

Last Mountain Valley

"Softly the shadows of prairie-land wheat
Ripple and riot adown to her feet;
Murmurs all nature with joyous acclaim,
Fragrance of summer and shimmer of flame:
Heedless she hears while the centuries slip;
Chalice of poppy is laid on her lip.

Hark! from the east comes a ravishing note,—
Sweeter was never in nightingale's throat,—
Silence of centuries thrills to the song,
Singing their silence awaiting so long;
Low, yet it swells to the heaven's blue dome,
Child lips have called the wild meadow land, Home."

—Emily McManus

ONE evening late in the summer of the year 1902 a traveller drew up at a small farm house near the foot of Last Mountain Lake, in what is now the province of Saskatchewan.

He asked shelter for the night and was very heartily received by the hospitable Canadian farmer. The evening meal over and pipes lit, they entered into conversation, when it was soon known to the host that the visitor was prospecting for land suitable for farming, not with a view to locating upon it himself, but for the larger purpose of establishing a colony of settlers. This traveller was Wm. Pearson, of Winnipeg, a man who has had a great deal to do with the opening up of Western Canada to settlement, an Englishman, tall and wiry, with all the Englishman's thorough-going ways and the push and enterprise of an American. It did not take the host long to see that this was no ordinary visitor with whom he was dealing, and he began to dilate upon the beauties and attractions of the Last Mountain Valley country,