

of Manitoba and the British North-West, with their hundred million acres of the most fertile land in the world—land producing an average of 30 bushels of corn to the acre—land to be had for the asking, too; had he done so, he would not only have sung, I think he would have danced also. What a prospect for the poor, half-starved agricultural labourer; aye, and for the poor, half-starved farmer too; and I might say for the limp, listless, game-preserving, pigeon-shooting landlord, who has to pay heavy mortgages and settlements, out of hardly any residue of rent. It is, you must admit, very difficult, even for a clever man, with a nominal rent-roll of £30,000 a year, whose mortgages, &c., amount to £20,000, and whose actual rent receipts only reach £15,000 instead of £30,000, to make both ends meet. It is rather hard lines not only to have nothing to live upon, but to be minus £5,000 a year. Under these conditions my Lord finds that partridge breeding, and even the heroic practice of pigeon shooting, lose their old charms. He has preserved his game, but now cruel fate seems to be making game of him; turned out his tenants, who had the impudence to claim some of their own property; asserted his feudal privileges, but has lost his income. I really feel sorry for him, and would like to help him. Manitoba opens her hospitable arms even to the “partridge breeder of a thousand years.” Let him try the new world; he can’t spoil it, and it may mend him. Let him turn over a new leaf. I don’t believe he is a bad fellow at bottom. He has only lived in a fool’s paradise too long, and got acclimatised. But he has an English heart, and, I believe, something like a backbone somewhere. There is plenty of hunting and shooting; aye, even better and manlier sport than pigeon shooting itself. His lordship can lead a jolly, out-of-doors, manly life. Let him help us to alter our idiotic land laws so that he can sell his white elephant of an estate, and buy a few thousand acres in the Land of the West, where, when you tickle the black and fertile soil, it laughs with crops of corn, barley, and oats. As to the tenants and labourers, whose capital and sweat the noble lord has absorbed and squandered, they will forgive him his crass folly, and work with him on a footing of manly equality and mutual interest.

Just try to imagine a place nearly as big as Europe, with room