

My next appointment was at KENLIS for Monday evening. I took the train at Pense, for Indian Head. Arriving there at 10 p.m., I was met by Bro. Wright, C.D., who came 12 miles to bring me to my destination. On the way I had an experience of the suddenness with which a thunder storm comes up on the prairie, and the intense darkness that accompanied it reminded me of the prolonged night that was sent as a judgment on the land of the Pharaohs, when "the darkness could be felt." By the aid of a borrowed lantern, and under the skilful guidance of Bro. Wright we reached his hospitable home at 1 a.m. The membership of the Court at Kenlis is made up entirely of farmers. At the meeting 24 out of the 25 were present, many of them coming several miles. The public meeting was one of the very best I addressed in my tour. I am quite prepared to learn that the promise of the court will be carried out, and the membership doubled, that is, if the necessary number of eligible men can be found within reach. The officers do their work well. Bro. Graham, C.R., was quite independent of the ritual in the meeting of the court that follow the public meeting.

The plains around Kenlis is the finest part of the Northwest that I have seen. The immense wheat fields were truly magnificent, and if they escape the August frosts the farmers will reap a bountiful harvest. Near by is the famous Bell Farm of which your old Comrade in Arms on the first Wimbledon team Major Bell, has been for many years the manager.

An experimental farm of the Dominion Government is also in the locality, and is proving of considerable help to the farmers. I spent Monday night with Bro. Ferguson, his well appointed farm of over 600 acres shows what enterprise and a careful study of conditions can accomplish.

Tuesday morning I started for GRENFELL, some 40 miles distant. "Uncle Ned" Garret who drove me is too old to become a beneficiary member of the I.O.F. He commends it to every one, however. His son-in-law, Bro. Ferguson, and his nephew, Bro. Garret, of Court Wooler, Ontario, are members. The drive was delightful, over one half was through the beautiful valley of the Qu'Appelle valley, every point of which Mr. Garret knew like a book. Grenfell was reached at 5 o'clock. I called on Bro. F. N. Davis, who has done good work for us in the North-west and who despite failing health is still warmly interested in the prosperity of the I.O.F. A meeting of the Court was held in the evening. My meeting at another point, could not, for local reasons, be held. So a public meeting for Grenfell for the 12th was decided on, the brethren undertaking to see that it was fully advertised. Our meeting was called for half past eight so as not to interfere with the mid-week services of the church. I took part in the service of the Presbyterian church and they reciprocated by coming in a body to our meeting. We had a capital attendance. My address, of which the *Grenfell Sun* gives a three-column report, was somewhat hurried as my train was due shortly after

ten. The spirit of the Grenfell brethren is admirable and I have no fear but that they will, as they promised, place the I.O.F. in the very front rank. At Grenfell I met some old and esteemed friends—McDonalds from Glengarry. To mine host and hostess Mr. and Mrs. Copeland of the Granite house I am indebted for kind hospitality.

At Grenfell my tour of the west practically ended. I spent a day pleasantly in Winnipeg, compared notes and ways of working with Bro. Waddell, H.C.R. and Pettigrew, H.S. They are alive to the interests of the Order and the responsibilities of their important positions. They will keep Forestry in the fore-front in their jurisdiction.

My Sunday in Rat Portage was very pleasant. In the morning I occupied the pulpit of my old friend and fellow-student Rev. Bro. Nairn. In the congregation were some old Collingwood and Glengarry friends that I was delighted to meet.

The service for the Foresters at 4 p.m. was well attended. The court headed by the Citizen's band, made up largely of members of the Order, made a fine appearance. The brethren are always at their best at a Sunday service. I am never more anxious to claim them as brothers than when I meet them in a place of public worship. The members of Court Keewatin are typical Foresters. A fine manly set of stalwart fellows of which any organization might be proud. Manitoba gains by the transference of this fine court to its jurisdiction. Having received the cordial thanks of the brethren for my sermon, I was escorted by a number of the brethren to the station where I took the train for Ottawa, to attend the meeting of the High Court of Ontario.

The future of Forestry in the west is assured. Great though the merits of the Order are, it will need to be pushed. The public are not seeking insurance or investigating the merits of competing companies and orders. The average man yields to the first persuasive canvasser that comes along. We must keep our men in the field and with the best Order in the world—we can easily secure the best share of the business.

Of the possibilities of the great west a few weeks' experience hardly entitles one to speak authoritatively. The country has suffered from two causes and these extreme and opposite. Its advantages have been painted in too glowing colors. It is not always summer. "Tickle it with a spade and it laughs with flowers," is meant to indicate that once you "break" the prairie, the golden harvest 30, 60, and 100 fold is assured—not always. The frost has to be taken into account. In a night the rich promise may be turned into desolation and sorrow. Careful cultivation and early sowing minimize the danger, however, and, taking one year with another, an average crop can be reckoned on. The ranching country is extensive, well watered, in every way well adapted for grazing. But care is needed, as some careless ones have found out to their cost. Snow storms do prevail sometimes, and the ranchmen realize the need of making some provision for feeding in an emergency. Some ranchmen are