

Manitoba.

On a recent date Mr. Christie, from Limerick, Ireland, called at our office. He had just returned from Manitoba, whither he had been to spy out the land and report to his friends in Ireland. Mr. Christie is a large farmer in Ireland, occupying 700 acres of land; three brothers farm 1,800 acres in that country, for which they pay £1,300 rent, equal to about \$6,500. He informed us that the farming has been so unremunerative there during the past three years that they lost even more money than the rent annually. No wonder they desire to look about them. And thousands are in a worse plight than Mr. C. and his brothers.

Our Government gave Mr. C. passes over the road to Winnipeg. When in Winnipeg the Government guide, a Mr. Reid, the head of the guide department, (there is now a guide department, established to direct visitors or settlers to different parts of the Province,) took Mr. C. in charge. He hired a span of horses and drove Mr. C. and other delegates over the country. They took their tent, and after a muddy and disagreeable drive they reached Portage-la-Prairie. At this point one of the examiners of the country, for whom the conveyance was engaged at \$7 per day, concluded he had seen enough and experienced hardship enough, and would go no further. Mr. Christie, however, stuck to the party, although at that time feeling rather dissatisfied with the mud and water; but he proceeded. The next few days they travelled through rain, mud, and poplar and oak scrub brush. He describes this as being worse than the previous part of the journey—something to be dreaded rather than desired. On the third day the weather cleared; the brush and bad roads were passed, and a better tract of land appeared, at which he was better pleased.

He went to the Tiger Hills, Oak Creek, Sauris River, Cypress, Milford, Crystal City, &c. He expressed himself highly pleased with some of the land over which he passed. He thus describes a spot that pleased him, or rather astonished him, more than any other:—It is on the ocean of prairie, a river runs through it; there is a fine slope to the river, large, fine, fertile flats, plenty of timber and good water. A Mr. Long has made a location there, pre-empted some land, and, with his family is now living there alone. The nearest settler to him is 45 miles from his house, and the nearest post-office is 70 miles distant. Mr. Christie appeared so delighted with this spot that we asked him if he would like to settle there. He said he would if he could depend on a railway being run into that part of the country within twenty years. Mr. C. says the great want of the country was railways, and he thought, if proper facilities were offered, the British capitalists would open up railways in a short time to all parts of the country. We explained to him the enormous cost the railroads and the opening of this country had been already to the farmers of Ontario, and informed him that the present cost had been equal to about one quarter of the value of every farm in Ontario, which must be borne by the Ontario farmers. He agreed with us that all the expenses of opening up the country by railroads, and for immigration purposes, should be borne and paid for by the land and the products of the land, and that it would be easy so to arrange it. But the facts that Ontario has to look at are these:—In what way are we to be remunerated for our expenditures? We are paying, paying, paying, and the lands of the land grabber are the objects for which we are making these payments. They have the country locked up against the real industrious settler; they have driven thousands across the lines; and yet we are

called upon to enhance the value of their locked-up lands, and they are to be made millionaires by our hard-earned money. The advance in value of the lands by the construction of railroads and increased immigration to that country should certainly meet and bear the expenses, and not the pockets of Ontario farmers.

Mr. C. had visited the Industrial Exhibition in Toronto, and had been astonished at the great superiority of our agricultural implements, but as for the exhibit of our fabrics, fine arts, etc., to be seen in the main building, he remarked, when comparing them with the exhibition in Ireland of the finer works, that Ireland would beat our display as far as you could see a horse on a common.

The Provincial Exhibition.

We shall be pleased to shake hands with our old antagonist, the Toronto Globe, and openly discuss the merits and demerits of the past and present management of the Provincial Exhibition. At the same time we would deem it but fair for our old contemporary to give THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE due credit for having, many years ago, pointed out the necessity for a change, and for having expressed similar views to those now held by the Globe. We have repeatedly expressed our disapprobation of the management of this once most valuable institution. We have suggested plans whereby, we believed, its lost prestige, lost popularity, and lost honorable position might perhaps in time be restored. We do not believe there is one honorable and honest farmer who has exhibited at the Provincial Exhibition but will admit that there are some members on that Board that have acted, and have influenced the Board to act, in their management, more for others than for the interests of the agriculturists; and that the real interest, for which this Association was first formed, has been entirely subverted. It has been our opinion that the laws relating to the Association have been too suddenly changed, without the knowledge or wish of the farmers, to enable old members to retain their seats at the Board. The mode of electing or appointing members to sit on this Board has been so managed that the real farmers' voices when voting have been of no avail. Were this obnoxious mode of selecting improper persons, and passing laws to maintain them in their seats, abolished, and the farmers allowed to elect annually every member of the Board by a direct vote, and every member to be necessarily a new man who had never sat at the Board before; or had it been a compulsory retirement after three years' service, then we might have, or may perhaps yet have to look with confidence on the Provincial Association. Every intelligent farmer should remember the very damaging charges made against this Association by the Chief of Police of Ottawa. We have never heard that that official was prosecuted or made to apologise, and his charge was of a most serious nature. This journal has frequently exposed and condemned improper acts of that Board, and they never have been able to refute the charges made against them. Any attempt to hush up or varnish over their misdoings has in no case satisfied any independent farmer. This growing dissatisfaction has decreased the popularity the Provincial Exhibition once enjoyed. No efforts and no expenditures the Government can make will restore confidence in the present Board of Directors. It has been the duty of every member to expose and discountenance any error, any injudicious expenditure, and any improper act or deed either countenanced or aided by those who have had the power of influencing the others.

It is our opinion that nothing short of an entire removal of the whole of the present Board, including the Secretary, can ever give confidence to the farmers or prosperity to the undertakings of the Provincial Board. There are just as good men to be obtained as any of the present Board ever were before they became corrupted. "Evil communications corrupt good morals."

Our Maritime Provinces—No. 4.

We omitted to number all our articles, but for future reference we deem it best to do so; therefore No. 1 will be the article on page 145, July; No. 2, page 171, August; No. 3, page 224, October. We are prepared to furnish several other articles on these loyal, healthy and valuable Provinces.

NOVA SCOTIA GOLD FIELDS.

On July 6th we went to the ferry and crossed the river to Dartmouth. There we hired a livery horse and drove to the celebrated Montague Mines, a distance of only about seven miles from Halifax. The road was good and the scenery pleasant until we arrived within about 1½ miles of the Mines; here the road was very rugged, stony and difficult to find. It might be called driving over rocks and boulders; in some places the earth, or rather the rocks, had been excavated to a great depth close to the road. Rocks, rough rocks, and rougher rocks, was the principal impression left on our mind, except when we approached the city (as it might be called in the West); but here we will call it Montague. Well, there was a store—we could not call it a one-horse one; a half-mouse would be better. But, then, this store is a king of an establishment when compared to a western or northern city store. There were a few low board houses, or rather shanties, some within a stone's throw, others within cannon range. The tops of a crusher or two were to be seen, pretty well hid by the immense mounds, piles, rows and hills of rock that had been excavated—a more improbable, dreary, hard-looking place for people to live we never before beheld. At some places men were working with pick, drill and windlass; at other places steam engines were employed to haul up the rock and crush the quartz.

We visited two of the principal mines, one by the Montague Gold Mining Company, principally owned by Keye, Gaylor, Simmonds & Watson. Just as we entered a bucket of quartz was hauled up; we picked up some of the rough-looking stuff, and to our surprise, we plainly saw gold in one of the pieces. We asked for this small piece, and it was with great reluctance that the manager consented to our taking it away. We presume it is not worth five cents, but being the first that we had ever seen at any gold field, we felt a desire to possess it. We were shown some very fine specimens of real nuggets. We tried to purchase one, but it being against the rules laid down, we could not succeed. At this mine the quartz was being crushed; this is done by a series of heavy hammers attached to a shaft, some descending and others rising. A continual thump, thump, thump was heard, and a stream of water was rushing through the quartz as it was pounded to atoms; the small particles were washed away like sand or mud as it was pounded or crushed in passing from this pounder or crusher, as it is called in mining terms. The debris is washed by the flowing water over a series of flat metallic sheets or plates; these flat sheets are prepared or coated with mercury (quicksilver); this adheres so tightly to the plates that it cannot be washed off. As the sand, grit and debris are all washed over these plates in a continual and gradual stream, the fine gold is attracted and held by the quicksilver, and all the other substances are carried off by the water. At a proper time the mill is stopped, the water turned off, and the metal plates are scraped. The quicksilver and gold are both scraped from the plates together. In this form the substance has a bluish appearance, and one would hardly think that it was of much value. This combination is then placed in a retort and strong heat is applied, which causes the quicksilver to descend in a liquid form, leaving the gold in a pure but porous state. The