

The Rush to the Canadian West.

littleness but in the economy of nature play their part well and truly.

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North Dakota has no large towns on the Soo Line by which I travelled. On the Great Northern that runs through other sections of the State are places of seven and ten thousand population but they are not many. The future of this State is not rosy with promise. The soil is dry and the sub-soil is dry. Irrigation of course can do much to cure this but instead of putting in irrigation facilities the tired farmers are selling out and buying in Canada. I have not heard here of any place quite as dry as a strip of land in Ontario. Everything there goes to pieces in dry time. The story is told of a farmer in that place who soaks his hogs in water for some time before feeding them so that the milk and meal they eat will not be lost.

Never was I so glad to end a railway journey as last night when we drew into Minneapolis at 10.30, four long hours late. Gathering my dusty duds together I feebly made my way to the sheltering roof of the hotel nearest the station and after a vigorous and prolonged stay in the bath tub I went to the refreshing land of Nod and to-day I am glad that yesterday is not to-morrow.

