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Canadian Prairie.

THE Canadian Prairie is not all a great flat desolation, dotted here and there with homesteads. Some of it is wooded in a patchy way, and much of it is rolling, or slopes to low eminences which give the landscape a sense of relief. The country north of Kingston, within our own sight is just as flat, but being wooded, the local inequalities of the ground and short vision suggest more variety.

The eastern boundaries of the Prairie Land are a little to this side of Winnipeg, where the low island-like masses of rock and conifers emerge from the flat, black loam, and the grassy meadows, that are the beginning of eight hundred miles of plains which rise imperceptibly as one goes westward until the wall-like Rockies emerge over the horizon.

There are two main types of landscape. The eastern portion, dotted with farms and patches of white poplar bush, and the western portion usually an undulating expanse covered with short grass. The word 'tree' does not seem to fit the more wooded portions of the plains where there are only areas of open grass country and patches of poplar and willow and nothing much in the way of individual trees, so commonly seen in our eastern landscape. One might say the western trees are gregarious, for protection perhaps. No where does the white poplar reach such a fine, clean growth, as in parts of Manitoba, a white stemmed tree, with a floury bloom on its bark at certain seasons of the year, a cheerful contrast to the dark stemmed trees of Ontario. There are practically no conifers over this prairie country, the poplar is as all pervading there as the maple of the east.

Rudyard Kipling, hopping out of his warm and comfortable sleeping car on to the platform of one of the little prairie towns on a winter day, probably felt like some tropical bird would feel alighting upon some glaciated island in Lake Winnipeg. He was not pleased with the landscape. Nor is it common to find much commendation from those who only travel across this portion of Canada. To these the train which bears them is the cherished connection between themselves and civilization,—to see that train disappearing towards the far horizon is a most forlorn experience. Yet all over that uninteresting landscape are homes, the centres of warmth and light, and evidences of the work and spirit of those whom a Kipling most affects to honor. That was a winter scene, a little lifeless, no doubt, but not more so than the country landscape of eastern Canada, on a similar day in winter.

The prairie winter is a relentless thing. It begins some frosty November morning when the ground is too hard to plow; day by day the frost enters more