

"Now, Isabel, surely that is impossible, for I do believe hers is the fairest form and face in all England; she is a perfect little fairy. I have heard it said that there is a look of the Queen of Scotland in her face sometimes, and that she is certainly like her."

"The Queen of Scotland is less fair than I have ever deemed her, then," said Isabel scornfully.

Mary raised herself from the couch. "Dear cousin," she said, "I crave a favor from you, you know how truly I love you, suffer me to speak to you frankly and seriously."

"Willingly," answered Isabel, in the same scornful tone; "what have the times come to when Mary Thoresby turns preacher!"

"Well," said Mary, with unwearied sweetness, "since I am so seldom a preacher, it is but fair you should listen to me when I do hold forth; I would say, then, Isabel, you who are so noble and generous in mind, I pray you not to let prejudice destroy your peace here. Why should you scorn Constance Beauville? her greeting this day was full of affection; how can you gain influence and win your way save by conciliation?"

Isabel drew herself to her full height. "Mary Thoresby, do I hear you aright?—I win my way here! I—a prisoner—what owe I to those who keep me here against my will? Nothing. To dwell here patiently is all you can ask of me, deprived of friends, and of the exercise of my religion. I will live in these rooms with Rachel, in as retired a way as possible. I do not want the hypocritical affection of the Beauville family, not will I stoop to dissemble with them."

"I do not ask you to dissemble," returned Mary; "I know well how

hard is your lot, how much you have to endure; but surely it is not right, nor wise, to reject the kindness that is offered, however much injustice may be mingled with it. And think how necessary it is that you and he should act in the same manner."

"Walter," burst forth Isabel indignantly, "may choose his own path, and I pray he may not repent it; but ask me not to share it. It has well nigh maddened me to see at De Lisle Castle how he would stoop to Lord Beauville's will. Oh! would I were a man, and the Earl should see what a De Lisle should, and should not brook."

"You wrong Walter," answered Mary; "he has as noble a spirit as ever breathed in his race and I am certain it is by the advice of Father Gerard he has acted."

This name quieted Isabel; she was silent for a moment, then said: "There is enough of this, Mary; do not let us dispute just when we are about to part; you have done right to speak your mind, and now no more. I will act as appears best to me." And Isabel left the room to give directions to Rachel, and was, at all events, roused by her cousin's remonstrance from her despairing mood for the time being.

Mary felt it was indeed useless to say more, and even regretted she had gone so far as she did. Her admiration for her cousin was so great that, though it did not prevent her from seeing her faults, she had great faith that her noble spirit and sense of right would in time triumph over her prejudice.

CHAPTER VI.

"But for my sister Isabel, The mood of woman who can tell." —Lord of the Isles.

"Are you really going, Mary?" said Walter to his cousin, when he met her in the early morning of the following day in the gardens of Apswell Court.

"Yes, indeed I must, Walter; if the escort comes, as I think it will, this evening, I must bid you all farewell to-morrow."

"I think," said Walter, "that I will go forth and mislead the escort, tell them this is not Apswell Court."

"Ah!" laughed Mary, "trust the Thoresby wit for that, my Lord de Lisle."

Walter's smile passed away. "I shall miss you so, dear cousin," he said tenderly.

"Well," said Mary cheerfully, "I cannot wish that you should not miss me, for awhile at least; but I trust shortly matters will look brighter, and your sojourn here becomes less tedious."

"Why must you go so soon, Mary?"

"My father does not wish me to stay long as Earl Beauville's guest; and, besides, he is able just at this moment to send an escort for me which is not always in his power, for you know we are not the rich Thoresbys now. Walter, I have set my heart on your coming to Thoresby Hall. I feel certain you are to come some day."

"Yes," said Walter, "I will come, Mary, I promise you I will; it cannot be so difficult an undertaking but that a firm will can compass it."

"I suppose you can hardly tell me yet how you like this place."

"Yes, I can, Mary," returned he, "I am very wretched; I do not see how it can be otherwise. Lord Beauville's train is thronged by young gentlemen of good birth, who hope to win their spurs, or gain advancement, from being his attendants; but to mix with them, and not to forswear the worship of God, is impossible."

Mary shuddered. "I have heard my father say that the license allowed in noble households, of those attached to the court, is fearful."

Canadian Pacific TIME TABLE

	Lv.	Ar.
Montreal, Toronto, New York and east, via all rail, daily	14 00	12 30
Montreal, Toronto, New York and east, via lake and rail, Mon., Thurs., Saturday	14 00	
Tuesday, Friday, Sunday		12 30
Rat Portage and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	8 00	18 30
Lac du Bonnet and intermediate points, Wed. only	7 00	19 30
Portage la Prairie, Gladstone, Neepawa, Minnedosa, Shoal Lake, Yorkton and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	7 30	20 40
Rapid City and Rapid City June, daily ex. Sunday	7 30	20 40
Pettapiece, Miniota and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	7 30	20 40
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Moosomin, Virden, Regina, Moose Jaw and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	7 30	20 40
Morden, Deloraine and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	8 20	13 15
Glenboro, Souris and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	13 35	12 10
Pipestone, Reston, Arcola, and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Friday	7 30	
Tues., Thurs., Saturday		20 40
Napinka and intermediate points, Tues., Thurs., Sat.	8 20	
Mon., Wed., Friday		13 15
Brandon Local, daily except Sunday	16 30	12 20
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Calgary, Lethbridge, Macleod, Prince Albert, Edmonton and all points on coast and in East and West Kootenay, daily	18 05	8 50
Stonewall branch, daily except Sunday	17 00	9 30
Winnipeg Beach, daily except Sunday	16 15	9 45
St. Paul Express, Greta, St. Paul, Chicago, daily	13 55	13 35
Emerson branch, daily except Sunday	15 15	19 20

F. P. BRADY, Asst. Gen. Supt., Winnipeg
C. E. MCPHERSON, Gen. Pass. Agt., Winnipeg

Canadian Northern TIME TABLE

Leave Winnipeg	STATIONS	Arrive Winnipeg
EAST		
Daily ex. Sun.	St. Boniface, Ste. Anne, Steinbach, Bedford, Sprague, Warroad, Beaudette, Rainy River, Stratton, Emo, Fort Frances.	Daily ex. Sun.
10 25		16 25
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Mine Centre, Glenorchy, Atikokan, Keshabowick, Mattawin, Kakabeka Falls, Stanley Jct., Ft. William, Port Arthur.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 25		16 25
WEST		
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Gladstone, Plumas, Dauphin.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Tues. Thurs. Sat.	Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Mayfield, Humerston, Halboro, Glenoale, Neepawa, Eden, Burnie, Glen-smith, Dauphin.	Mon. Wed. Fri.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Sifton, Ethelbert, Minnetonas, Swan River.	Wed. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Mon.	Bowsmann, Birch River, Novra, Mafeking, Powell, Westgate, Erwood.	Wed.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Ashville, Gilbert Plains, Grand View.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Fri. Sat.	Fork River, Gruber, Winnipegosis.	Sat. Tues.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Oak Bluff, Sperling, Homewood, Carman, Leary's and intermediate points.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
7 00		17 50
Daily ex. Sun.	St. Norbert, St. Agathe, Morris, Myrtle, Roland, Miami, Belmont, Wawanesa, Brandon, Ninette, Minto, Elgin, Hartney and intermediate points.	Daily ex. Sun.
8 05		18 25
SOUTH		
Daily	Twin City Express between Winnipeg, Minneapolis and St. Paul, 14hrs. 20min. Via Can. Nor. and Great Nor. Rys. Morris, Emerson, St. Vincent, Hallock, Warren, Crookston, Ada, Glynndon, Barnesville, Ferguson Falls, Alexandria, Osake's Sauk Centre, St. Cloud, Clearwater, Monticello, Ossea, Minneapolis and St. Paul.	Daily
17 20		10 10
Daily	Minneapolis and St. Paul Express via Can. Nor. Ry. and Nor. Pac. Ry. Morris, St. Jean, Lettelier, Emerson, Pembina, Grafton, Grand Forks, Crookston, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Superior.	Daily
13 45		18 30

City Ticket Office, 431 Main Street. Phone 1000.