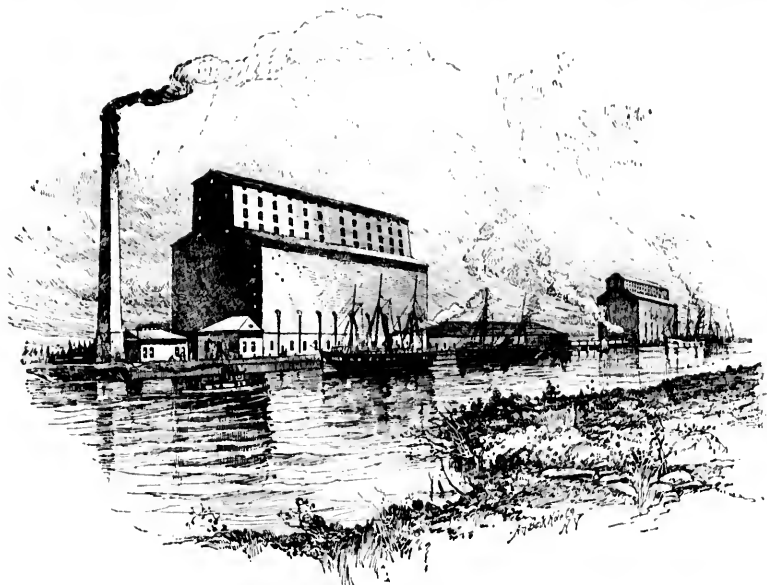


lakes grow larger as we move westward. Fires have swept through the woods in places, and the blackened stumps and the dead trees, with their naked branches stretched out against the sky, are weird and ghost-like as we glide through them in the moonlight. It was through this rough and broken country, for a distance of more than four hundred miles, that Wolseley successfully led his army in 1870 to suppress a rebellion of the half-breeds on Red River, and some of his abandoned boats are yet to be seen from the railway.

But wild and rough as it is, this country is full of natural wealth. Valuable minerals and precious metals abound, and from here, mainly, is procured the timber to supply the



ELEVATORS AT FORT WILLIAM.

prairies beyond. Right in the heart of this wilderness, at the outlet of the Lake of the Woods, we suddenly come upon half a dozen busy saw-mills, their chimneys black against the sky; and standing high above all these an immense flouring-mill, of granite, with a cluster of grain elevators and warehouses about it.

As we draw nearer to the prairies we find great saw-mills begin to appear, with piles of lumber awaiting shipment; and at the stations increasing accumulations of timber to be moved westward—firewood, fence-posts, and beams and blocks for all purposes. Many men find employment in these forests, and villages are growing up at intervals. And, strange as it may seem, hardy settlers are clearing the land and making farms; but these are Eastern Canadians who were born in the woods, and who despise the cheap ready-made farms of the prairies.

We suddenly emerge from among the trees and enter the wide, level valley of Red River, and in a little while we cross the river on a long iron bridge, catch a glimpse of