

Correspondence.

Messrs. J. M. Leet & Co., Winnipeg.

MOOSE JAW, N. W. T., Feb. 16th, 1885.

GENTLEMEN.—I was much gratified on perusal of your first number of the MANITOBA AND NORTHWEST MONTHLY to see the basis upon which you propose to carry on your Immigration Scheme, and must congratulate you and those whose well known names appear as patrons and on your Advisory Board. I trust you will receive that co-operation from the Governments and the Landed and Financial Institutions of the country, which so well meaning and truthful a journal deserves, and with which I feel satisfied that your own talents and indomitable perseverance will bring the scheme to a successful issue. I think I may safely say that our Agricultural Society will be pleased to co-operate with you, in fact at our next meeting I shall ask them to strike a committee for that purpose. I may mention for the information of intending settlers that Moose Jaw is a Divisional Railway town, incorporated, upon the Canada Pacific Railway about 400 miles west of Winnipeg, with a population, at the last census, of about 700, a public school attendance of eighty-three children, churches of different denominations, (Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic and Methodist); Masonic, Odd Fellow's, and Knights of Pythias' Orders; Post office, telegraph and express offices, with necessary number of hotels and stores, and surrounded by an excellent farming country of rolling clay loam soil, good water in the Moose Jaw and Thunder Creeks, also accessible by digging or boring. Coal is selling at \$6.25 a ton, but with prospects of a great reduction next year. Brick, clay and lime stone are abundant. Swan, geese and duck are generally very plentiful upon the lakes and ponds, with plover and snipe on the marshes, and crane, prairie chicken and hare on the prairie, with a scattering of antelope and deer. The herd law is in force so that the expense of fencing is saved. The district returns one Member to the Northwest Council. The land, from profuse rain last fall, is now in prime order, and large crops are anticipated. Settlers can purchase all necessary implements and stock here.

Yours truly,
EDWIN C. K. DAVIES.

OUR CLIMATE.

This "New Canada," as we style Manitoba and the North-West Territories, has been a great sufferer from misrepresentation. Defect and beauty alike have been exaggerated, with one result—the discredit of the country. In no direction has it suffered so unjustly as in respect to its climate. We distinctly affirm that the prevalent conception abroad on this head is entirely erroneous. There was a time when it was the interest of a great company to depict this country as a barren, ice-bound waste, the echoes of whose dismal solitudes should never awaken, save to the report of the hunter's rifle, or the fisherman's lonely voice. Our brethren to

the eastward think of us as we do of the Esquimaux; our cousins to the south have hung up before the eyes of the nations such a picture of our wintry horrors as would cause men's teeth to chatter under the blazing suns of the torrid zone. Harrowing tales have been told far and wide, of tea-pots freezing on stoves; children in their beds; ears dropping off men's heads as they cut their way through solid blocks of frozen atmosphere; faces denasalized; hands digitated! Eastern papers speak of Winnipeg as if the North Pole furnished the flag-staff for the Government House; and the whole world shudders and turns up its fur collar at mention of the Canadian North-West. What are the facts? The facts are, that our climate will bear comparison with almost any north of the forty-fifth parallel, and with not a few south of that line. It causes ten-fold more shuddering and shivering abroad than it does at home. True, our winters *are* cold; at least the thermometer says so. From December to March the mercury does a big business among the "tens," "twenties" and "thirties" below. It is one long, solid pull; there is no discount on that. There is neither slush on the streets, nor icicle pendent from weeping eaves. The skin pricks, the ear snaps, the fingers tingle. That is all. Nobody *feels* cold. The fire of pure oxygen within keeps up a fervid glow of warmth, from centre to circumference. Biting blasts are comparatively rare. As a rule, when the thermometer marks thirty or forty below zero, a dead calm prevails. The wind holds its breath, so to speak, and men pass along unconscious of any discomfort, till a look at the glass tells them it is their duty to feel cold. Ah! these glasses! Had they never been, the cold of the North-West had never been heard of. The two great enemies of this country are: The speculator and the thermometer; both equally immoral. The one locks the land away; the other locks the people away. The mercury lies. Its truth it tells is a virtual falsehood. About fifty degrees below is the deepest dip on record here. This sounds frightful to outside ears. This is what it means: Twenty-five degrees at Ottawa; twenty degrees at Quebec; ten degrees at Toronto; five degrees at Chicago; zero at Omaha! In other words, the Ottawaite *feels* as cold at twenty-five degrees, the Quebecer at twenty degrees, the Torontonion at ten degrees, the Chicagoan at five degrees, or the wind-blasted dweller in Nebraska at zero, as does the Manitoban at fifty degrees. This is the true way to interpret thermometers. Justice will not be done all round till somebody invents an instrument that will show, not how cold the *mercury* feels, but how cold the *man* feels.

Again, our winter skies are almost uniformly cloudless. The meteorologist has pronounced Winnipeg the sunniest city on the continent. In Summer, the heavens are usually serene, the days warm, the nights always cool. What could be more animating than a night scene under a Manitoba winter sky—the moon sailing on an upper sea of blue; the stars smiling in the cerulean depths; the white landscape glistening in robes of silver; the streets flashing with crystals; as the sleigh-bells jingle, and the horse-hoof spurns the jewelled pavement and troops of joyous pedestrians pass to and fro, laughing at thermometers? As for the Spring and Summer evenings, let him describe them who has by them been fascinated from his bed; and who has not? This is not