

weeks of excessive dry weather, is no doubt answerable for the shortness of straw so general throughout the northern and central parts of the province. From 15th July to 21st August, the weather was in every respect favorable to the growing crops, but from the 20th to the 29th of the latter month it was excessively hot, so much so that the ripening grain had not sufficient time to fill properly, and much of it—especially that on poorly farmed, weedy land—produced a small yield and shrunken kernel. Frost sufficient to injure grain was not experienced on the farm until 13th September, when all but two plots were harvested. Although the yield of grain throughout the province in 1892 was below the average, the quality was excellent, and millers agreed that the sample, though small in the berry, was the best milling wheat grown here for years. The returns on the Experimental Farm during last year were not equal to those of 1891, still the yields were fair, and the almost total absence of injury from wind or from frost made the year one of the most successful for experimental purposes since the farm was established.

***WAWANESA.**

BY DIXI.

ALMOST in the heart of Manitoba nestles a little village which is famed far and wide for the beauty of its surroundings. A chain of hills forms an outer barrier between it and the miles of rolling prairie on every side, and between them and the Souris river, that half circles around it, deep ridges of wild woodland make a second enclosure for the lovely spot.

Its name, *Wawanesa*, is that of an Indian maiden, who, in turn, was called from the whip-poor-wills that haunted the valley; and of the maiden the following legend is told:—

Many, many ages ago a band of the Yellowquill nation came from the far south to hunt in the hills surrounding this lovely valley. Every fall they came, after the first frosts had painted the trees in the woodlands, and the hazy days of the second summer cast their spell over the drowsing earth, and aroused it before the heavy slumber of the long winter closed its eyes for a season. From time beyond the memory of their oldest warrior had they come, and whenever the green leaves of the early

summer changed their modest garb for the brighter hues of yellow and crimson, they were found in this Indian Eden.

On one occasion the greatest of their great chiefs brought with him his baby daughter, a beautiful child, who had not yet seen the circuit of the seasons. He had found no name for her, for she was so different from all others in his tribe that he had not known what to call her. Yet his love for the tiny maiden was so great that he must always have her with him.

Never had the valley looked more beautiful than when the child first entered it, and lying in her papoose among the flowering grasses, while the tepees were being made ready, she first heard the song of the whip-poor-will. A smile played over the baby features, and her tiny hands clutched at the air above her, as though to catch the sound. The father watched her. Never before had she shown signs of interest in the world about her. But the song ceased, and the smile died away from her lips, and a look of pathetic sadness came over her face. For days the father watched her, to see what made the difference in his baby daughter. In the tepee she was sad, listless, almost lifeless, until the song of the whip-poor-will floated through the air, then her face brightened, and stretching her arms towards her father, he understood that she wanted to be out among the flowers, where she could hear the notes more plainly. And the whip-poor-wills, too, seemed to understand. They flew down to her, circled around her, lighted on her tiny head and hands, and sung their sweetest notes for the little maiden who laughed and crowed and grew more beautiful than ever when they were with her.—

"I have found a name for my daughter" the Chieftain said. "I

(This legend has been written in verse by Helen Murray.)